

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JANUARY

N. S. EDITION.

1907



THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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fat-pure  
vegetable  
oils

The

# BABY'S BATH

may make its roseleaf skin  
continue its beauty through  
life if you use **HAND  
SAPOLIO**

PURSUIT

**THAT  
CHILD**

will escape  
chafing and  
all skin  
troubles,  
and will  
sleep well  
who is  
bathed  
daily with

# HAND SAPOLIO

CAPTURE

Comfortable  
babies are  
good ones  
**HAND  
SAPOLIO**  
babies are  
prize winners

**PURE**

**SAFE**

**SURE**

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# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON S. MARDEN, EDITOR AND FOUNDER

ROBERT MACKAY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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# An Expert Shorthand Writer's Earnings

By JOHN A. LYONS

No profession offers better opportunities to the ambitious young men and women than that of shorthand. In the commercial world, it brings one in touch with the heads of business, making the advancement of the stenographer the most rapid, while as a profession it brings quicker returns than any other, and the emoluments of a really expert shorthand writer are the envy of those in most any other line of endeavor. A shorthand writer—man or woman—who knows the business can secure employment at a good salary, while those who have devoted the time and attention, under proper instruction, to the study, necessary to become really expert, are in receipt of handsome incomes.

An example of success in the shorthand world which should be an inspiration for every young man and woman, is that afforded by the work of Frank R. Hanna, formerly of the shorthand reporting firm of Hanna & Budlong, Washington, D. C. But thirty-two years of age, Mr. Hanna has received an income much larger than that of a member of the United States Senate—due to the fact that he is a really expert shorthand reporter. In 1903 he went abroad to report the proceedings of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, and his work was such while with that body, that at the conclusion of his labors, he was not only paid for the work, but a handsome and costly souvenir was presented him as an evidence of appreciation.

Perhaps the greatest shorthand work ever performed was that of reporting the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission last summer. This work lasted but three months, and Mr. Hanna's firm was paid a trifle over \$50,000 as official reporters of that body—a goodly sized fortune for ninety days' work. Aside from this work, Mr. Hanna reported all the hearings on the Panama Canal held before the Senate Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals during the last session of Congress.

In Chicago one firm does a business of more than \$100,000 annually writing shorthand, and the oldest member of that firm is but thirty-five years of age. It is the firm of Walton, James & Ford, and their establishment is so large that it is necessary for them to have telephones in the various court rooms in the city of Chicago.

November 4, 1906, the *Milwaukee Sunday Sentinel*, under the heading of "Expert Court Stenographers of Milwaukee Whose Income is Larger Than a Congressman's Salary," tells of the work of the shorthand writers in that city, among other things saying:

"Lawyers are too numerous to mention, so numerous, indeed, that many of them cannot make a living. Not so with the court reporter. He is kept busy all the time, and there are not enough to go around. The court reporter cleans up a handsome sum each year, which a good majority of lawyers would be proud to boast of. While the Milwaukee court reporter is adverse to stating his earnings, it is said that the average earnings, above expenses, reach \$500 a month, and there are not a few who annually clear \$20,000."

The youngest court reporter in Milwaukee and for that matter, in the state of Wisconsin, is Joseph M. Carney, of the firm of Welch & Carney. He is but twenty-four years of age, and for several years has been one of those whose "income is larger than a Congressman's salary." He is known throughout the country as one of the best shorthand writers, and was a member of the official reporting corps which took in shorthand the proceedings of the Republican and Democratic national conventions of 1904.

Contrary to the general opinion, the court reporter is not required to possess a college education. Mr. Carney had but a grammar school education, and has been one of the most successful. W. L. James, of the firm of Walton, James & Ford, obtained his schooling between the ages of eight and twelve in a country school in the mountains of Tennessee. Robert F. Rose, the official reporter of the Democratic national convention of 1900, and the official shorthand writer traveling with and reporting the speeches of Hon. William J. Bryan during the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, and one of the best known reporters in the United States, was never inside of a high school as a pupil. Frank R. Hanna, whose success is detailed above, never attended college. Each of these men, however, are well educated through the practical medium of stenography, which is in itself the greatest educator.

Nor is the profession confined to men. In Milwaukee about one-third of the experts are women, and the same is true in Chicago and other large cities, in the east as well as in the west. In Terre Haute, Ind., the official reporter is Miss Carrie M. Hyde—one of the best paid women in the country. In Ogden City, Utah, Eva A. Erb was a commercial stenographer a year ago. Now she is the official reporter for jet and is a woman whose "Income is Larger than a Congressman's Salary." Throughout the United



FRANK R. HANNA

Whose court reporting firm earned \$50,000 in three months reporting the arbitration of the great Anthracite Coal Strike in Pennsylvania

## COURT REPORTER'S AND CONGRESSMAN'S SALARY.

From Milwaukee "Sunday Sentinel."

November 4, 1906.

When a court reporter can make clear, above all expenses of office rent and supplies, more money in a year than the salary of a Congressman, why is it that there are so few court reporters? Why do only a small per cent of those who take up shorthand and typewriting as a profession, show the persistence required to rise to the top notch of the work, when good court reporters are scarcities, not only in Milwaukee, but in every other city? The work is fascinating, and it offers, aside from the big returns, many other inducements usually demanded by a person of a scholarly turn of mind. Besides, shorthand is a stepping stone which should well deserve the consideration of ambitious young men. That is not to say that women may not also find it a remunerative, interesting and congenial occupation. For there are not a few women reporters in Milwaukee and other cities, and they rank high in the profession.

States women are rapidly taking their places by the side of men in this lucrative profession.

In the last three years there has been an awakening among the young people as to the possibilities in shorthand. Two years ago Claude A. Fogleman was on a farm near Tiffin, O.; now he is at the head of a lucrative business in the Williamson building in Cleveland, O., the result of study of shorthand under experts. June 1, 1905, C. W. Pitts, of Alton, Ia., knew nothing of shorthand; February 1, 1906, he was the official reporter of the Fourth Judicial district of Iowa, with headquarters at Alton, Ia., earning thousands each year. One of the most notable pieces of shorthand work was the reporting of the last National Convention of the Modern Woodmen of America, held in Milwaukee. There were more than 800 delegates of the convention, which lasted four days, the last session being in convention seventeen hours. One and three-fifths seconds after the gavel fell announcing the final adjournment, the full typewritten transcript was delivered to the chairman of the convention—the quickest time on record for this class of work. The shorthand reporters who performed this work were Robert F. Rose, official, Joseph M. Carney, C. R. Cowell, A. W. Mahone, W. R. Ersfeld, George L. Gray and S. A. Van Petten.

Three years ago a school was organized in Chicago for the teaching of expert shorthand, and it has recently established a school in New York City. Walton, James & Ford, whom William E. Curtis, the prominent newspaper writer, described in an article in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, assisted by Robert F. Rose and Willard H. Edwards, are at the head of the Chicago school, while the New York school is presided over by Frank R. Hanna, assisted by a corps of expert instructors. This school teaches by correspondence, and gives individual instruction in its personal schools and is known as the Success Shorthand School. In the three years of its existence it has graduated more experts

than all other schools combined—men and women who have received instruction from the greatest experts in the country. In Milwaukee, Joseph M. Carney, the youngest of the well paid experts, is a product of this school, while Claude A. Fogleman, Miss Eva A. Erb, Miss Carrie M. Hyde, mentioned above, are also graduates, as well as C. W. Pitts. Robert F. Rose, the official reporter of the National Convention of the Modern Woodmen of America, is an instructor in this school; while the balance of the record-breaking reporting force are graduates of that school. Here are some of the many others who have graduated from the school:

Dudley M. Kent, official reporter, Colorado, Tex. Position worth \$5,000 a year.

Gordon L. Elliott, official court reporter, Mason City, Ia.

Mary E. Black, court reporter, Ashland Block, Chicago.

James A. Newkirk, court reporter, 607 American Trust Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lane D. Webber, official court reporter, Aurora, Ind.

William F. Cooper, official court reporter, Tucson, Ariz.

Leonard P. Biggs, official court reporter, Wilmar, Ark.

John W. Neukom, official court reporter, court house, St. Paul, Minn.

E. C. Winger, official court reporter, Point Pleasant, W. Va.

James A. Lord, official reporter, Waco, Tex.

F. C. Eastman, official reporter, Warsaw, N. Y.

W. J. Fulton, official reporter, Sycamore, Ill.

E. S. Park, official reporter, Portage, Wis.

Paul Jaqua, official reporter, Portland, Ind.

George Ball, court reporter, Grand Opera House Bldg., Chicago.

Louis J. Crollard, court reporter, Wenatchee, Wash.

J. H. Homer, court reporter, Provo, Utah.

N. C. Garbutt, court reporter, Fort Collins, Colo.

A. J. Harvey, court reporter, San Juan, Porto Rico.

H. A. Van Horne, court reporter, Helena, Mont.

Roy L. Sanner, official reporter, Decatur, Ill.

C. E. Pickle, court reporter, Austin, Tex.

George F. LaBree, court reporter, Criminal Court, Chicago.

E. A. Ecke, private secretary to John R. Wallace, former chief engineer Panama canal.

C. H. Marshall, court reporter, Criminal Court, New York City.

George L. Gray, court reporter, court house, Louisville, Ky.

F. D. Kellogg, private secretary to John R. Walsh, Chicago millionaire.

Roy Bolton, private secretary to Comptroller of Illinois Central Railway Company, Chicago.

S. M. Majewski, court reporter, Journal building, Chicago.

W. J. Morey, private secretary to Joseph Leiter, Chicago millionaire.

J. M. McLaughlin, official reporter, Wapello, Ia.

John R. Slenker, official reporter of the County Court, Peoria, Ill.

Fred A. Rose, shorthand reporter, Chicago Opera House Building, Chicago, Ill.

If you are a young man or woman and have no knowledge of shorthand, you should communicate with this school. Whether you intend to become an expert court reporter, or to use shorthand in any other way, you should know the best shorthand, and the experts at the head of this institution can prepare you for the best paying positions as stenographer in the commercial or legal world, as a private secretary or as a court reporter. It costs no more than the inferior instruction given in so-called business colleges.

If you are a stenographer, you should be perfected by these men who are the top of the profession, and become able to earn a salary "larger than that of a congressman."

Throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico others have taken advantage of this expert instruction and are reaping the large emoluments therefrom. Every accepted pupil is given a written guaranty providing for the return of all money paid in case of dissatisfaction. Write to-day for the handsome 48-page catalogue, sent free on application, the book "Evidence of Success," and a copy of the guaranty given each accepted pupil. If a stenographer, state system and experience. Address either school, Success Shorthand School, Suite 31, Broadway and Thirty-Ninth Street Building, New York City, N. Y., or Success Shorthand School, Suite 31, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

To Stenographers: W. L. James and R. F. Rose edit THE SHORTHAND WRITER, the most up-to-date, inspiring and instructive magazine published. Price \$2.00 a year. Send 25 cents for three months' trial subscription. Address THE SHORTHAND WRITER, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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"It was a clear case of mob insanity"

## MY LIFE—SO FAR BY JOSIAH FLYNT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

This is the most startling, the most wonderful story of a human life that has ever been written. It is by a man who, still under forty, has followed one of the most marvelous careers ever known. Every word

of it is true. The author has been a college student, a tramp, a rider of brake beams, and boon companion of such men as Ibsen and Tolstoi. He has even begged, and, perhaps, at your own back door.—The Editor.

### Second Installment.—Hoboland

MY CAR REPORTING in East Buffalo lasted just a week.

Then my benefactor, the night yardmaster, and I went to Buffalo proper, one day. The yardmaster soon found other friends, and, telling me to amuse myself, left me to my devices. Perhaps if we had remained together this second installment of my story would tell a very different tale than it does, perhaps— But something in me says:

"What is the use of my perhapsing at this late hour? Go ahead and blurt out the truth." But at times this habit of "perhapsing" has been so strong that I have caught myself going back three times to my lodgings, to make certain that

no coals had fallen out of the grate, when there was no more probability of finding on the third inspection that such a thing had happened than there was on the first. "And yet," I have reasoned, "*perhaps* a live coal might have fallen out and burned up the whole place, had I not taken a last look, and made sure."

So it is, in looking back to that day alone in Buffalo,— the inevitable *perhaps* comes to my mind, and I wonder what would have happened if I had simply stayed with the yardmaster.

What I did during the morning and early afternoon I do not recall; probably I



WILSON KARCHER



merely wandered about the streets, and took in such sights as attracted me. Of this much, however, I feel certain: there was no great *Wanderlust* in my intentions. My work on the railroad interested me, and I had already begun to calculate the amount of savings I should have at the end of a year. As the day wore on, I remember measuring how much time I should need to get back to supper and to work, and, up to the middle of the afternoon, it was my firm determination to report early for work. Then—ah yes, then! I saw a horse and buggy standing idle in one of the main thoroughfares. What it was that prompted me to get into the buggy and drive blindly onward, I can not say. As I have remarked, my job was satisfactory, I was my own "boss" in the daytime; the horse and buggy no more represented personal wealth to me at the time than did one of the stores, and there was no reasonable excuse for a wandering trip. But something, some people might say the devil, prompted me to throw over the job, run the risk of being sent to prison as a horse thief, and to ride away with buggy and horse to parts unknown.

### Facing the Music

There is absolutely no wish on my part to palliate this crime in the least; I merely want to know why I committed it. At the moment of driving away, it no more occurred to me to turn the outfit into gold than to turn back. On I went for a good hour, regardless of direction and the police. Then the seriousness of my offense gradually began to dawn on me. What should I do? At first I contemplated leaving the horse with some farmer, thinking that its owner would eventually locate it. But I threw over this plan. It was then too late to report for work, and the growing darkness brought on a mild attack of *Wanderlust*. "Why not proceed as far as possible under the cover of night," I reasoned, "and then leave the rig somewhere in good hands?" I had at length found a road leading in the direction I desired to go, if the car-reporting job was to be given up, and my mind was pretty definitely settled on that score, although a week's wages were due me.

Midnight found me on still another road, and going in a new direction, my mind having changed during the ride. I put the horse into a barn, fed him, and then we both fell asleep. Early morning found us *en route* again, and no police in sight. By that time the desire to elude capture was very strong, and the wonder is that I succeeded in escaping, with detectives by the half-dozen beating the bushes in various directions. On the third day I reached my destination in Pennsylvania, the home of an acquaintance who dealt in horses and who knew me well. My possession of such a valuable horse and fashionable phaeton carriage was satisfactorily explained; they were bought at auction, I boldly declared, and represented the result of my savings during the summer. To make a miserable story short, I will merely say that horse and buggy were turned over to my friend for a money consideration, quite satisfactory to me, but far below what the outfit was worth. It might still be where I parted with it, so far as the astute "detectives" were concerned. It was voluntarily returned to the owner before long. Several weeks later another horse and buggy in my custody arrived

at my friend's house, and again the flimsy tale of a "bargain" and inability to resist it was told. It was the silliest "bargain" I ever went in for. Having attended a fair in a neighboring town, not over ten miles away, and having lost my train home, I boldly appropriated a "rig" and drove home in the most unconcerned fashion possible.

My credulous friend complimented me on my luck in buying horses, and would no doubt have bought this second outfit from me, had not something happened.

About midnight an ominous knock was heard on my friend's outer door. As I felt must be the case, it heralded the arrival of the constables—the horse had been seen and located! There was a bare chance of escape, but as I look back on the situation now, the probability is that I should not have got far away before being captured. Some of the villagers, who had also been aroused, were much incensed at my arrest and forced departure, declaring that "no boy in his senses would intentionally steal a horse so near home; there must be some mistake. Probably the boy had mistaken the rig for one that he had been told to get," etc., etc. But their arguments availed nothing, and I was quickly taken away.

The committing magistrate made quick work with my story in the lock-up, and soon I was lodged in the county jail—my second imprisonment in about eighteen years. (I looked, perhaps, fifteen.)

*Die Ferne*, everything in fact that I had ever really cared for, seemed irretrievably lost. Yet



"The flaring light assisted the officers in their search."

no tears came to my eyes, and I walked into the miserable "hall" of the jail, said "Hello" to the other prisoners, as if such a place and such companions were what I had always been accustomed to. This ability, if I may call it such, to get along with almost everybody, and, for a reasonable amount of time, to put up with practically any kind of accommodations, has been of great service to me. I notice, however, that, in later years, "home comforts" are be-

coming more and more a necessity. My constitution seems to demand a *quid pro quo*—and wants fair treatment after patiently enduring so many hard knocks.

This first *real* imprisonment and the jail deserve a minute description.

A number of years ago, I contributed to "The Forum" magazine an article, entitled: "The Criminal in the Open." The main thesis supported in this paper was that criminologists had previously been studying the criminal within too narrow bounds—the prison cell, and that, to know their man well, they must make his acquaintance when free and natural. In general, I still hold to this belief; but on looking back to that first jail experience of mine, I am more than ever convinced that, as a people, a practical people, too, we are woefully neglecting our duty in continuing the present county jail system with all its accompanying evils; and that it is most distinctly "up to" both criminologist and penologist to work for radical changes in the present system.

### "Sent Up"

My own experience in that old jail to which I was committed to wait for trial is typical of what happens to the average prisoner in most of our jails. The jail building was uncommonly old, but the rules applying therein were about the same that one finds in all country jails; in cities the rules are more severe and exacting.

Soon after entering the jail corridor, or hall, as I have called it, one prisoner after another—they were free to roam at will in the corridor until bedtime—accosted me, and, directly or indirectly, tried to find out what I had been "sent up for." I told them quite freely about the charge against me, and in turn learned on what charges they had been shut up. There did not happen to be any murderers or violent offenders in the jail just then, but when found in jails such inmates circulate quite as freely among the possibly innocent as the older prisoners in my jail associated with the young boys. A few of the prisoners were serving jail sentences for minor offenses, but the majority, like myself, were waiting for trial. There were burglars, pickpockets, sneak-thieves, swindlers, run-away boys, and half demented men who were awaiting transportation to different institutions. In the daytime, from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, we were all thrown together, for better or for worse, each one to take his chances, in the corridor on the main floor. There I passed many a dismal hour during the six weeks I had to wait for sentence. At night we were locked in our cells on the tiers above the corridor, two and three men being lodged in one cell. It is only fair to state, however, that the cells were unusually large and commodious,

and even four men could have been comfortably lodged in one cell. We were all supposed to keep quiet after the sheriff had locked us in for the night, but in the daytime we were free to play games, laugh, and generally amuse ourselves. We cooked our own food. Once a week an election was held, and a new cook was installed; those who knew nothing about cooking, were expected to help wash the dishes, and to keep the corridor clean. There



was no work to do beyond these simple duties. It was consequently necessary for us to get exercise in walking, in "broomstick calisthenics," as we called our antics with this instrument, and in climbing up and down the stairway. A liberal supply of tobacco was furnished us every morning, and we also got one or two daily newspapers. Our food was simple, but more or less satisfying: bread, molasses, and coffee for breakfast; meat, potatoes, and bread at noon; bread, molasses, and tea for supper. Those who had money were permitted to send out and buy such luxuries as butter, sugar, and milk. All in all, it was probably one of the "easiest" jails, if the prisoner behaved himself, in the whole United States, and I have nothing to criticise in the humanitarian treatment shown us by the sheriff; the jail, however, was an eyesore—unsanitary to the last degree, and pathetically insecure had there been expert jail breakers in our company.

It was the total absence of classification of prisoners, and the resulting mixing together of hardened criminals and young boys, to which attention is mainly called here. From morning till night the "old hands" in crime were exchanging stories of their exploits, while the younger prisoners sat about them with open mouths, and eyes of wonder, greedily taking in every syllable. I listened just as intently as anybody, and was hugely impressed with what I heard and saw. The seriousness of my offense advanced me somewhat in the scale of the youthful prisoners, and at times I was allowed to join a "private" confab, supposed to be only for the long initiated and thoroughly tried offenders. This privilege, and the general tone of "toughness" which was all over the prison, had its effect on me, I am sorry to say, and I began to bluster and bluff with the rest. Indeed, so determined was I to be the "real thing" or nothing at all—almost entirely the result of association with the older men—that I was at first unwilling that my lawyer should try to secure a reform school sentence for me. "If I'm to be sentenced at all," I ordered, "let it be to prison proper. I don't want to associate with a lot of kids." Fortunately, my lawyer did not follow my suggestion.

#### To the Reform School

Meanwhile, sentence day, that momentous time, which all prisoners await with painful uncertainty, was drawing nigh. Trials, of course, were to come first, but practically every court prisoner knew that he had been caught "with the goods on," and that sentence day would claim him for her prey. My trial was soon over. My lawyer had "worked" very adroitly, and I received sentence immediately—the reform school until I had improved. I remember feeling very sheepish when I was taken back to the jail; such a sentence was meant for a baby, I thought, and what would the "old hands" think? They came to the door in a body when I was brought back, demanding in a chorus: "How much, Kid?"

"A year," I romanced, meaning of course, in the penitentiary, and faking an old-timer's smile and nonchalance. Later they were told the truth, and then began a course of instruction about "beating the Ref," to which I paid very close attention.

A few days later, the other trials were finished, and sentence day was definitely announced. The men to be sentenced put on their "best" for the occasion, those having a surplus of neck-

ties and shirts kindly sharing them with those who were short of these decorations. A hard fate stared them all in the face, and each one wanted, somehow, to help his neighbor. They were as nervous a collection of men while waiting for the sheriff, as one will find in a moon's travel. They all expected something, but the extent of this something, the severity which the "old man," the judge, would show them, was what made them fidgety. It was an



"For one solid hour I pleaded with that farmer not to take me back"

entirely new scene to me, and I watched intently the countenance of each prisoner. My medicine had been received; I knew exactly what was ahead of me, and did not suffer the feeling of uncertainty troubling the others. Finally the sheriff arrived. "All ready, boys," he said, and the convicted men were handcuffed together in pairs, and marched over to the courthouse. In a half hour they had returned, a remarkable look of relief in all their faces. Some of them had been given stiff sentences, but, as one man put it: "Thank God, I know what my task is, anyhow;" the terrible suspense and waiting were over.

The next day we were taken to our different destinations, insane asylum and workhouse for some, the "Ref" and "Pen" for others. Breakfast was our last meal together, and the sheriff's wife sent in little delicacies to make us happier. The meal over, our scanty belongings were packed up, each man and boy put on his "best," once more, final good-bys were said to those who remained behind, and the march to our new homes began. Some are possibly still trudging to new places of seclusion at the State's request and demand, others have very likely "squared it" and are now stationary and good citizens, while still others have, perhaps, "cashed in" here below, and have moved on in spirit to worlds where the days of temptation and punishment are no more. Since the day we left the old, musty jail I have never run across any of my jail companions.

#### A Defective Institution

If some one could only tell us exactly what should, and should not be done in a reform school, a great advance would be achieved in penology, which, at present, is about as much of a science as is sociology. Both—and criminology can be thrown in, too—always reminded me of a cat after a good sousing—they are quite as much in earnest in shaking off what does not agree with them or what they

think does not agree with them, as is the cat in drying itself, but, again like the cat, the shaking often seems to make them look more ragged than ever.

The most that I can attempt to do here is to describe the reform school I learned to know in Pennsylvania, and tell what it accomplished and failed to accomplish in my case.

The superintendent was the brother of one of the most astute politicians and office holders this country has produced. He held his position largely through his brother's influence, and might just as well have been given any other "job," so far as his particular fitness for public office was concerned. In spite of all this, however, he was a fairly kind and just man, and probably did right according to his light and leading.

The institution sheltered some three hundred boys and girls, the latter being officially separated from the boys; the "safeties," however, the boys who had the run of the farm, saw much of them. The place was arranged on the cottage plan—the boys of a certain size being toed off to a certain cottage. For instance, I was placed with lads much younger and far more inexperienced than I was, simply because I was of their height. I thought at the time, as I am even more inclined to think to-day, that this was a very peculiar way of classifying prisoners, particularly boys. Far more important, it seems to me, is a classification based on age, training, experience, disposition, and temperament.

But the great State which had taken me in charge practically overlooked all of these matters in locating us boys in the different homes. Who was to blame for this, I can not tell, but one would think that the superintendent would have thought out something better than the system under which we had to live. Right here is the trouble in so many penal and reformatory institutions—what other superintendents and wardens have found "good enough," their latest successor also finds "good enough;" the wheels and cogs have been kept going on the old basis, and the newcomer is afraid to "monkey" with them during his term of office. Many a prison in this country merits a good overhauling, and, while exposure of misuse of public funds is the order of the day, and new blood is being called for in so many quarters, it might not be a bad plan to examine carefully into the management of our penitentiaries, workhouses, reform schools, and jails.

#### Earning Their Release

There was no wall around the school to which I had been committed, a fact which I noted immediately on my arrival. In place of a wall,—at any rate they were considered safeguards against escapes,—the superintendent had a shrieking whistle for both night and day, and a huge, flaming natural gas light, more particularly for night, although the miserable thing, as I considered it, burned the entire twenty-four hours. There were five divisions, or cottages, for the boys, including the main building, which could hardly be called a cottage. Unless my memory plays me false, I was in Division G, next to that of the "biggest" boys, yet I was considerably older, and certainly more traveled and "schooled" than many of the latter. Theoretically each inmate was to remain in the school until twenty-one, unless relatives or friends took him away after he had

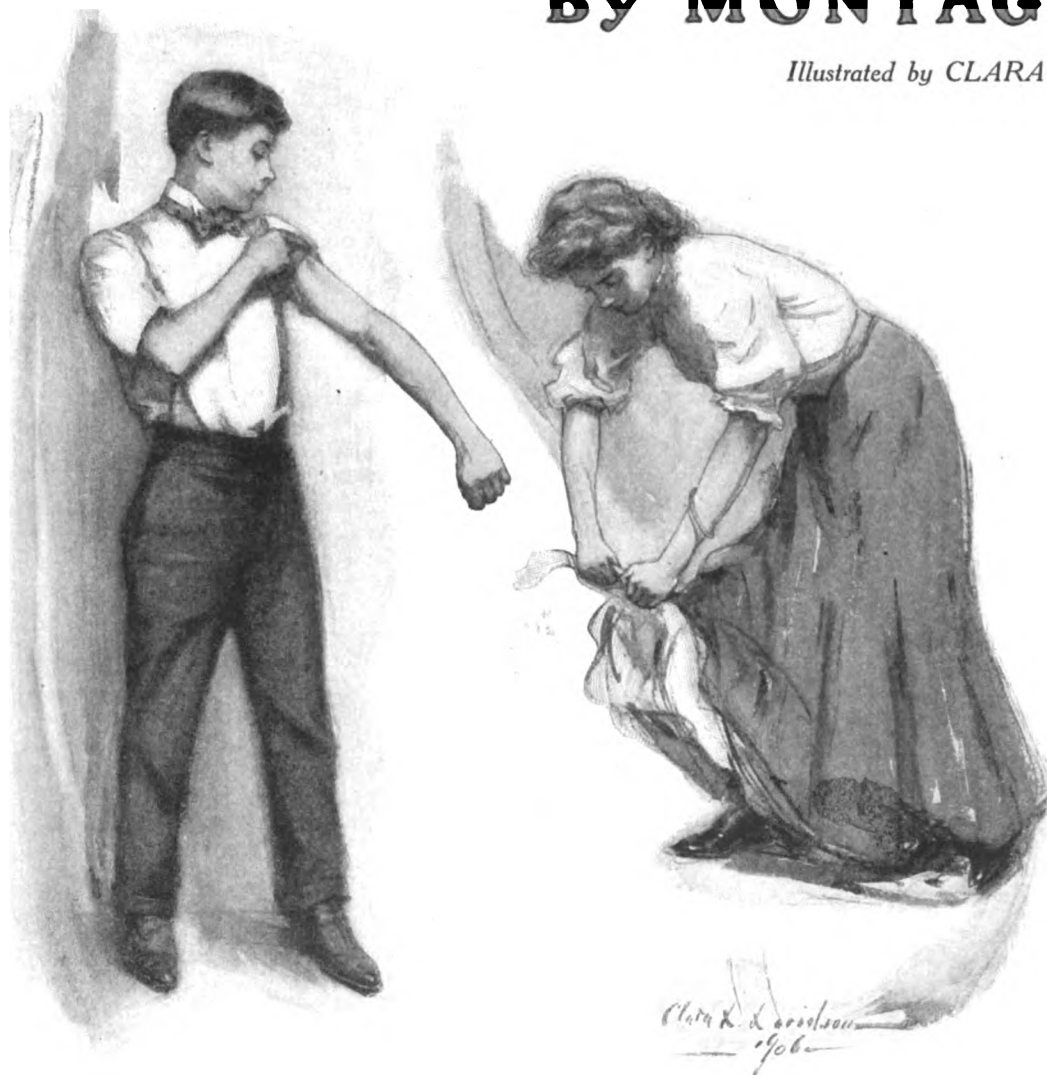
[Continued on page 57]



# Jimmy's First Case

## By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrated by CLARA D. DAVIDSON



"A horse bit me this morning"

FOR a man of Mr. Goodel's equable temperament, it would seem no difficult task to grow old gracefully and pass from a gentle middle age into his declining years with all the comfort and even luxury that his generous means permitted. But Mr. Goodel was handicapped, not alone by the conditions of living in New York, but, as well, by his brother-in-law, Rushmore Luddington, the money broker, with whom he was on terms of much intimacy.

Their friendship, however, was founded on no similarity of tastes or habits. Luddington's manner of living was characterized by a turbulence and gayety engendered of the necessity for ingratiating himself with the financial magnates by whose favor he sold the negotiable paper of mercantile houses to the banks and trust companies of Wall Street.

This required him to spend his evenings in the large hotels and clubs with his business associates. His late afternoons were sometimes devoted to golf, which he detested, and more often to automobiles, in the management of which he fancied himself quite proficient.

Mr. Goodel had accompanied him on many of his motoring trips, at first with some apprehension, for Luddington prided himself on shaving trolley cars by a quarter of an inch, or bringing up in the immediate rear of a hansom cab with a precision that excited the driver to more than ordinary abuse.

There came a day, however, when Luddington's hand lacked its accustomed skill, and, instead of shaving the car, they struck it a glancing blow, whereupon Mr. Goodel left the tonneau without the formality of opening the door. He landed squarely on his right hand,

breaking the wrist and sustaining other injuries of a painful, although not serious, nature.

In his business of investment securities, as well as in the management of his real estate interests, it had been Mr. Goodel's habit to conduct his correspondence with his own hand. When, after the lapse of several days, he was again enabled to go down-town to his office, he was at a loss to dispose of the accumulated mail.

Mr. Goodel's office staff consisted of Jimmie Brennan, whose duty was to run the errands and copy the letters in a huge press. He performed these services in a fashion highly satisfactory to Mr. Goodel, who had never tested his employee's penmanship or spelling. He had an old-fashioned prejudice against over-educated masses, and it would have been no bar to Jimmie's employment had he been wholly illiterate.

Now, however, he determined to enlist Jimmie's aid as secretary, and summoned the boy into his private office.

"Boy," he said severely, "take that pen and write what I dictate."

Jimmie sat down and seized the holder with his left hand. Then he made a ring of his right index finger, through which he inserted the pen, so that the nib pointed away from his body at an angle of 150 degrees.

Now Mr. Goodel's manner of writing was to hold the pen in the conventional fashion, with his little finger resting on the paper. The result was a neat, although somewhat cramped handwriting, in which Mr. Goodel found a certain satisfaction that the mere composition and subject matter of the letter could not

supply. He regarded Jimmie's awkward fist in horrified dismay.

"How d'ye expect to write that way?" he blurted out.

Jimmie treated the query as purely rhetorical, and blushed in reply. He squared his elbow, and stooping low over the paper, scrawled a grotesque transcript of what Mr. Goodel dictated.

His employer was midway in its perusal, when Luddington opened the door and burst into a noisy expression of his joy at seeing Goodel once more at work. Luddington himself had escaped with an ugly cut on the side of his cheek, the plastered surface of which he exposed with all the pride that a German student takes in his duelling scars.

"Can't tell you how sorry I was, Goodel, old man," he said, as he shook the uninjured hand vigorously. "All my fault. How do you feel now?"

Goodel smiled.

"I'm down and out, Luddy," he replied. "Jimmie's all right, but he's a mighty poor private secretary. Look at this."

He handed the letter to Luddington, who turned the sheet upside down and sideways, and then gave it up.

"Why don't you get a girl from the type-writer company?" said Luddington. "She'll bring her own machine, and when you're able to write again, you can let her go."

Goodel shook his head.

"Look here, Luddington," he said. "You can induce me to ruin myself in stock speculation; you can even maim me for life in your infernal automobile, but as long as I am in the possession of my faculties, you shan't involve me in any scandal with women."

Luddington chuckled and slapped his thigh.

"You're the biggest old fogey yet," he cried. "Why, bless my soul, there are a hundred thousand stenographers in this town, and I think we can trust you with one. Shall I send for a girl?"

Goodel shrugged his shoulders in impotent assent.

"Got to have somebody to write my letters," he murmured. "All right—send for one."

"Boy," Luddington cried, handing him one of Goodel's cards, "take this and go up to the International Typewriter Company and get an experienced girl down here with a machine."

Jimmie put on his hat, and thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets, made all haste to the office of the typewriter company. In less than a quarter of an hour, he reëntered Mr. Goodel's office bearing a typewriter inclosed in a leather case. A young lady followed him, and Luddington, who still lingered with his brother-in-law, gasped involuntarily at the sight of her.

Had she been ungainly in figure or gait, which emphatically she was not, it would have mattered little, for all their faculties of criticism stood agape at the beauty of her oval face, the blueness of her eyes, the inexpressible charm of her dainty nose and mouth, and lastly, the great coils of yellow hair that adorned her head.

Goodel turned red and tapped the desk with his left hand.

"You talk to her," he said to Luddington, who cleared his throat ostentatiously.

"What is your name?" said Luddington, huskily.

"Elizabeth Smith," she replied. Evidently



she was accustomed to the confusion of every adjacent masculine mind, for she took the matter in her own hands and proceeded without further questioning.

"I am prepared to stay as long as you need me," she continued. "My rates are fifty cents an hour, four dollars a day, and twenty dollars a week. Where shall I put my machine?"

Luddington fairly beamed.

"That's all right," he murmured, despite a furtive kick from Goodel, who muttered *sotto voce*, "I say, I say, what the deuce are you doing? D'ye want to bankrupt me?"

"Jimmie," Luddington called, "put Miss Smith's machine on your desk. We'll have to get a small table to-morrow."

"I'm ready to take dictation," she said, and sat down calmly at Goodel's elbow.

Luddington led Jimmie into the hall.

"How did you get her?" he said.

Jimmie grinned with embarrassment.

"I d' no; dey jest give her to me. She's nice, ain't she, Mr. Luddington?" he said simply.

Luddington dug him playfully in the ribs.

"You're a young dog, Jimmie," he cried. "Here's a quarter for you."

In the meantime, Miss Smith, her pencil poised ready for action, waited, with what to Goodel was maddening composure, for the dictation to commence.

Beyond the emission of several inarticulate sounds and the vigorous mopping of his dewy brow, he had made little progress with his correspondence. At length, Miss Smith suggested that she read aloud each letter to be answered and that he indicate colloquially his desire with respect to it. So successful was this plan that, before he was aware of it, she had answered the entire morning mail, and the addressed and sealed envelopes were in Jimmie's breast pocket on their way to the post office.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" Miss Smith inquired.

"I can think of nothing," Mr. Goodel replied.

"Then I suppose you have no objection to my reading a magazine," she continued.

Goodel grew a deep crimson and almost choked, as he indignantly denied the imputation. Coming from her lips it seemed to asperse his innate sense of chivalry.

"Heaven bless my soul, no," he burst out. "Jimmie will get you one as soon as he comes in—more than one—as many as you choose. Just tell him what you want." He subsided into a muttering disavowal, as Jimmie at that moment entered the room bearing a message.

"Boy," he said, and drew a bill from his wallet, "go to the news stand on Liberty Street and buy this month's magazines."

Jimmie took the money and was about entering the elevator, when Miss Smith called from the office door.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"Mr. Goodel wants me to buy some magazines," he said.

"You come back with me," she muttered, and grabbed him by the arm.

"Ouch!" he cried, "You're hoitin' me."

She loosened her hold and led him into Mr. Goodel's room.

"Mr. Goodel, if you're sending Jimmie out to buy some magazines for me, I wish you would n't," she said calmly. "I have one with me."

To say that Mr. Goodel

was a crushed and broken man is to put it mildly. He was plunged in a fit of dejection when Luddington entered in fulfillment of a lunch appointment.

"Shut the door," he croaked.

"My dear Goodel," Luddington cried, "I hope you're not suffering."

"Suffering the deuce!" Goodel growled. "Why did you ever suggest getting a female stenographer?"

"Can't she do the work?" Luddington inquired.

"Better than I can myself," said Goodel, a note of real admiration in his tones. "But, at my time of life, it's very disturbing, to say the least."

Luddington laughed aloud. "That's because you're an old fogey," he said.

"It's because I'm an old fool," Goodel corrected. "I had no business to hire her, just as I had no business to go out riding in your infernal automobile."

"Come on to lunch," Luddington interrupted. "You'll feel better."

They passed out of the office together, encountering Jimmie as they did so, and Luddington seized his arm playfully.

"Ouch!" Jimmie cried again, and when they had closed the door behind them, Miss Smith rose from her chair with an air of resolution.

"Boy," she said sternly, "what's the matter with your arm?"

"Narten," Jimmie muttered, blinking away the tears.

"Take off your coat and let me see it," she continued.

She assisted him to remove his coat, which he did with some difficulty, and then rolling up his shirt sleeves, disclosed an ugly bruise.

"A horse bit me this morning," Jimmy explained.

He was led all unresisting to the water cooler, and Miss Smith tore a flounce from her underskirt, which she soaked in the cold fluid and bound around his arm.

"Now you sit down on that chair until Mr. Goodel comes back," she said firmly, "and then you'll go home and have it dressed at the drug store."

It was a critical moment for Jimmie. He blushed with embarrassment and immediately conceived a hopeless passion.

"Aw, it don't hurt none," he muttered and obediently seated himself next to Miss Smith and watched her read with undisguised admiration.

When Mr. Goodel returned, Miss Smith acquainted him with the condition of Jimmie's arm and suggested that he be sent home.

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Goodel, beaming his assent. "Jimmie, you go home and fix up your arm."

But Jimmy saw the matter in a new light. Mr. Goodel was no longer his respected employer. He was his rival, alternately to be hated and feared, and he determined not to surrender Miss Smith without a struggle.

"Aw, waffaw, Mr. Goodel?" he protested. "I ain't sick. It don't hoit me, I tell yer, Mr. Goodel."

"Shall he stay, Miss Smith?" Goodel asked, and Miss Smith laughingly assented.

Jimmie again seated himself by her side as Luddington came in. The broad smile which he habitually wore at once comprehended both the young lady and Jimmy, but in response



"Dat's all right," he muttered

Jimmy only looked up and glared savagely.

"What's the matter with Jimmy?" Luddington asked Goodel.

"He's sick," Goodel replied, more truthfully than he knew. Jimmie was indeed sick, but the seat of his disorder had shifted from his arm to his heart.

"Say, Miss Smith," Jimmie said at length, "ain't yer going ter lunch?"

"I never eat lunch," she replied. "Why don't you go yourself?"

"I ain't hungry," said Jimmie. The seizure was complete; he had no appetite for grosser food than ambrosia.

"But you'd better go while you have the chance," she urged; so Jimmy picked up his hat and departed.

When he returned, Miss Smith was seated at Mr. Goodel's desk answering some letters that had arrived in Jimmie's absence. He noticed with a sinking heart the smile that overspread his employer's features, and his fists clenched involuntarily.

In his pocket there reposed the first pledge of his affection—five cents' worth of milk chocolate, which he carefully extracted and laid on the keys of Miss Smith's machine. At length, she concluded her stenography and emerged from her employer's room.

"Why, Jimmie," she exclaimed. "How good of you!"

She put her hand on his shoulder, and then—oh shades of Cupid!—she kissed him on the forehead. A red tide surged to Jimmie's face, and the throbbing of his throat made him gasp for breath.

"Dat's all right," he muttered huskily. "You're quite welcome."

They munched the chocolate together, and Luddington, Goodel, and the bruised arm were all forgotten in that blissful moment.

Mr. Goodel left at three o'clock. "Good night, Miss Smith," he said, as he passed out. "If you should care to go home now, Jimmie will stay until four."

Jimmie favored the innocent Goodel with a scowl of mingled hatred and disgust. What right had he, Goodel, to interfere between him and his love? Jealousy, thought Jimmy, just rank jealousy. Oh, how he detested Goodel! But let him look out, that's all. If his wrist became mended it could be broken again, and Jimmie then and there determined that if



"Where is Miss Smith?"



Miss Smith's tenure of employment could be prolonged by such a measure, he was the man to do the job.

As for Luddington, that little puffed-up fop, he, too, might well be careful. Jimmie knew a trick or two about wrestling, and once he had his knee in the pit of Luddington's stomach, it would be all up with the money broker.

"What's the matter?" said Miss Smith, noting the clenched teeth and tense look on Jimmie's face. "Does your arm hurt you?"

"No'me, Miss Smith," he said, and smiled.

"Then, I guess I'll go home," she said rising. She busied herself in her preparations for leaving, and not until then did Jimmie make the discovery that there was something exquisitely beautiful about a pretty woman putting on her hat. "Good night," she said smilingly.

Jimmie extended his right hand. "Ain't yer goin' to shake hands?" he said.

Miss Smith turned with a mischievous laugh, and, before her swain was well aware of his good fortune, she kissed him again.

Jimmie's progress to his east side home that evening was more in the nature of a translation—like the prophet Elijah—than a journey on foot.

He ate no supper, until his mother declared he must be sick, and threatened to keep him home the next day.

"Eat it, you," she said in strident tones. "It's liver and bacon, yer young fool."

Fond of it, Jimmie thought with a shudder. Fond of liver and bacon—that was yesterday, and a whole cycle separated the person of so gross a gastronomic taste from Jimmie Brennan, the ethereal squire of dames.

Nevertheless, he forced down a mouthful or two, and after that it became a little easier, so that he made a fairly good supper—for a lover. He counted the moments till the next morning, and arrived at the office before eight o'clock. Miss Smith was due to arrive at nine, and Jimmie dusted and dusted again. He thought the hour would never end. It seemed like a week before nine struck from the neighboring church. Then Jimmie sat himself down to wait. A minute later the door clicked and opened. Jimmie sprang to his feet, and his heart throbbed violently, but it was only the postman. There were six letters, one of them a blue square envelope directed in a feminine hand. He placed them on Mr. Goodel's desk.

He heard the quarters strike musically from the belfry nearby until ten o'clock, and at the last stroke the door knob again rattled.

Once more Jimmie rose as if impelled by a catapult. It was Mr. Goodel, who entered and glanced around in surprise.

"Where's Miss Smith?" he inquired.

Jimmie shook his head.

"I ain't seen her, Mr. Goodel," he croaked.

"That's queer," said his employer, who sat down at his desk and looked over the morning mail. The first envelope he touched was the square blue one, which he proceeded to open. As he glanced at the neatly written sheet his face fell, and he threw it into the waste basket.

"Jimmie," he called, "you'll have to go up and get another stenographer. Miss Smith has left us. She has a permanent situation."

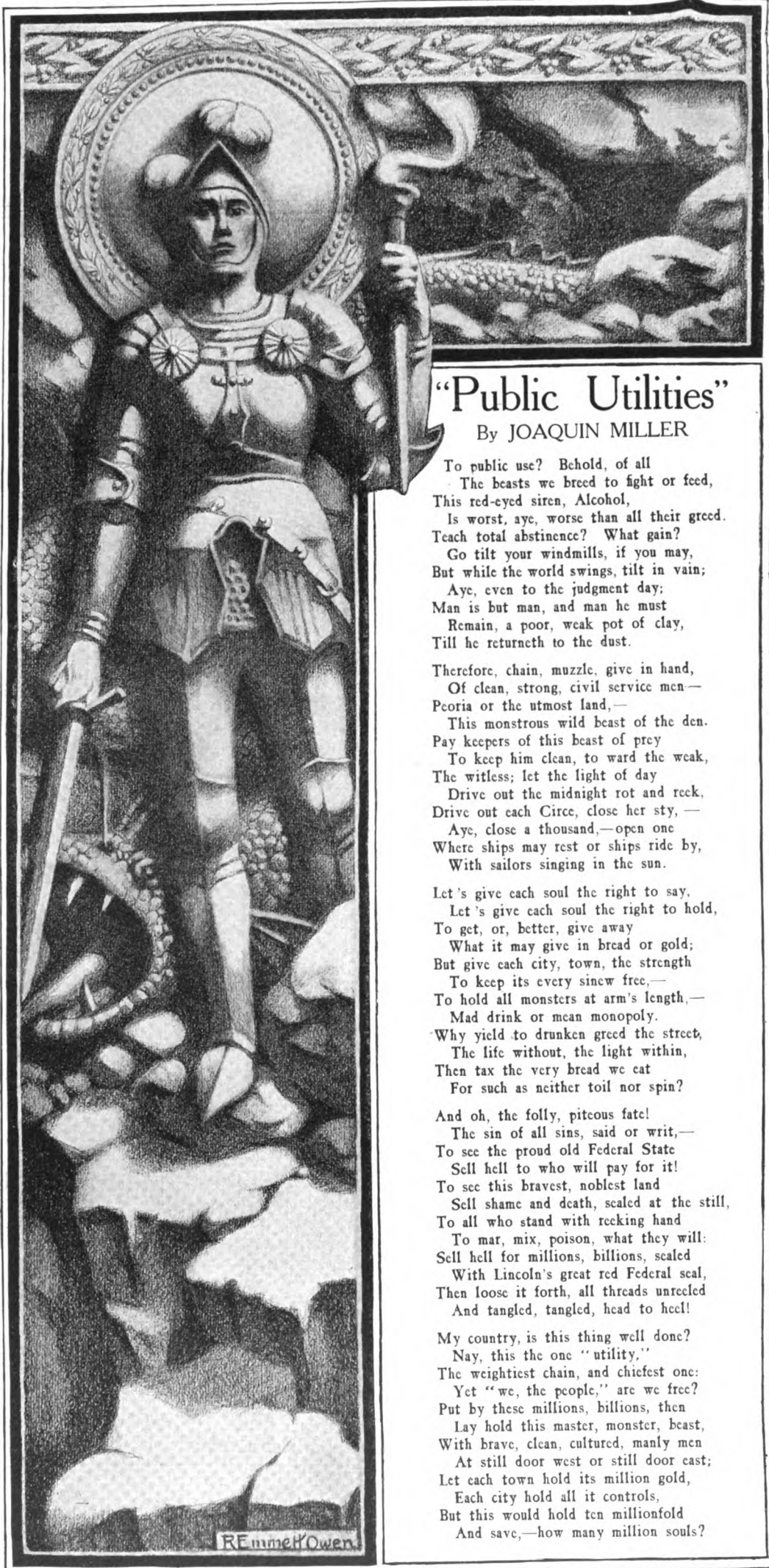
Jimmie half raised himself in his chair. A blood-red mist swam before his eyes and he sat down again, dead white and stony in the realization of his bereavement.

He made no answer, and when Mr. Goodel rose from his desk and came into the outer office, his position was unchanged. "Hello, Jimmie, my boy," said Mr. Goodel, in tones of real concern. "Are you sick?"

He put his arm around the boy's shoulders, and that was the last straw. Jimmie laid his head on the desk and burst into sobs.

Mr. Goodel wagged his head in sudden comprehension and returned to his office.

"The first case," he said solemnly, "is always the worst."



## "Public Utilities"

By JOAQUIN MILLER

To public use? Behold, of all  
The beasts we breed to fight or feed,  
This red-eyed siren, Alcohol,  
Is worst, aye, worse than all their greed.  
Teach total abstinence? What gain?  
Go tilt your windmills, if you may,  
But while the world swings, tilt in vain;  
Aye, even to the judgment day;  
Man is but man, and man he must  
Remain, a poor, weak pot of clay,  
Till he returneth to the dust.

Therefore, chain, muzzle, give in hand,  
Of clean, strong, civil service men—  
Peoria or the utmost land,—

This monstrous wild beast of the den.  
Pay keepers of this beast of prey  
To keep him clean, to ward the weak,  
The witless; let the light of day  
Drive out the midnight rot and reek,  
Drive out each Circe, close her sty,—  
Aye, close a thousand,—open one  
Where ships may rest or ships ride by,  
With sailors singing in the sun.

Let's give each soul the right to say,  
Let's give each soul the right to hold,  
To get, or, better, give away  
What it may give in bread or gold;  
But give each city, town, the strength  
To keep its every sinew free,—  
To hold all monsters at arm's length,—  
Mad drink or mean monopoly.  
Why yield to drunken greed the street,  
The life without, the light within,  
Then tax the very bread we eat  
For such as neither toil nor spin?

And oh, the folly, piteous fate!  
The sin of all sins, said or writ,—  
To see the proud old Federal State  
Sell hell to who will pay for it!  
To see this bravest, noblest land  
Sell shame and death, sealed at the still,  
To all who stand with reeking hand  
To mar, mix, poison, what they will:  
Sell hell for millions, billions, scaled  
With Lincoln's great red Federal seal,  
Then loose it forth, all threads unreeled  
And tangled, tangled, head to heel!

My country, is this thing well done?  
Nay, this the one "utility."  
The weightiest chain, and chiefest one:  
Yet "we, the people," are we free?  
Put by these millions, billions, then  
Lay hold this master, monster, beast,  
With brave, clean, cultured, manly men  
At still door west or still door east;  
Let each town hold its million gold,  
Each city hold all its controls,  
But this would hold ten millionfold  
And save,—how many million souls?

## Working Overtime

A CHICAGO teacher gave a boy pupil a question in compound proportion for home work one evening, which problem happened to include the circumstance of "men working ten hours a day to complete a certain job."

The next morning the unsuspecting teacher, in look-

ing over his pack of exercises, found one pupil's problem unattempted, and the following note attached to the page:

"Deer Sir, i refoose to let my sun James do his sum you give him last night as it looks to me like a slur on the 8-hour sistem. enny sum not more than 8 hours he is welcum to do but not more. Yrs trooly, Samuel Blocksy."

# Fools and Their Money

Fourth  
Article

By Frank Fayant

How Mining Fakes  
Are Advertised

THE promotion boom is here.

It would warm the cockles of Colonel Mulberry Sellers's heart to read the Sunday newspapers these days, for they carry page after page of advertisements of "millions-in-it" schemes, such as the Colonel never dreamed of. This promotion boom already exceeds in proportions the memorable one of the two years following the flotation of the United States Steel Corporation. The man who has money to invest, and who rightly demands that it shall bring him a larger return than is made to him by the savings banks, wants to know what return he is likely to receive from investments in the stocks of all these companies now offering their shares through the newspapers all over the land.

The investor wants to know whether he will have a fair "run for his money"—to use the vernacular of the promoter—in the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad, the "grandest opportunity the people have ever had to invest in a gigantic commercial undertaking of national reputation;" the Electric Signagraph and Semaphore Company, "an opportunity for another such financial whirlwind as was the Bell Telephone;" the Union Brake and Shoe Company, having the "strongest possibilities of any company that has sold its stock to the public in recent years—pays millions in dividends;" the Mines Development Company, based on the "greatest gold and silver discovery ever made in America;" the Montezuma Mining and Smelting Company, an investment which "will net twenty-four per cent. or more at the start;" the Guanaquato Amalgamated Gold Mines Company, "one of the greatest mining enterprises of the age;" the Leffler Electric System, "something so much better and so much farther in advance of anything else ever heard of that it is bound to make millions for its stockholders;" the San Domingo Mining Company, the "greatest mining proposition of Mexico—five thousand per cent. profit in eighteen months;" the Copper Belt Mines Company, which "should earn fifteen hundred per cent.;" the Nevada-Commonwealth Mining and Milling Company, which has the "largest body of ore in the West;" the Friede Globe Tower Company, the "greatest investment chance of a lifetime;" the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, the "best investment in the world;" or the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company, in which "a few hundred dollars invested now and given to your children should make them independent."

## Harvest Days for the Promoters

Then witness the alluring prospect offered an appreciative public in the Geyserite Manufacturing Company, "an exceptional opportunity to invest your savings where they will be absolutely safe and secure;" the Central Mining and Development Company, the "greatest money maker Arizona has ever known;" the International Gold Mines Company, the "most genuine mining proposition ever offered to the American people;" the Central Mining and Development Company, the "greatest gold property Arizona has ever known;" and hundreds of other new companies for which equally extravagant claims are made.

How many of these companies, in the ad-



vertising of which the English language is drained of superlatives, are going to live and pay dividends? The same question was asked five years ago about a mass of new companies advertised with the same reckless use of superlatives. During the winter of 1900-01, the investors of the country went mad over stock speculation. The country was in the full swing of an unprecedented era of commercial prosperity. Great industrial and railroad mergers, creating hundreds of millions of new securities, inflamed the popular mind. The public invaded Wall Street, and went on a speculative debauch, culminating for the time in the Northern Pacific panic, when the stock of a railroad only a little while before almost worthless sold at \$1,000 a share. The mania for getting rich quickly through speculation in stocks affected the whole country. The shame of it was that the debauch was led by men of standing in the community, who were intoxicated by their greed for gold. Investors were credulous as they had not been since the days of the South Sea Bubble, and the promoters—good, bad and indifferent—reaped a harvest. What has become of the hundreds of companies brought out then?

## Either Fakes or Mistakes

To answer this question I have investigated every company that advertised its shares in the Sunday edition of the New York "Herald" in 1901, and in two months of the autumn of 1902. I use the "Herald," because its Sunday financial section carries more new company advertising than any other newspaper in the world—and it charges the highest rate for it. During the fourteen months under review, the "Herald's" income from this advertising was in the neighborhood of \$175,000. It reached \$5,000 a Sunday in the autumn of 1901.

In the opening article of this series, this assertion was made: "The bulk of the financial advertising in the leading newspapers of the country is intended for the fools." The investigation I have made of the one hundred and fifty companies advertising their stock in the Sunday "Herald" in fourteen months of the last promotion boom will prove whether this assertion, which has been so violently criticised, is true. Horace J. Stevens, of Houghton,

Michigan, whose "Copper Handbook" is the standard authority on the copper mining industry, writes me: "Most of the mining companies advertised in the newspapers are either fakes or mistakes." John Hill, Jr., of the Chicago Board of Trade, who has done such valuable work in driving swindlers out of Chicago, writes me in similar vein. The Denver "Daily Mining Record," a militant champion of corporation publicity, carries in its columns daily a list of twelve hundred mining companies "not entitled to public confidence." "The trouble with many companies," the editor tells me, "is that those who want to sell stock are too enthusiastic." Yes, enthusiasm runs riot when the promoter discovers he can

convert his reams of stock certificates into real money by spreading his enthusiasm over the advertising pages of the newspapers.

## A Graveyard of Buried Hopes

How many of all these one hundred and fifty companies of 1901-02 are making money to-day and paying dividends to their stockholders? One—just one! Just one of these one hundred and fifty companies that sold many millions of dollars of stock to the public is to-day paying dividends. It has paid two dividends of one per cent. each this year, and its stock is selling in the open market at less than half what investors paid for it five years ago, although its promoters asserted then that "it is doubtful whether anything has ever been offered to the public for subscription which gives so much promise from so small an outlay."

In all this brave array of wonderful ventures that were to make fortunes for the credulous, one company is paying a dividend—and a dividend smaller than that paid by the savings banks. One other is a going manufacturing concern; that ignores my request for information; a third is a going real estate company, that repurchased from investors the stock sold to them; a fourth is a plantation company waiting for its rubber trees to grow up; two are struggling oil companies in need of money; eighteen are gold mines, still hoping to strike it rich, and nearly all are in need of money. Of the one hundred and twenty-six other ventures, twenty-two may be classed as moribund, while the remaining one hundred and four are dead and gone, forgotten by all but the investors who bravely put their money into them.

And now to look behind these cold figures of buried hopes!

The man who set the pace for the wildcat promoters of 1901 was L. E. Pike, of Hartford, Conn., dubbed by Mr. Stevens "the notorious Pike." Pike spent in 1901 and 1902 not far from \$150,000 in advertising—profitable advertising. His flamboyant poster broadsides in the newspapers made all the little promoters gasp in envy. Recklessly, ridiculously extravagant in their promises and prophecies, these big, black-type, circus-bill appeals to small investors reaped a rich harvest. The whole problem with Pike was how to sell a maximum amount of stock at a minimum advertising outlay. To sell \$100 worth of stock at an advertising cost of \$80 was poor business; to sell it at a cost of \$40 was good business. He cared little about the intrinsic worth of the properties he





Will You be Among the Number  
 Rich Copper Ore  
 Discovered in the Monte  
 ONLY OFFERING OF  
 of Treasury Stock  
 100 PER CENT  
 The Imperial Gold Mining & Milling Co.  
 Gilpin County,  
 Apex, Colorado:  
 \$129.52 Per Ton  
 To the  
 Mirrored Inv  
 The Silver Pick Leasing & Mining  
 GOLDFIELD, NEVADA  
 A SQUARE DEAL IN MINING INVESTMENT  
 PROOF ONE:  
 10 DAYS!  
 MARCONI WIRELESS  
 Affords the Greatest Investment Opportunity  
 in a Great Public Necessity  
 EXCEPTIONAL STOCK OFFERING  
 25c. a Share — 25c. a Share  
 Millions at Coney Island WORK FOR  
 NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1906  
 Chicago to New York in 10 Hours, Fare \$10.  
 From Stock Lode  
 STOCK OFFERING  
 Buy Now And Draw The  
 SEPTEMBER DIVIDEND

If you have been swindled by some "fake" concern, send the correspondence and literature that you received from that concern to Mr. Fayant.

We are going to expose completely these methods of filching the public's money, and we want the earnest help of all who have been caught.

exploited. A hole in the ground was, in his mind, a gold mine, and, after Pike had turned the English language loose on it, it became one of the richest properties on the face of the earth. His Washington Copper and Milling Company, claimed to be "the richest property in the United States," had nothing more than a fifty-foot hole in a gravel bed.

#### Around the World in an Hour

I am using the past tense in telling the story of Pike. But Pike is not a memory, like his companies. He is in Hartford to-day, and even now may be poring over his dictionary for new adjectives with which to decorate more circus-bill tales of fortune making in oil or gold or marvelous inventions. I wonder that the new craze for mining stocks, rapidly growing into the proportions of the South Sea Bubble, does not bring Pike out of his hiding place. He has a fortune salted away, and it may be that he is not avaricious. But, earlier in the year, before the Sunday newspapers began to carry pages of company advertisements, Pike did venture for a little while into the market place. His bait for fools this time was Martin's Giant Revolving Globe and Panoramic Trip Around the World. Pike described it in this wise: "A wonderful architectural structure, a realistic representation of the whole world on a gigantic globe. The interior of this revolving world is entered by thousands of visitors daily, who make the entire grand tour of the world, visiting all countries and all climates, seeing all nations and the inhabitants thereof. . . . most stupendous and overpowering attraction . . . grand and gorgeous spectacle . . . ever presented."

This "grand, gorgeous, stupendous, overpowering attraction," reduced to cold figures by Pike's "grand, gorgeous, stupendous, overpowering" mathematics, might be visited in a summer by 25,000,000 people. "At twenty-five cents each," figured Pike, "that makes \$6,250,000. But let us be conservative. Suppose only 2,500,000 visit our attraction. That would mean \$625,000 annually. This would mean that you would receive the first year, and every year thereafter, nearly three times your original investment in dividends alone. These are facts—undeniable facts—which guarantee a brilliant success." Pike's

trip to New York must have been a failure, for he soon closed his office and returned to Hartford. A letter sent to his Broadway office was returned by the post office bearing the stamp, "Not found." Poor Pike! Not found! And only a little while ago you were the "grand, gorgeous, stupendous, overpowering attraction" in the wildcat menagerie!

Pike's fame as a promoter must rest on his wireless telegraph exploit, toward the end of 1901. Early in that year, a clique of promoters in Philadelphia, headed by a real estate and gold mine boomer, Dr. G. P. Gehring, got hold of some old wireless patents taken out fifteen years before by Professor Dolbear of Tufts College. These patents had been almost forgotten. Their existence was recalled by the sudden rise to fame of young Marconi, and the incorporation of the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, capital \$5,000,000, was the result, with Dr. Gehring president.

#### The Wireless Telegraph Scheme

The promoters lacked the courage and funds to buy whole pages of advertising, and for weeks and months the Sunday newspapers carried only a short announcement of the company's plans. The \$10 stock was offered first at \$1.50 a share, but gradually the price was raised to \$8. Meanwhile, sub-companies were formed. The American was not an operating company. It owned the patents, and divided the country from coast to coast into fields in which the sub-companies were to operate. The sub-companies were the New England, Federal, Northwestern, Atlantic, Commercial, Central Western, Gulf, Continental and Pacific. Each sub-company turned a large proportion of its stock over to the parent company. The capital of the whole wireless outfit was \$55,000,000. It was a bold scheme on paper, but it needed some one with courage and funds to develop it.

The man for the New England Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company was found in Thomas B. Bishop, who, as T. Brigham Bishop, was well known some years ago as the author of "Shoo Fly! Don't Bother Me!" But it was

not as a song writer that T. Brigham Bishop became a leader in the world of finance. Bishop has the distinction of having opened the first bucket shop in New York for women gamblers. At the time of the collapse of the Dean "discretionary pool" swindle, Bishop was running a little "discretionary pool" of his own, and the post-office authorities did not overlook him while issuing fraud orders. Bishop got a figurehead president for the New England Wireless, the Hon. James N. Huston, former Treasurer of the United States. General Huston was already the head of another \$5,000,000 company, one of the Beaumont oil boom wildcats. General Huston suffered financial reverses in the hard times of '93 to '96, and became the tool of parasite promoters. Bishop hawked his wireless stock through New England at bargain prices, selling it, at first, at ten cents a share. But nobody paid much attention to the new wireless companies until the autumn, when Pike, in the heyday of his oil company career, took hold of the Federal Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, a sub-company covering eleven Eastern States, and opened such an advertising campaign as had never before been seen in Wall Street. His figurehead president was the Hon. Ernest Cady, former Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, already vice-president of Pike's Eastern Consolidated Oil Company, and president, besides, of a wildcat gold mining company. Pike spread his circus-bill advertisements of the Federal Wireless through the Sunday newspapers, offering the stock first at forty cents, then at sixty cents, and finally at a dollar. He took whole pages in the New York newspapers, spending thousands of dollars a week, for many weeks. He set the pace for all the wireless telegraph company advertising since that time. Here are some of his best things:

#### Bait That Attracted the Fish

"The most marvelous invention of the century."  
 "Bell Telephone stock, when first offered, went begging at fifty cents a share, and those same shares to-day are worth \$4,000."

"Many predict that the stock will soon be selling for as many dollars as cents at the present time."

"More remarkable than the late achievements of wireless telegraphy on the sea is the fact that the Federal Wireless Company has instruments nearing completion for operation between New York and Philadelphia, when it will receive messages at any hour of the day or night, at the rate of ten cents for ten words."

"With the Bell Telephone stock in memory, which went from a few cents to thousands of dollars a share, thoughtful persons are buying up wireless stock with avidity."

"The career of the company controlling the basic patent in the richest field in America starts with a thousand times more flattering prospects than did the Bell Telephone."



What the average mining scheme usually amounts to

**BIG MONEY IN** to small investors. Pat. **THE CONSERVATIVE INVESTOR** NO TRICKS TO SELL

**Double Your Money in a COLORADO COPPER** **a Lifetime**

**RICHEST GOLD STRIKE EVER** **Make You Rich** **Quick Profits**

**A Great Gold Mine Right Next Door** **MILLIONS IN DIVIDENDS**

**LEAD AND ZINC MOST PROFITABLE AND** **EVERY DOLLAR GOES**

**PERMANENT OF ALL MINING** **INTO THE TREASURY**

**AM I RIGHT?**

**MINING COMPANY** **HUNDREDS RICH THAT PAYS** IN FAIRNESS TO YOURSELF AND THOSE WHO DEPEND UPON YOU, READ THE FOLLOWING:

joys with all leading railroads, assure large **This Investment Will Earn Big Profits the First Year of Foundry Operation** is figure does not represent another huge sum.

"I believe SUCCESS MAGAZINE has saved me \$3,000. I was just going to invest in an Arizona copper concern when I began to read

'Fools and Their Money.' I put my money in a savings bank, and can now sleep."—From a letter by Fred Hager, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Stock will soon advance in price by leaps and bounds."

One feature of the Pike wireless advertising was that there was no promise of dividends. Much of the company advertising of the day was of the guaranteed-dividend variety—Pike, himself, had been the chief exponent of the monthly dividend scheme in his oil promotions. Pike, of course, saw that there was no possibility of earning dividends on his \$5,000,000 capital, and that it was impossible to pay unearned dividends without getting caught. Pike made his whole play, therefore, on the similarity between the wireless telegraph and the telephone as an investment; and, instead of promising dividends, he talked only of the marvelous future of the company and the expected rise in the price of the stock. Extravagant as were his page advertisements in every line, still he was clever enough not to tie himself down to many positive predictions. As Sam Keller said, in testifying against his confederates in the Dean swindle, and speaking of Kellogg's get-rich-quick circulars, "no one would 'fall' to them as not being straight, but any one would 'fall' to them by sending along cash." Pike had elaborately furnished offices in the same luxurious office building in Broadway that housed the offices of the Steel Corporation, and there any doubting investor might see the Dolbear instruments at work. The cash flowed into Pike's offices in a steady stream. But the buyers of Pike's stock waited in vain for the opening of the commercial wireless line from New York to Philadelphia. Pike was too busy selling stock to bother about setting up instruments.

#### A Feat of Financial Juggling

And now five years have gone by. Is the Federal Wireless receiving messages "at any hour of the day or night" for transmission through its territory? Has the stock "advanced by leaps and bounds?" What has been the experience of the "thoughtful persons" who bought Pike's stock and all the other wireless stocks, believing them to be a second Bell Telephone? For five years the wireless promoters have been juggling with the Dolbear stocks. The first stock certificates were scarcely dry, when the Consolidated Wireless Company, capital \$25,000,000, was formed to take over the American, New England, Federal, Atlantic and Northwestern companies. The exchange was on a dollar-for-dollar basis, that is, an investor who had paid Pike from \$40 to \$100 for a hundred shares on Federal, received one hundred shares of dollar Consolidated stock in exchange. A few months later the Consoli-

dated reduced its extravagantly inflated capital to \$7,500,000, and the investor who had turned in \$100 worth of Pike's Federal received \$20 worth of new Consolidated. But the new Consolidated was only a transition. It was soon absorbed by the International Wireless Company, the holder of twenty one-dollar shares in the Consolidated getting two ten-dollar shares in the International. But this company, too, was only a transition. A little while later the American De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company came along and swallowed the whole Dolbear outfit, and this company, in consequence, has been in the throes of financial indigestion ever since. The De Forest Company gave its ten-dollar stock in exchange for the ten-dollar International stock, which had been metamorphosed from the \$100 Pike wireless stock.

#### Pike's "Grand, Gorgeous" Mathematics

Just what these De Forest shares are now worth is somewhat of a mystery. The De Forest home office is in St. Louis, and from this office notice was recently sent me that the price of the common stock had been advanced to \$7.50. The manager of the New York office two weeks later denied that any De Forest stock was for sale at this price, and continued to offer it at \$6. Meanwhile several brokers in New York and Philadelphia have been offering De Forest stock around eighty-five cents a share. When asked for an explanation of the astounding variation in the price of the stock, the company's New York office informed me: "We have never paid any attention to what the enemy or the cut-rate brokers may do with the few shares they may obtain from weak stockholders."

Pity the poor, "weak stockholders!" By Pike's "grand, gorgeous, stupendous, overpowering" financial mathematics, we find that Federal Wireless (and all the other Dolbear stocks) "advanced by leaps and bounds" in this startling manner:

\$50 (real money) bought \$50 worth of Pike's wireless, January, 1902;  
= \$50 (certificate) watered Consolidated, February, 1902;  
= \$10 (certificate) unwatered Consolidated, October, 1902;  
= \$10 (certificate) International, February, 1903;

= \$10 (certificate) American De Forest, January, 1904;  
= \$7.50 (company's money) subscription price of De Forest, St. Louis office, October, 1906;  
= \$6 (company's money) subscription price of De Forest, New York office, October, 1906;  
= \$0.85 (real money) cash market value.

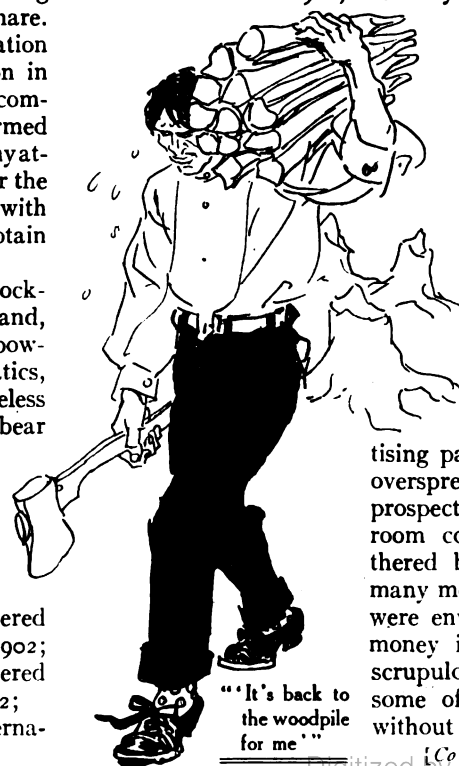
#### The Great Beaumont Oil Boom

Meanwhile, I am in receipt of this appeal from the American De Forest promoters: "There is not enough stock to go around. Consider the matter carefully. You have the opportunity. Will you grasp it 'at the flood tide' (now) and ride on to the shore of plenty, high and dry above the adversities which often beset old age, to the land of our dreams, where wealth is unbounded and every wish gratified, where comforts admit of enjoyment and wealth admits of opportunities for yourself and those you love? Or will you hesitate and doubt, and let the chance go by, to remain in senile dependency upon the bounty of others? Think! It is for you to decide! Think well! Buy! Do it now!"

Every wildcat promoter licked his chops in anticipation of the feast of the lambs when he read in the newspapers, one January morning in 1901, the story of the first great oil gusher

on Spindle Top, Beaumont, Texas, which came in at the unprecedented rate of 70,000 barrels a day. It was years since the country had had a real oil boom, but even the parasites in swaddling clothes knew full well the significance of a 70,000-barrel oil gusher. It meant a wildcat company promoting debauch such as the country had not been through in years. And a debauch it was! For months, the financial adver-

tising pages of the newspapers were overspread with the "millions-in-oil" prospectuses of hundreds of mushroom companies, many of them fathered by get-rich-quick swindlers, many more by "fiscal agents," who were envious of the flow of fools' money into the pockets of the unscrupulous, and who tried to divert some of it into their own pockets without getting their hands too dirty,



"It's back to the woodpile for me."

(Continued on pages 49 to 52)



# New York's Hotel Palaces

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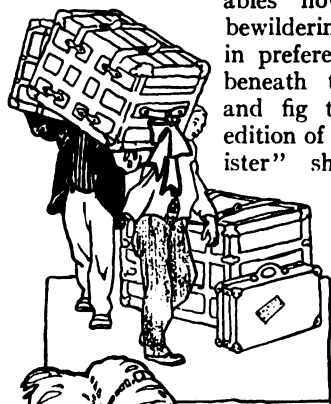
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

The pumping plant in its basement is sufficiently powerful to supply a city of 400,000 inhabitants

TO COURT statistics for a comprehension of New York's modern and magnificent hotels would be like figuring upon logarithms to explain the feeding of 5,000 men with five loaves and two fishes. Seeing only is believing. Fact and figure fail utterly to convey any complete idea when vastness gets beside itself and perfection becomes absolute.

If the world of to-day—the same old world that has paid homage to the builder's art since Solomon built his temple—looks on with open-mouthed wonder at the triumphs of the American hotel designer, how futile, indeed, is description in a treatise such as this! The story, if it could be told at all, would be a wonder-story of luxury run mad. It would scatter seeds of discontent around the fondest firesides, and forever upset the doctrine of "There's no place like home." Let us not jest about this.

The home spirit in New York City has already been so shattered by the grandiose hotel that forty-one per cent. of the so-called "fashionables" now reside in these bewildering caravansaries in preference to dwelling beneath their own vine and fig tree. The latest edition of the "Social Register" shows that nine thousand families in New York City with wealth and aristocratic pride have given up their private homes to live in hotels. An expert who



*How over 300 Metropolitan Hostelries are Conducted to Accommodate a daily floating Population of nearly 200,000 Souls.—Buildings that Cost Millions to Construct and in which are Installed not only the most modern Effects in Luxury and some of the costliest Works of Art, but also the most up-to-date Inventions*

**By Remsen Crawford**

has studied the hotel business in every principal country of two hemispheres says that New York cares for three times as many persons in hotels as does London, six times as many as does Paris, and ten times as many as does any other city that can be named. There are 136 large first-class hotels in Manhattan alone, more than 300 including the smaller ones, and, at the rate of construction at present, the calculation has been made that within twenty years there will be on Manhattan Island alone 386 hotels of 400 rooms each, or of greater size.

Cradled wherever it may have been, the hostelry art has, surely, found its home in the American metropolis, and one needs no further figures than those just given to furnish explanation of the amazing evolution of the hotel in New York City. With a floating population each day ranging from 75,000 to 185,000, according to the railroad passenger accountants, for the various seasons of the year, there is little wonder that New York has become the city of earth most conspicuous for its hotels.

The word "palace" has been applied to hotels since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and a good-natured world has always accepted it as a jestful hyperbole. But, out of the New York conception of a hostelry has come a creation, in the description of which "palace" becomes a feeble misnomer.

## A Regiment of "Help"

Just one moment of honest meditation is enough in the light of these comparisons to see that, so far from being an exaggerated term as applied to the great hostelries of New York, the word "palace," really fails in expression commensurate with the enormity, the completeness, and even the splendor of these late-day caravansaries, saying nothing of the novel devices of modern invention for the facilitation of service. No crowned head ever pillowed itself for a night's lodging with the satisfaction of knowing that under the same roof there were a thousand persons paid to look after its safety, comfort, and luxury, unless that crowned head found itself in a modern New York hotel, where a regiment of "help" is employed, consisting of clerks, *chefs*, pastry cooks, meat cooks, bakery men, soup cooks,



THE HOTEL ASTOR

Nearly 6,000 people are fed here daily, necessitating over 200 waiters and 114 cooks

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THE BELMONT

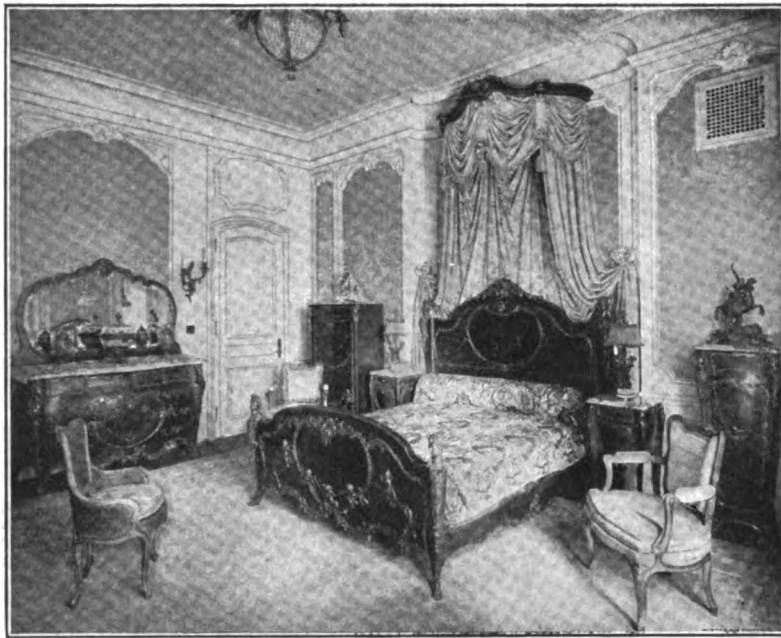
It is twenty-two stories high, but five stories are built underground



detectives, watchmen, engineers, electricians, plumbers, carpenters, laundrymen, doormen, porters, butlers, waiters, stewards, wine and cigar experts, decorators, messengers, waiting maids, and chambermaids.

Any person with four dollars in his pocket can have the advantages of this regimental array of servants or one day by paying the price of a room at an of the greater hotels recently constructed in the metropolis, though, of course, four dollars is the lowest figure. Many of the rooms cost double that sum a day, and some of the state apartments, with bedrooms, gorgeous parlor, private dining-room and bath, are not let for less than \$100 or \$125 a day. Even the four-dollar rooms have baths, but in no case does the price of room or apartment include meals. There are but two real Broadway or up-town hotels in New York at the present day that adhere to the American plan—room and meals for a fixed price—and they are the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Broadway Central. In fact, these well-known landmarks have spacious

Photograph by Wurts Bros., N. Y.



The famous \$10,000 bed in the St. Regis

a few seconds to materialize on any order he may wish to make for a commodity of comfort, luxury, or ease. It seems absurd, too extraordinarily impossible to admit of belief, that a patron of a hotel in his room on the topmost floor can order lemonade from the office and have it in his room in a minute's time, but such things are done every day in such modern hotels as the Belmont and the Astor. It is almost impossible of comprehension that a person can call at the desk of one of these great hostleries and ask to see a friend who may be stopping there and have a message from the friend, even from the eighteenth floor, before he has had time to remark to the clerk, "It's a fine day." But, there is a perfect understanding of such a miraclelike incident when one has been made familiar with that amazing little bit of mechanism, the tel-autograph, the most wondrous communicating agency of the twentieth century.

#### Making Life Easy

The tel-autograph is a tiny, toy-like apparatus which (without attempting a technical description) communicates a message in one's own handwriting. To illustrate the perfection to which it has been developed, let us take the operation of one at the Hotel Astor, which hotel is entitled really to the credit of having perfected such a system for hotel use. Let us suppose John Doe approaches the room clerk downstairs on the first or office floor

and expresses a desire to call upon his friend Richard Roe. The clerk knows that Mr. Roe has room No. 453. If he does not know it without referring to some ponderous book, he would better look for another job. The moment that Mr. Doe calls Mr. Roe's name, the clerk writes "453" on the tel-autograph which rests on the counter or desk before him. The instant he writes "453," the exact reproduction of the letters in his own handwriting appears before the eyes of a telephone operator in another part of the building, and the young woman (the operators are almost invariably young women) immediately makes her telephone communication with room No. 453, still watching the tel-autograph before her to see what is coming. Another instant she sees the clerk away down in the office has written the

name of "Roe" on the tel-autograph, and she knows that it is a Mr. Roe in room No. 453; another instant and the clerk has written the name of Doe, and the telephone operator knows that a Mr. Doe is in the office to call upon Mr. Roe. Meanwhile, in fact it is all just like being face to face with each other, Roe has answered her call on the telephone away up there in his room, and, with lightning rapidity, this is what happens:

"Hello, Mr. Roe?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Doe wants to see you."

"Tell him to come up."

"Good-by."

One more instant, and the young woman has written on her tel-autograph, "Come up," and the clerk gives this information to the caller and sends him up, escorted by a hall boy, in far less time than it takes to tell it. How different the old system which would have resulted in something like this:

"Good morning, my name is Doe and I would like to call on Richard Roe, who, I believe is stopping here."

"Yes, sir; he is stopping here, but I don't know whether he's in his room right now or not," says the affable clerk.

"Will you send my card up to him?" asks Doe.

"Yes, sir," and "ding, ding" goes the old-fashioned gong on the clerk's desk summoning a hall-boy.

"Take this card up to 453 and get an answer," says the clerk.

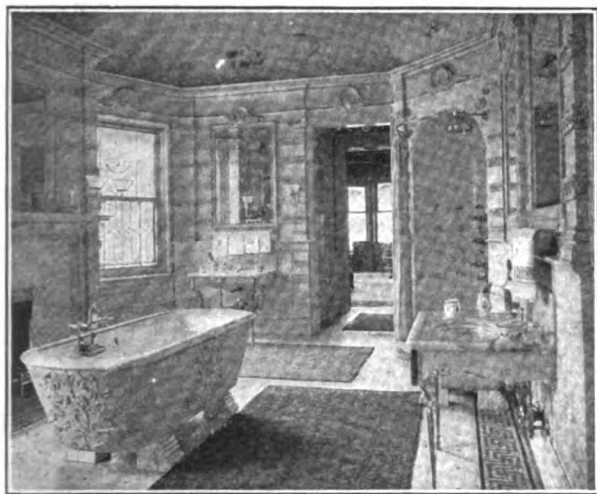
"Yasser," says the hall boy, or "bell hop," as they are called in hotel parlance, as he moves sadly away for a long journey up many flights of tiresome stairs.

Doe settles down in a chair about the lobby to read the morning paper, and the busy clerk turns about some other task. Time drags heavily. Doe looks up and sees an old friend he did not expect to meet and begins to chat with him.

By and by, upstairs, there is a knock at Richard Roe's door.

"Come in."

"Here's a card for yer, boss," says the bell boy. Roe looks at it, sees it is his old friend Doe, and says, "Tell him to come up." The boy begins his long descent. Meanwhile Doe has strolled off into the lobby, and, when the boy finally returns, he reports to the clerk and goes away, unless he has been asked to run another



A bathroom in a modern New York hotel

restaurants and cafés for their European-plan patrons, and the American plan is fast becoming obsolete in New York City.

In the evolution of the hotel, the watchword has been *speed*. Facilitation of service is the foremost consideration, and, incredible as it may appear, this truth stands out, that the greater the distance from attic to cellar has become in the construction of the colossal hotels of to-day, the shorter the time has become in rendering service between such points. So cunningly has the electrician's art been applied to the hotel business, a person has to wait but





errand meanwhile by the captain of his squad. After being taught patience in a better school than Job, Doe finally is informed that his friend Roe would be glad to see him upstairs. Should there be any miscarriage about the message, there is no record to tell the management which hall boy was inefficient, whereas the tel-autograph keeps records in one's own handwriting at two ends of the wire, and mistakes can always be traced to the person that is delinquent or culpable.

The greatest service of the tel-autograph in the hotel business comes of its use in connection with an order from a patron's room to the restaurant. John Doe wants a glass of lemonade in room 956. He goes to the telephone in his room (every hotel for the past five or six years that pretends to be in the fore rank has put in telephones for each room,) and in a moment is answered by the young woman at the central switchboard, where all the room wires center. "I want a lemonade," says Doe. He does not even have to give the number of his room. The young woman immediately writes on her tel-autograph, "956, Lemonade," and this appears as she is writing it on another tel-autograph in the office and also on another in the barroom, simultaneously. The bartender makes the lemonade and sends it flying to the ninth floor on a tiny electric elevator car which can not stop until it reaches that floor. Meanwhile the pantryman, or butler, on that floor stands ready at the little pantry to receive the lemonade and rush it to Doe's room around the hall. In this way, three records of the order have been left in the young woman's handwriting, a perfect checking system in itself, and the whole transaction has taken less than one minute.

So near perfection has the Hotel Astor brought this wondrous little apparatus of communication, that it has been adopted by the New York Central Railroad Company for giving train orders at the Grand Central Station, and technical schools and universities are sending bodies of students from time to time to make a study of the improvements in the various devices of this kind used in the modern hotels.

#### A Perfection of Detail

There may be given still another illustration of the marvelous attention to details by which the management of the twentieth century hotel anticipates and ministers to the needs of its guests. For example, consider the pneumatic tube service from the main floor to the rooms above, at the Waldorf-Astoria. You want to see Jones, who is a guest at the hostelry. So you present your card at the desk. It is forthwith put into a "cartridge" at the tube station, shot to the floor on which Jones's room is, received by an awaiting clerk at the desk on that floor, given to a boy, and taken to your friend's quarters. Now if, a month later, it turns out that you want to refresh your own or Jones's memory as to the call you paid him, you will find that the hotel people have a record of the exact time on which your card started on its journey; the exact time when it reached Jones's floor; the official number of the boy who took it from the floor office to Jones's room; the reply, if any, received at the latter; the time that the answer got back to the clerk at the floor desk; the time of its return to the main tube station below, and, in the event of a page being sent to hunt for you, the number of the page and the report which he, in turn, made at the desk after having found you or having failed to do so.

Other novel devices in the modern New York hotels, conducive to the comfort and luxury of the guests, are the air screens, at the St. Regis, which actually filter the air of its dust and smoke and disease-laden matter; the crematory, at the Hotel Astor, for burning all garbage as fast as it accumulates; the automatic venti-

lators, at the Belmont, by which a certain temperature is maintained in a room, while a person sleeps, by a thermometer's control of the heating apparatus; the bolts at many hotels which, when fastened on the inside, indicate to an employee of the hotel on the outside of the room that a patron is within, thus preventing the latter from being awakened by an employee trying to open the door with a pass-key; and the tiny electric lamps which notify the housekeeper when a chambermaid enters a room in any part of the building, continues to indicate her presence in the room as long as she remains there, and discourages her from loitering too long in any one room.

The automatic fire-alarm system in all great hotels is not exactly new, but it has been much improved. A small hole in the center of the ceiling is fitted with one of these indicators, so that, when the room gets to an unusually high temperature, the gongs are set going in the office and, even though the patron may be asleep in the room, unconscious of a fire, the hotel man-

Photograph by Longwell, N. Y.



THE ST. REGIS

Where over \$504,000 is expended annually by the management for food supplies alone

agement is aware of it in time to arouse the lodger.

Without leaving a hotel, you can get letters of credit and foreign exchange; have your accounts audited; take a "flyer" on Wall Street at the hotel broker's office; buy your theater tickets; order your flowers; have your photograph taken; attest before a notary public; revel in Russian or Turkish baths; dictate to a stenographer or typewriter; and secure the services of manicures, chiropodists, dentists, doctors, lawyers, valets, maids, and trunk packers.

#### Fortunes in Masonry

Tell the desk that you expect friends on a certain train, and the hotel's uniformed porters will be on hand to look after the baggage, while the hotel's cabs or 'buses will do the rest.

To continue to exploit the countless devices now in use to promote the pleasure and luxury of the patrons of the great hotels of New York—the greatest in the world—would be absurd. Each is but an integral part of a bewildering perfect whole. The *tout ensemble* is what

thrills. One looks upon these mammoth piles of brick and mortar from the distance with a kind of awe, whether it be that great mountain of terra-cotta known as the Waldorf-Astoria, with its German Renaissance structure, its balconies, *loggias*, gables, and groups of chimneys; whether it be that arrogant tower of pearl-gray brick, twenty stories above ground and five under ground, called the Belmont; whether it be those sky-scraping shafts of limestone and brick called the St. Regis and the Gotham; or whether it be that red-brick palace, with gray-stone corners and mosque-like roofs, called the Hotel Astor.

One looks at these magnificent products of architectural art and is not surprised when told that there is not one of them that did not cost more than \$4,000,000, with from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 added, in each case, for furniture. Such furniture it is, too! Such a world of enchanting statuary, paintings, drapery, tapestry, suite furnishings, representing English, Italian, Pompeian, Spanish, Egyptian, and Turkish styles of adornment, and also the epochs of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI.!

An attempt at description would be absurdity itself. At the Belmont one finds oneself, upon entering the office with its marble walls, surrounded by a gorgeous arcade, or mezzanine floor and a palm garden which has been made a veritable hall of illusion by the many mirrors surrounding its dome.

#### In an Arcadian Moonlight

At the Hotel Astor one is almost overpowered by the lavishness of the main lobby, with its great mural decorations representing epochs in New York history from the time Hendrik Hudson landed on Manhattan to the present day, and by the adjoining dining room known as "L'Orangerie," a magnificent reproduction of an Italian garden, with growing orange trees and an antique fountain from Florence—all softened by a subdued light to suggest moonlight revels in Arcadia. And so with each of these colossal hotels.

But perhaps the best that one can do, in order to convey a true impression of the sumptuous "setting" amid which live and move the fortunate ones who are guests of a modern first-class hotel, is to give a brief description of the art, decorative effects, and unique furniture of some of the apartments of, say, the Waldorf-Astoria. Even then, the reader, unless he has visited it, or some similar hotel, can glean but a slight idea of it or of the other New York caravansaries in which, in view of their comfort and magnificence, no stranger need sigh that "he had found his warmest welcome at an inn."

The Waldorf-Astoria has a frontage of 200 feet on Fifth Avenue, 350 feet on Thirty-third Street, 350 feet on Thirty-fourth Street, and 200 feet on Astor Court, with thirteen entrances opening directly from the thoroughfares named. But these figures apply to that portion of the hotel above ground. Below, out of sight and extending to a depth 42 feet beneath the sidewalk, and occupying an additional area of 75 by 242 feet running toward Broadway, are the necessary working "organs" of the hotel, such as the engine-room, laundries, kitchens, and the like. From the sidewalk to the observatory roof is a height of 250 feet. On the roof itself is a charming garden open to patrons from the beginning of June to the end of the warm weather. So much for the skeleton, so to speak, of the elaborate creation—the hotel itself. Now for some details that will just hint at its total splendor and wonderful detail apart from all else.

The Waldorf restaurant is attractive from an art standpoint by reason of its exquisite brass work and paneling, while the mural paintings of the Astoria restaurant on the same floor are by Turner. In the main foyer are two famous

[Continued on pages 53 and 54]

# Francis J. Heney--Fighting Man

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

"I would rather die than have it said that a woman could not be defended in a civil suit in a town where I was practicing law."

The town was Tucson, Arizona, the time 1891, and the speaker an attorney at law, Francis J. Heney, who was then thirty-one years old. There was nothing melodramatic about this utterance. It was a fighting man's plain answer to five leading citizens, friends of his, who had called on the young lawyer to urge him to desert his client, a woman. And their argument was this:

"If you do not retire, you will be shot."

A physician, J. C. Handy, was suing his young wife for divorce and for the custody of their five children. The doctor, who was six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds, was violent in temper, quarrelsome and reckless, and had "killed his man." He had threatened the lives of two attorneys who had agreed to defend his wife, thus driving them from the case. She had sought the services of every other lawyer in town, and had gone to Heney last of all, knowing that her husband was his family physician. Mrs. Handy, although proven a virtuous and devoted wife and mother, lost her case, owing entirely to the lack of courage of a youthful judge. Heney at once took an appeal. This so enraged Dr. Handy that one day, about noon, when the main street of Tucson was crowded, he assaulted Heney, seizing him by the throat and choking him until he was purple in the face. Heney, a small man, weighing only 129 pounds, was no match for his antagonist. But he was game. In the struggle, revolvers were drawn and shots exchanged. Dr. Handy received a wound from which he died. Heney was promptly exonerated as having shot in self-defense.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HENEY was born about twenty miles from Rochester, in Lima, Livingston County, New York, on March 17, 1860. To his father, a native of Ireland, the day of the lad's birth was propitious, but St. Patrick's Day meant nothing to his mother, who was born in Germany. An odd marriage was the Heney's,—that of an Irish Catholic and a German Lutheran. Strange though it may seem, a union of such dissimilar races and antagonistic creeds is more than likely to result happily. Dogma finds no disciple in the child of such a marriage, who becomes a good citizen, a trustworthy American. So it proved with the Heney's. Their son cares nothing for creed but is a soldier of the common good.

Frank's parents were poor,—just how poor, he is not inclined to say. He has no desire to emphasize the poverty of his birth in order to lengthen the road he has traveled to success and financial independence. Suffice to say, that, as soon as the elder Heney got together a little money, he opened a general store in Lima. When Frank was four years old his father moved his family to San Francisco, and there engaged in the furniture and carpet business. The elder Heney prospered. Theoretically, Frank did not have to work as a youngster; that is to say, his father had sufficient means for his education and support. But the elder Heney was a man of decided opinions—an obstinate, strong-willed man, who believed that industry, even more than knowledge, is power. Frank was sent to the public school, and was permitted to play with the boys, except on Saturdays and vacation days, when he had to work in the store. Thus he acquired both industry and knowledge. When he finished grammar school he was overburdened

When Mr. Heney, in the last municipal campaign in San Francisco, branded Abraham Reuf, the political boss of that city, as a grafter, he had the proof at hand. But, owing to the outcome of the election, it took some time to organize a movement to unearth the colossal frauds perpetrated in the unfortunate city. Now Mr. Heney, having temporarily retired from the Oregon land fraud prosecutions, is hot on the trail of the corrupt politicians who have fattened on San Francisco. Already Mayor Schmitz and Boss Reuf have been indicted, together with other State officials. The boss defies any attorney to convict him. The task is a difficult one, but Mr. Heney has been defied before. If any attorney in the country can clean up the powerful grafters of San Francisco, Mr. Heney can and will. Mr. Heney is a member of the Governing Committee of the People's Lobby. He is the type of man which the organizers of the movement have sought to put in charge of its important work.—THE EDITORS.



FRANCIS JOSEPH HENEY

with energy and hungered for work. Like his father, he had decided views. One opinion was that a high-school course involved a waste of time. Except for a few months of preparation, he proposed to step from the grammar school into college. As if this work of preparation would not prove occupation enough for a lad of fifteen, he became a regular clerk in his father's store; his days were devoted to commercial pursuits, his evenings and nights to preparation for college. This preparation covered just four months. In that short time he mastered algebra and plain geometry, neither of which he had ever before studied, and successfully passed all of his entrance examinations for the University of California.

Frank's remarkable record in mathematics impressed his father, but in a purely commercial way. A boy so "everlastin' quick at figgers" was bound to succeed in business, and the elder Heney wanted him in his business at once. Father and son compromised. Frank did not matriculate with the class of seventy-nine, but he would not agree to make his life-work the selling of furniture and carpets. Neither did he

propose to follow the advice of his instructor in mathematics and study engineering. As a youngster he had expressed a determination to become a lawyer, and from that resolve he never wavered. Despite his father's opposition, he hoped to get a liberal education before studying law. The first step, he decided, was to cut loose from the store. He attended another night school, clerking for his father the while, and, although the course was one of six months, in half that time he had earned a first-grade teacher's certificate. Thus fortified he forsook the furniture and carpet business and went north to Mendocino County, walking the last forty-six miles of the journey because the schedule of the stage did not suit his impetuous haste.

## Game to the Core

In seven months his ardor had cooled, and, having taught a term, he returned to San Francisco, but not to the store. A special class was formed in higher mathematics at night school, where he taught young men much older than himself. Having demonstrated to his father that he could earn his living by his own initiative, Frank set about to break down the elder Heney's opposition to college training. He succeeded, and entered the University of California with the class of eighty-two; but he continued to teach at night school, thus paying his way in college.

The "way" was short, unfortunately. Toward the close of his freshman year, the University periodical made a bitter attack on college secret societies in general, and on Frank Heney's fraternity in particular. In the editorial he was unfavorably mentioned. His Irish blood was up. The editor, scenting trouble,

tried to get out of town, but Heney overtook him on the platform of the train, ordered him to defend himself, and then gave him a pummeling with his fists until he disclosed the name of the writer of the article. This fellow, a sub-editor, was afterwards rawhided in public.

The inevitable result was suspension from college. Heney wrote a letter to the faculty, frankly reviewing the incident, and acknowledged that he had thrashed two fellow students—all of which he boldly excused on the ground that the provocation was such that no gentleman could submit to it; wherefore he asked for reinstatement. (This letter, according to Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, now president of the University, ought to make Heney Governor of the State.) The vote in the faculty was a tie, and he was not allowed to return. This was a sore disappointment to him, because he felt himself unjustly treated. Disheartened, there followed a period of his life when, for the first time, he "didn't care." He associated with a set of fast young men in San Francisco, but, although he sowed the wind, he pulled up before he reaped the whirlwind.



Heney became disgusted with the life he was leading, and resolved to cut loose from his fast companions. He asked the superintendent of schools for a position "way off," and a place was secured for him at Silver City, Idaho, where he served as principal seven months. The roving spirit dominated him, and he abandoned teaching for all time to take up mining. For a year and a half he prospected, but the gold that he found was barely enough to keep him in food, and halfway clothed. At the end of his wanderings he was cured and was ready to prepare for his life-work. Returning to San Francisco, he entered the Hastings Law School, and did three years' work in two. He passed his bar examinations successfully, and was at once admitted to the California bar.

### A Master of Human Nature

Then misfortune seemingly overtook him. He was afflicted with sciatica, and when able to travel was ordered to Arizona, where a brother was in business in Tucson. This brother owned some cattle, which were tended "on shares" by an itinerant rancher, who was stealing from his partner. Heney forced the fellow to quit the country. For two years he managed the ranch and made a success of the cattle business. Next he was asked to go to Fort Apache, where his brother had a half-interest in an Indian-trader's store. Stealing was very common in the territory, and the storekeeper had robbed his absent partner of \$5,000, thereby jeopardizing the business. Heney assumed charge, and brought the enterprise through to solvency, when a purchaser was found.

This store was three miles from the military reservation, and during the year Heney was its manager the Indians were on the warpath. He escaped molestation, although, alone in a buckboard, he frequently made journeys to Tucson, a distance of 300 miles. He may have been fearful of attack, but he was philosophic about it. Having hunted with Indians, he knew their eyesight to be superior to a white man's. He realized, therefore, that it was only a question of the Indian seeing the white man,—he was sure to see the paleface first.

"It's like being afraid of lightning," Heney observed: "you know it's no use worrying because if it's going to strike you, you can't dodge."

Three years elapsed from the date he was admitted to the bar until he hung out his shingle in Tucson. His legal training was far behind him, but he was well grounded in the common law and in the principles of equity, and, although his legal business came with a rush, he took care of it satisfactorily by diligent study and hard work.

And his "rolling stone" days came home to bless, rather than to torment him. His remarkably varied life was a decided help in the wide range of cases in which his counsel was sought. Remember: he had been a teacher, prospector, miner, ranchman, and manager of an Indian-trader's store—in all of which capacities he had served acceptably. Can any one imagine a better school to produce a student—a *master* of human nature? Heney is acknowledged to be a veritable wizard with a jury.

He rapidly forged to the front of his profession in the territory. During the second Cleveland administration he ably filled the position of Attorney-General of Arizona. Indeed, he was called on to bring suits against personal friends, to recover public money which had been illegally taken. This he did without fear or favor, but the experience disgusted him with territorial politics. Had Arizona been admitted to the Union when Utah was made a State, Heney would undoubtedly have been elected to the United States Senate. Because of President Cleveland's uncompromising opposition, statehood looked to be far away. The repeal of the

Sherman Act was a heavy blow to silver mining. This was before the discovery of gold, and prior to the present extensive development of the copper deposits. The cattle industry was also in a bad way. Heney thought it wise to shake the alkali dust of the territory from his feet. It was the only way he could get out of politics. Therefore, at thirty-five, he left Arizona for good; and he left behind him a law practice of \$20,000 a year. He sold all his books on criminal law, and, until he was called into the Oregon land fraud cases, he devoted himself entirely to civil practice.

Restored to vigorous health, he returned to San Francisco, where he has since lived. During the first year he did not pay his expenses, but since that time his practice has grown very large and extremely lucrative. His earnings as a lawyer rank with those of the leaders of the bar on the Pacific Coast.

To oblige a friend, he undertook the defense of Judge Noyes, whose misfortunes in Alaska attracted such widespread attention. Heney not only defended him, but he also made the argument before the Department of Justice against the removal of Noyes. In this way he came under the notice of Philander C. Knox, who was then Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Knox was impressed with his great "uphill fight in a losing cause," and he offered to make him an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. The Californian did not care to reënter public life, so he declined the appointment. But he listened to another call to duty in the service of the people.

Heney regards President Roosevelt as the greatest moral exemplar of the age. He would follow him in any righteous cause, no matter what personal sacrifice or danger it might involve. No greater compliment could be paid the President than to say that he has inspired a man of the Heney type with his leadership. In contemplating the devotion of such a fighting follower one can understand why the Rough Riders went bravely up San Juan under the lead of Colonel Roosevelt.

### The Highly Respectable Land Grafters

When he succeeded to the Presidency, Roosevelt began a warfare on the rascals who were stealing from the Government. First, the Post Office thieves were prosecuted with a vigor that was relentless and sure. Then, discovery was made that the United States was being defrauded of its public domain. In this form of graft there had developed a psychological phenomenon called the "land conscience." Highly respectable men were parties to the stealing of public lands. This was particularly true of Oregon, where the excuse for the criminality was this:

"The land laws are wrong. They are not suited to Oregon. The prosperity of the State would be hopelessly retarded if the laws were enforced."

This vicious plea was heard everywhere, even at gatherings of church people. But an honest, obstinate Secretary of the Interior was intent, not only on enforcing the law, but as well on prosecuting those who had offended against the federal statutes. This proposal met with instant favor from the President. Roosevelt was eager for the fight. His administration would be the cleanest on record, or he would know the reason why. The Attorney-General was asked to select a man to prosecute the grafters—above all, a man who could secure convictions. Mr. Knox named Francis J. Heney.

Before he began his crusade, Governor Folk knew the graft of St. Louis. He understood the temper of the people of his corrupt city. Yet, knowing these important things, his task was colossal, and his victories were great achievements.

Heney had never been in Oregon. There

he had no friends. He was unfamiliar with the operations of the land thieves. He did not understand the moral twist of the community, which winked at this grafting. He did not realize that the senior United States Senator, so great was his popularity, could "do no wrong" in the eyes of a worshipful constituency. He did not know that this powerful officeholder was the head of a corrupt party machine, and that this machine was the mainspring of the grafting in the State. Yet he did know that the citizens of Oregon must serve on the juries which would pass judgment on the grafters.

Ignorant of the conditions that confronted him, Heney went forth to battle with the evil-doers in the courts of Oregon. He was unafraid. He came with an imperturbable smile, and, amidst vexations, nerve-racking experiences, and dangers of reputation, even life itself, Heney never lost his smile.

He was greeted with sullen disfavor, or with outspoken hatred. The newspapers, most of them, were opposed to him. The land thieves, through their high-salaried attorneys, controlled the Oregon Bar Association, and a resolution was adopted protesting against the appointment of a "carpetbagger" to prosecute the land fraud cases. Senators Mitchell and Fulton lost no time in laying this resolution of protest before President Roosevelt. At that period both of these senators were *persona grata* at the White House. Mitchell was one of the most popular men at the capital, and his recommendations carried great weight with the Chief Executive. He was not then under suspicion, and it was but natural that the President should give ear to the plotters. But the Attorney-General was suspicious. He told Mr. Roosevelt that he scented something far more serious than the substitution of a local man for an attorney from another State. Mr. Knox believed that the land grafters, through their official representatives in Washington, were seeking to secure the dismissal of a man they did not know, and the appointment in his stead of one whom they could control. The President agreed with the Attorney-General, and Heney was permitted to inaugurate his great work.

The Special Assistant to the Attorney-General in the land fraud cases has accomplished so much in Oregon that it is impossible, within the compass of this sketch, to do justice to his great work. Foremost in his achievements is the conviction of United States Senator Mitchell, who was found guilty of selling his influence at Washington to one of the big land grabbers. With the downfall of this powerful official, there was, for the first time, public approval in Oregon for Heney's cause. Nevertheless, when Representative Williamson was tried, Heney met with two serious setbacks. Twice the jury disagreed. In the first trial, it stood ten to one for conviction, but in the second, six to six. With a jury evenly divided at a second trial, most prosecuting attorneys would have become discouraged and given up the fight. Not Heney. The panel of jurymen was carefully investigated before the next trial, and on the third attempt, Williamson was found guilty. In some respects this was a greater victory for Heney than the conviction of a United States Senator.

### Results of Heney's Work

Ex-Representative Hermann, sometime Commissioner of the General Land Office, was indicted for complicity in the Oregon land frauds and is awaiting trial; likewise, John H. Hall, ex-United States Attorney for the District of Oregon. Ex-Surveyor General Meldrum is among those that are already convicted, as are two members of the Oregon State Senate. One of these legislators, W. N. Jones, a big timber speculator, is under sentence to serve a term in the penitentiary; another, F. P. Mays, attorney for the Northern

[Concluded on pages 55 and 56]

# The People's Lobby

BY SAMUEL MERWIN



## Officers of the People's Lobby Elected November 21, 1906

President, MARK SULLIVAN, New York,  
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New York



THE PEOPLE'S LOBBY is in action. Since our last issue appeared it has opened offices at Washington, in the Munsey Building, with a secretary and a treasurer; other officers will be added from time to time.

For the present the Lobby has taken no stand on any definite piece of legislation. As the present session progresses, if any bills are introduced in which the issue is a squarely moral one, with the interests of the people wholly on one side and the interests of capital wholly on the other side, the People's Lobby will take action on it. It will be very cautious and very sure. During the present session, which is a short one, lasting from December to March, the People's Lobby may not be able to demonstrate the power which it hopes to be in the nation. This is merely the short session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. That Congress will expire March 4, 1907. It is too late for the People's Lobby to make an enduring record on the Fifty-ninth Congress.

But, a little less than a year from now, the first Monday of December, 1907, a new Congress will go into session at Washington. It will hold one session of probably seven or eight months, and another of at least four months. I believe that that will be the most momentous Congress in the history of the United States. The new moral and ethical standards, the new political ideals which we now recognize as only vague and indefinite, will probably by that time shape themselves into bills. These bills will be introduced into Congress. They will have the powerful backing of the President of the United States. They will compel every congressman to take a stand squarely and indubitably for or against the interests of the whole people. When these issues are up, the People's Lobby will be in Washington, with a year of experience, with vigilant and energetic officers, with a consciousness of the backing of the people, to take a hand in the contest.

### The Records Will Be Complete

This Sixtieth Congress, which will be so momentous, is now elected. The members of Congress who were elected last November constitute it. These men will remain members for two years. At the end of that time they will go back for re-election, and when they do go back for re-election the People's Lobby will be on the spot with their records. That is the present business of the People's Lobby. When these men come up for re-election, it will be the work of the People's Lobby to have in the hands of every voter in each congressman's district the exact and impartial record of that congressman's public acts. That record will include not only his acts during the two sessions of Congress, beginning December, 1907, but also such other facts as have a bearing on his fitness to represent the people of the United States in their Congress. During the coming summer months, from March 4 until December, when Congress is not in session, the employees and officials of the People's Lobby will be busy collecting *data* concerning every member of the coming Sixtieth Congress. These records will be tabulated. Then, after this Sixtieth Congress begins its work, every congressman's vote will be added to his record, not only his vote on the floor of Congress but his actions in closed committee rooms. When the Sixtieth Congress comes to



a close these records will be complete and ready for the public.

All this may sound like a trite and simple performance, yet it is a thing that has never before been done. The records of congressmen are not kept in as accessible form, nor do their constituents take as much interest in these records as in the records of baseball players and the pedigrees of fast horses.

### The Lobby's Publicity Bureau

The People's Lobby will establish a publicity bureau in Washington on a scale and in a manner never before attempted. Corporations maintain at Washington many publicity bureaus, whose business is to taint and corrupt public opinion. A year ago, when the railroad-rate bill was under discussion at Washington, the railroads maintained in Washington a publicity bureau on a scale of lavishness hitherto unknown. The connection of this bureau with the railroads was, of course, kept secret. *Communications between the railroad presidents and attorneys, and this bureau were made in cipher.*

It was the business of this bureau to get up a weekly, a semi-weekly, and, sometimes a daily Washington letter. This letter would be sent to thousands of newspapers all over the United States. There are a great many newspapers not financially able to maintain a Washington bureau—in fact, there are only from three to five hundred papers in the United States who are wealthy enough to maintain Washington correspondents. Nevertheless, these other papers, published in smaller towns, are very anxious to have Washington news, and so they accepted these letters, which were sent to them free of charge by the publicity bureau of the railroads.

These letters were very cunningly devised. The first paragraph would be an amusing anecdote about Congressman X. The second paragraph would be a very entertaining one about the new mastodon skeleton in the Smithsonian Institution. Then in the third paragraph there would be a very nasty slur on the President of the United States. Then there would be another innocent paragraph which would be supposed to recompense the railroads for the hundreds of thousands of dollars which they paid to maintain this bureau. This "doctrine" paragraph would point out that any attempt to regulate railroad rates would be a very great mistake and would lead to all kinds of ruin and panic. This is what the railroads were paying for. They were hoping to influence public opinion against railroad-rate regulation.

Now, other corporations are trying to influence public opinion in the same way. The liquor interests are doing it. It has become a favorite means of corrupting public opinion to send out these tainted and corrupted Washington letters.

The People's Lobby proposes to send out a truthful Washington letter. It will supply every paper in the United States free of charge with a truthful and accurate account of proceedings in Congress. When the newspapers, which are almost wholly honest, can get this accurate and truthful letter, they will cease to accept the tainted letters of the corporations, and we shall have honest public opinion throughout the United States.



These are only a few of the many functions that the Lobby will undertake. In future issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE we will go into others. In this issue we want you to read some of the press opinions, *pro* and *con*, and a few of the letters that have been sent in by some who have already contributed to the fund. When you have read them, ask yourself if you don't think the People's Lobby is necessary to this country.

### Some Thrusts by the Opposition

An opposition editorial is found in that fearless and independent champion of the brightest and best, "The Railway Age." I quote from it without comment:

It has come at last, as everyone who has given thoughtful attention to the busy muckrakers realized it must come. These young gentlemen, realizing that the people can not be relied upon to elect honest, capable, and faithful representatives and senators to Congress, have arranged to take upon themselves the labor of shaping national legislation. The talent which has been so generously devoted to criticism is now to assume the constructive tasks of progress. Hence "The People's Lobby." The beneficent idea originated in the brain of one of the earliest of muckrakers, Henry Beach Needham. To Mr. Needham are joined certain other gentlemen, including Lincoln Steffens, William Allen White, John Mitchell, James B. Reynolds, and some who ought to know better and will undoubtedly learn better at an early day. . . .

The absurdity of this assumption on the part of the group of youthful muckrakers is abundantly proved by Mr. Needham's article. He does not hesitate to group Speaker Cannon, Representatives Wadsworth and Lovering, and Senators Lodge, Aldrich, Gallinger, Hemenway, and Carter as supporters of vicious measures. He commends the plainly unconstitutional bill to control the hours of labor of railway employees. . . . If any section of the public should accept "The People's Lobby" at its own valuation, we wonder who would lobby with the Lobby. It can not be forgotten that in legislation, as elsewhere,

Big fleas have little fleas to bite 'em,  
And so on *ad infinitum*.

But perhaps the most interesting opposition that the idea has drawn out, is that of the Washington, D. C., "Post." It expresses so perfectly the state of mind of certain gentlemen, that I am going to print it in full. Here it is:

### Is It an Intimidation Bureau?

We do not take much stock in this People's Lobby that is formed to "watch Congress." It is a piece of impertinence and an act of folly. It assumes that the American electorate is too big a fool to protect itself from unworthy public servants. It affects that the press is too corrupt to give the people tidings of public affairs. It arrogates that it, and it only, can give infallible judgment as to the conduct and the sagacity and the integrity of a congressman.

One of the gentlemen, a promoter of this insolence, came here about a year ago and constituted himself watchdog for everybody in the Union. He strove manfully and with enormous stores of patriotism, but to his utter astonishment, no doubt, it soon developed that he could watch Congress for nobody, not even himself. We believe he was a Mr. Steffens, or some name like that.

There is not a district in all America, that may not be depended on to send to the national councils a man who exactly fits that constituency. And there is not a constituency in America that may not be depended on to lick its own cub and herd its own calf.

This People's Lobby sets itself up to tell the people who is Jacob and who is Esau. What if they should happen to make a mistake? And that is exactly what they will do. What if they nod? Jupiter nods. What if they get Jacob and Esau mixed. All of us do. What then?

Great is sham.

### The Uprising of the People

The Washington "Post" is owned and edited by Mr. John R. McLean, who is also owner of the Cincinnati "Inquirer." Out in Ohio Mr. McLean is accepted as a type of the politician who combines an interest in public service corporations with the control of a political machine, and, although a Democrat, he has been openly accused of allying himself with George B. Cox, late Republican boss of Cincinnati.

Mr. McLean divides his time at present between editing the "Post" and directing the affairs of the Washington gas monopoly, of which he is president. His company charges \$1.25 a thousand feet for gas. He is a man of some influence in certain congressional circles, and his alleged threat to build a traction line from Georgetown to the new railroad station, and the prospect that he will succeed in this if he attempts it, seems to have brought all the powerful traction interests of Washington, with their ever-active lobby, to the support of his position as gas dictator. I make this detail statement because Mr. John R. McLean represents the sort of business politician who finds considerable personal discomfort in the prospect of a People's Lobby at Washington.

Here, then, in the "Sun," "Times," "Railway Age," and the Washington "Post" we have excellent samples of the sort of opposition the People's Lobby will meet. The corporation journals will ridicule it and will try to discredit it with increasing venom as the Lobby grows in efficiency and service.

But the Washington "Herald," new and alive to new things, says:

Already there is some resentment of the People's Lobby project. This was to be expected, perhaps. But why not wait and give the movement a chance? Really it has not done a thing to anybody as yet. We confess

## SEND IN YOUR DOLLAR

### This Is a People's Lobby

We make a special appeal in this issue to those of our readers who wish to support the People's Lobby to send in their dollar for the establishment of the People's Lobby Fund.

There should be \$100,000 subscribed to maintain the Lobby for a number of years so that its work may go on unhampered. It is a national, patriotic movement, and it is simply the plain duty of every citizen who has any regard for good government to support it financially. As we have repeatedly said, the millionaires and billionaires will not support this movement. They are already doing everything in their power to kill it.

The method of subscription is simple: Slip a dollar bill into an envelope, write your own name and address either inside or outside the envelope, and address it to THE PEOPLE'S LOBBY, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Those who care to send more than a dollar may do so. You can send just as much as you want, if there is no string to it.

Let your New Year's gift to the Nation be a subscription to the People's Lobby.

that we are not altogether familiar with its aims—do not know exactly what it is driving at—but all will be cleared up in season, no doubt, and, meanwhile, we beg leave to suggest that this resentful spirit be curbed. It is premature. It may actually breed the suspicion that apprehension exists hereabouts, even at this early stage of the movement. We hope not. Surely nobody is afraid of this People's Lobby—nobody of the "Herald's" acquaintance, at any rate.

Give the zealous individuals identified with the movement a chance. If there be muckrakers among them, give them a chance too. They are not going to hurt anybody—anybody that's honest.

The issue is sharply defined. The dictators of great corporations have built up a marvelous business system, which includes, as mere details, the debauching of the two political parties, the control of municipal councils, State legislatures and the National Congress, a corrupt influence on the judiciary, and the ownership of those newspapers, the prestige and influence of which have been developed in other hands. The whole structure is based on certain great sources of wealth, the most important of which is found in the exploitation of franchises granted by the people. And there you are!

It is some years now since the better class of citizens everywhere began to tackle this question. Little could be done through the ballot, because the only candidates a citizen could vote for were set before him by the bipartisan machines. So these first fighting citizens set to work to reform their various municipal

councils. The battle is going on to-day everywhere. Next, when progress was assured, they were after the State legislatures. Work like that of the Legislative Voters' League of Illinois is inspiring in its achievement. Such men as Winston Churchill, Brand Whitlock, Everett Colby, Joseph W. Folk, Phil Stewart, Vance McCormick, Tom Johnson, and Robert M. La Follette have sprung up all across the land. The great central inspiration, the example, which, indeed, has made much of this achievement possible, is the spectacle of Theodore Roosevelt, in the White House, big strong, fearless, fighting with simple, powerful, unflagging honesty for "the square deal."

### Not a New Experiment

It is as a contribution to this new movement that we have offered the idea of a People's Lobby. To the "Times," the "Sun," the "Railway Age," and the Washington "Post," we respectfully suggest that they either join, for their own business good, in the movement which is rousing this country as it has not been roused since '61, or else that they get up a new set of arguments against the People's Lobby. Their present attitude is weak and silly. There are corporation lobbies at Washington, experienced in working up canned arguments for the use (to appropriate a "Sun" phrase) of high-browed senators, that could supply them with a much more convincing attitude, ready-made for immediate wear. The important fact about the People's Lobby is that there is nothing new or startling about it. It is not an experiment. It works in the cities. It works in the States. *It will work at Washington!* There is nothing in the slightest degree impertinent in the plan, for example, to keep an accurate record of every public or official act of a senator. Why should he object to this? Really, now—why? Why should the mere mention of a People's Lobby goad him to hot words? A child could answer the question. Every objection from Washington or from Wall Street to the People's Lobby is an admission that the People's Lobby is needed.

"The Railway Age" wonders whether "any section of the public" will accept the new idea at its own valuation. Let us look into it. Perhaps the best plan will be to let the public speak for itself. I wish it were possible to print all the letters which are pouring into this office, all with contributions inclosed; unfortunately it would take a larger publication than SUCCESS MAGAZINE to contain them. But I will reprint a few. Let us see, first, what is said by one or two men who know something about politics. First, a letter from Mr. Allen, of the Governing Committee, to Mr. Needham, inclosing another letter of peculiar and pertinent interest:

### "Confidential Representatives"

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

DEAR MR. NEEDHAM:

I am inclosing some circulars sent me by the Law Reporting Company of New York. These circulars show what organizations the interests can command when they favor or oppose legislation in the different States. You will note under No. 3, in the circular, where they say: "We have a competent confidential representative in every State capitol and at Washington."

It would be interesting to know just which State officer or assistant State officer is the "confidential representative" in the various States. There is evidently a demand for the services which this company can render or it would not be organized.

The People's Lobby becomes more practical the more I think of it. As we all know, the rate bill, the pure food bill and the meat inspection bill were passed through Congress by outside influences, and if these influences can accomplish so much against organized lobbies of special interests, what could they not do if the influences which represent the people were organized themselves. I have read with much interest your

[Concluded on page 45 to 45]

# Freedom at Any Cost

## ORISON S. MARDEN

WERE you to decide to risk your reputation, your material welfare, your whole future upon some great physical or mental contest which is to extend over a considerable period of time, you would begin long beforehand to train or discipline yourself for the decisive conflict. You would not go into it handicapped, if possible to avoid it.

Now, at the beginning of the New Year, every person who is ambitious to make his life count, to do what is worth while, is entering upon just such a contest.

When making so great, so decisive an effort, which affects the whole future, the first thing to do is to get absolute freedom from everything which strangles ambition, discourages effort, and hinders progress; freedom from everything which saps vitality, enslaves faculties, and wastes energy, to get every obstruction out of the way and have a clear path to one's goal.

### *You Can Not Win the Race Without Training*

No matter how ambitious a runner is to win, if he does not train off his surplus fat, or if he insists upon wearing an overcoat, or is hampered with other extra clothing, or runs with cramped or sore feet, his race is lost.

The trouble with most of us is that, while ambitious to succeed, we do not put ourselves in a condition to win, we do not cut the cords which bind us, or try to get rid of the entanglements and obstructions that hinder us. We trust too much to luck.

To eliminate everything that can possibly retard us, to get into as harmonious an environment as possible, is the first preparation for a successful career.

There are tens of thousands of people who have ability and inclination to rise out of mediocrity, and to do something worth while in the world, but who never do so because they can not break the chains that bind their movements. Most of us are so bound, in some part of our nature, that we can not get free, can not gain liberty to do the larger thing possible to us. We go through life doing the smaller, the meaner, when the larger, the grander would be possible to us could we get rid of the things that handicap us.

Most of us do not prepare for a large career because we do not expect enough of ourselves. Our foundations are entirely too narrow. And we do not cut off the multitude of things that distract our attention from that concentration of effort that is essential.

### *The Fault*

#### *that Nullifies*

#### *All Our Efforts*

Every normal man has that reserve power within him, a mighty coil of force and purpose, which would enable him to make his life strong and complete, were he free to express the best and the strongest things in him, were he not fettered by some bond, physical or moral.

You can tie a strong horse with a very small cord. He can not show his greatest speed or strength till he is free. On every hand we see people, with splendid ability, tied down by some apparently insignificant thing which handicaps all their movements. They can not go ahead until they are free.

Some people live in a cramped and uncongenial environment, in an atmosphere which dampens enthusiasm, discourages ambition and effort, scatters energy, and wastes time. They have not the courage or stamina to cut the shackles that bind them, to throw away all crutches and props, and to rely on themselves and get into an environment where they can do what they desire. Their ambition finally dies through discouragement and inaction.

A giant would be a weakling if he were confined in so small a space that he did not have room to exert himself with freedom. The great majority of people work in cramped, uncongenial, unfavorable environment. They do not get rid of the things that rob them of power.

I recall the case of a youth with artistic talent who let precious years go by, drifting by accident from one vocation to another, without encouraging this God-given ability or making any great effort to get rid of the little things which stood in the way of a great career, although he was always haunted by an unsatisfied longing for it. He was conscientious in his everyday work, but his heart was never in it. His artistic nature yearned for expression, to get away from the work against which every faculty protested, and to go abroad and study; but he was poor, and, although his work was drudgery and his whole soul loathed it, he was afraid of the hardships and the obstacles he

### *The Call that*

#### *Runs in the Blood*

would have to encounter if he answered the call that ran in his blood. He kept resolving to break away and to follow the promptings of his ambition, but he also kept waiting and waiting for a more favorable opportunity, until, after a number of years, he found other things crowd-

ing into his life. His longing for art became fainter and fainter; the call was less and less imperative. Now he rarely speaks of his early aspirations, for his ambition is practically dead. Those who know him feel that something sacred and grand has gone out of him, and that, although he has been industrious and honest, yet he has never expressed the real meaning of his life, the highest thing in him.

I know a woman who in her youth and early womanhood had marked musical ability—a voice rich, powerful, divine. She had also a handsome, magnetic personality. Nature had been very generous to her in bestowing rare gifts, and she longed to express her remarkable powers, but she was in a most discouraging environment. Her family did not understand her or sympathize with her ambition; and she finally became accustomed to her shackles and, like a prisoner, ceased to struggle for freedom. A songstress of international fame, who heard her voice, said that she had it in her to make one of the world's greatest singers. But she yielded to the wishes of her parents and the fascinations of society until the ambition gradually died out of her life. She says that this dying of the great passion was indescribably painful. She settled down to the duties of a wife, but has never been really happy, and has always carried an absent, far-away look of disappointment. Her unused talent was a great loss to the world, and a loss indescribable to herself. She has been dragging out an unhappy, dissatisfied existence, always regretting the past, and vainly wishing, that, instead of letting her ambition die, she had struggled to realize it.

Timidity also hinders freedom. Thousands of able young men and young women in this country are ambitious to make the most of

### *Abnormal*

#### *Timidity Is Fatal*

themselves, but are fettered completely, or held back, by an abnormal timidity, a lack of self-faith. They feel great unused powers within, struggling for expression, but fear that they may fail. The fear of being thought forward or egotistical seals their lips, palsies their hands, and drives their ambition back upon itself to die of inaction. They do not dare to give up a certainty for an uncertainty; they are afraid to push ahead. They wait and wait, hoping that some mysterious power may liberate them and give them confidence and hope.

Many people are imprisoned by ignorance. They never get the freedom which education gives. *Their mental powers are never unlocked.* They have not the grit to struggle for emancipation, the stamina to make up for the lack of early training, or they think they are too old to begin. The price of freedom seems too high to pay at their time of life, and so they plod upon a low plain when they could have gained the heights where superiority dwells.

Others are bound by superstitions or by the fetters of prejudice which make their lives narrow and mean. These are the most hopeless of all. They are so blinded that they do not even know they are not free, but they think other people are in prison.

It is a terrible thing to go through life with chained ability, conscious of powers that can not be used to advantage.

To make the most of ourselves, we must cut off whatever drains vitality—physical or moral—and stop all the waste of life. We must cut off everything which causes friction, or which tends to make our efforts weaker or to lower the ideal and drag down the life standards, everything which tends to kill the ambition or to make us satisfied with mediocrity.

### *Ability Kept*

#### *Chained Up*

Multitudes of people, enslaved by bad physical habits, are unable to get their best selves into their work. They are kept back by a leakage of energy and vital force, through bad habits and dissipation.

Some are hindered by little peculiarities of disposition, by stubbornness, slovenliness, meanness, revengefulness, jealousy, or envy. These are all handicaps.

Many people go through life galled by their chains, without making any serious, continuous effort to emancipate themselves. Like the elephants, or other wild animals chained in the menageries, at first they rebel at their loss of freedom and try hard to break away; but gradually they become accustomed to slavery, and take it for granted that it is a necessary part of their existence.

Then, again, there are entanglements which retard the progress and nullify the efforts of many business men, such as debt, bad partners, or unfortunate social alliances. Comparatively few men belong to themselves or are really free. They go the way they are pushed. They spend a large part of their energy for that which does not really count in the main issue of life; spend their lives paying for "a dead horse," clearing up old debts that came from bad judgment, blunders,

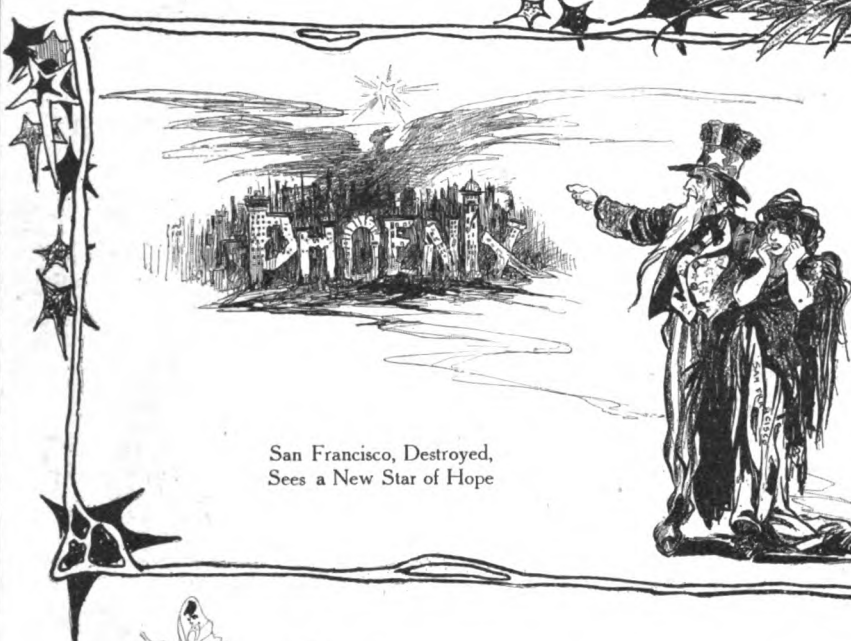
[Concluded on pages 63 and 64]







The Americans Conquer Greece



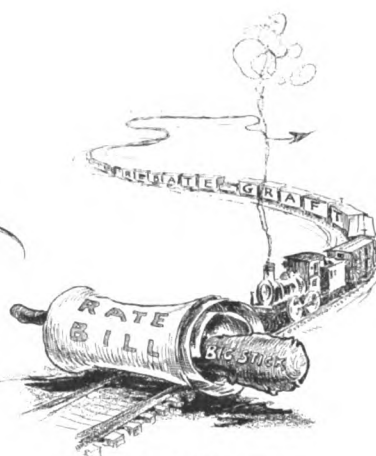
San Francisco, Destroyed,  
Sees a New Star of Hope



Standard Oil's First Good Scare



Burbank's New Theory



The Rate Bill At Work



Ballooning  
Becomes  
A Fad



Upton Sinclair Makes a Ten-Strike



Music by Electricity



Russian  
Liberty  
Is Felt



No More Railroad Passes

# Told in Cartoons

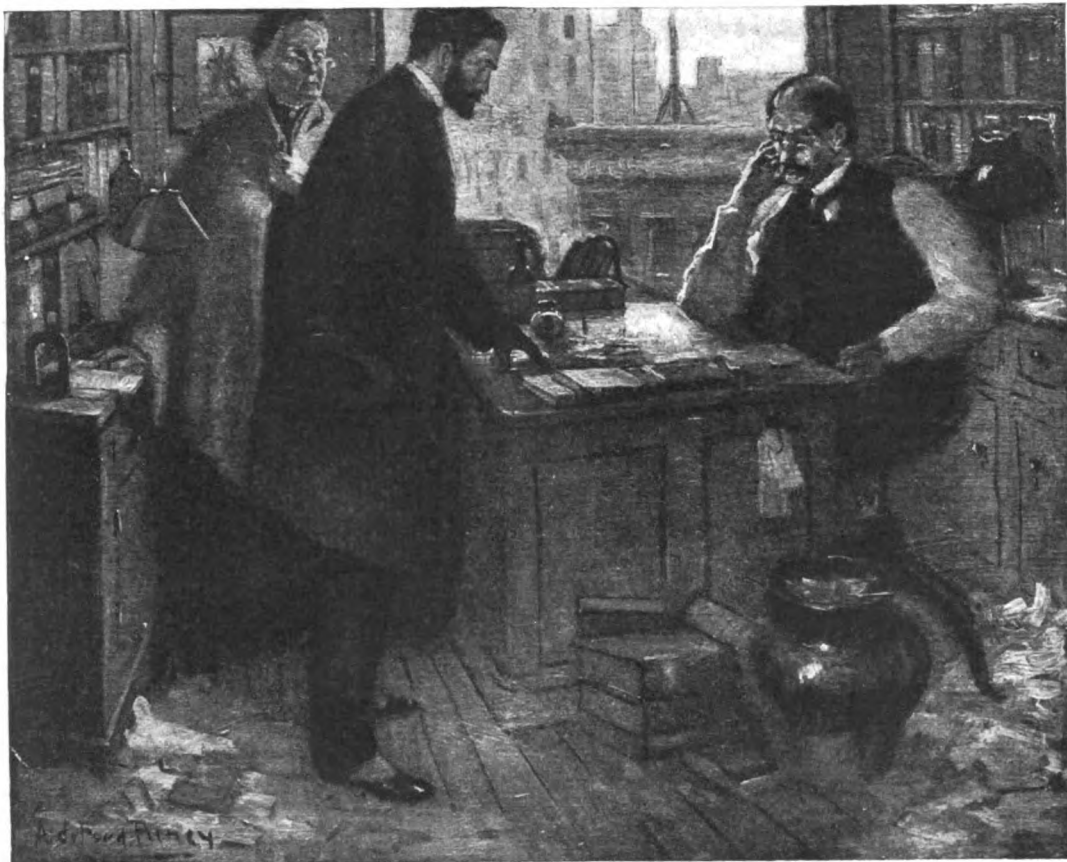
Clare V. Dwiggins



And the Canal WILL be Dug



# Stories of Human Interest



"If the court can find them, it's welcome to them"

## A Writer of Books

By MARTIN M. FOSS

Illustrated by Albert de Ford Pitney

LYDIA SIMPSON was a writer of books. This was a very important fact in Freeport, a fact you learned almost before you had unpacked your trunk for the summer, and heard repeated in the strange awed and wondering way which marked any mention of this combined mystery and honor.

Mrs. Carter would have told you, had you called on her, to sit in the low rocker by the dining-room window. She would have pointed across the yard, filled with apple and pear trees, and over the old cedar hedge, when you mentioned a book you had been reading, holding her hand outstretched till you came to a pause.

"Lydia Simpson, over there, writes books."

And you would have heard of it in a dozen ways from a dozen people,—but always with that hint of local pride which country folk have in one who has been "in print."

It was a subject half pride and half scandal, for Mrs. Simpson was a very trying person. The town's satisfaction in the possession of a "literary woman" was ever smirched and half concealed under the inevitable restlessness of unsatisfied curiosity. Yes, she wrote books. There was one on the parlor table which she was working on now, and in the bookcase were three which furnished the final testimony,—real books, printed and bound,—bound in cloth, too, with an illustration in one. They were not cheap novels. Then Kenpole, the newsdealer, had the books to sell, and never a sale was made but the news went through the town. They cost a dollar and a half, which made Mrs. Carter snifle.

"It is n't likely I'd pay a dollar and a half to read one o' Lydia Simpson's books,—why—"

"Did you ever read any of them?"

"Well, yes, I did once. She let me take a copy, and I read it through. It was real good. I was surprised, but then I had to have a good deal more money than I knew what to do with before I'd give a dollar and a half for one of her books. Now would n't you think she'd give her own neighbors a copy—leastwise the folks that live next door?"

Yet there was a human side which dimmed the glory of it all in Freeport eyes. It was very nice to write books, though it did n't seem to be very profitable; but when literature interfered with the essentials of housework, when the boy always needed fixing up,—well, it

did n't fit Mrs. Carter's ideas, and Mrs. Carter reflected perfectly the opinion of Drake Street and all Freeport.

Lydia Simpson was a very trying woman. She did not mind telling you that she was an author, but not even Mrs. Carter ever got much beyond that, though Heaven knows she asked even to the amount of pay received.

"Now, Lydia Simpson," Mrs. Carter once said, "I don't see any reason for your being so close-mouthed about this writin' business with your own neighbors, unless there 's something you 're ashamed of."

"I suppose authors are never understood in their own generation," was all the reply she got.

Mrs. Carter told you of this conversation, with irritation in her tone. "And," she concluded, "I'll bet there is something she 's ashamed of."

Lydia Simpson was a writer of books. Her face was heavy, almost stern, her gray hair scraggly with strands which were always inclined to stray to her shoulders. She was not exactly untidy, but her face and her short, thick figure always looked very much like her parlor table. The books there were not piled in even rows, and the papers were always folded inside out, so that, with a miscellaneous collection of manuscript, pens, and blotting paper on the end, the effect was almost storm-tossed. Nobody in Freeport had ever seen her bureau drawers nor her closets since she "took to writing," but none of the good housekeepers doubted their condition.

When she wrote, which, be it said with shame, she often did in the morning when there ought to have been enough else to do, she usually sat in the rocking-chair by the window with her ink-bottle on the sill and her pad on her knee. You could see her from Mrs. Carter's, or as you came up Drake Street, her gray head bent forward and her hand moving slowly over the paper.

When you went to Freeport you went to rest. You were tired of the panting life of New York; you were tired of dirt, of noise, and of fads. Freeport rocked you quietly in its slow moving life until you fell in with its easy motion, always swaying, never gaining. Though you amounted to nothing in Freeport eyes because you were a New Yorker, you felt your advantage when you talked with Mrs. Simpson. You were an outsider, you were different, you understood: Freeport did not.

"Even when Mr. Simpson was alive I wanted to write a book. I knew that I could, but he always laughed at me. Every time I read a book I felt that I could do better than that. Most books are such silly, trashy things, with handsome women who are wicked, and all that sort of thing. My books are written with a purpose, and, if I do say it, I think they are better than most books, because I have read pretty nearly everything in the town library, and I can tell what is good and what is n't."

"I have never read your books," I ventured, and then by way of apology, "I get very little time to read."

I held the three volumes in my hand. "Phyllis Hamilton," "Patience and Power," and "Sold into Bondage." I read across their backs, and beneath these titles the author's name, "Simpson,"—then at the bottom the imprint, "The Household Press."

Did you know the publishers? They were in New York. You had heard of them, of course, because you lived in New York. You did n't know them! Why they have a fine building on Fifth Avenue. And then you knew.

"When will the next book be published?"

There was just a trace of a heavy sigh in Mrs. Simpson's voice, a little echo of the pain you had not guessed.

"I don't know. I hoped to finish it this week, but it is so hard. I am writing a story of St. Paul the Apostle, sort of an historical novel, because I want people to read it,—only there is n't any fighting. I want to make people see that kind words are the best weapons. They never kill, but they always conquer. I think it is going to be my best book, for I have put myself into it."

There was nothing but honesty in this, honesty built on perfect faith, which failure had not shattered. The public might not understand her now, but sometime it would, and then her books would sell. "Ben Hur" had not been read till years after it came out, and dozens of other books, she knew, which had languished while the world rushed on, till a master mind found them and brought them back to the people.

"This book I am going to have published in a different way. Would you believe it, I have n't received a cent for my other books, and I know they have sold."

Then Mrs. Carter came.

"I just run in, Mis' Simpson,—Oh! are you here? Why, I did n't expect to find you or I should n't have come in this old apron. I just wanted to say that I can't go to the circle to-night. John has been aillin' for a week, and this noon he said he would n't go out for all the church sociables in the country. He 's got a terrible cold. I am afraid of pneumonia."

Later Mrs. Carter went away with you, for you must needs go first or not go at all.

She was primed.

"I asked Mr. Kenpole to-day how Mrs. Simpson's books were selling. He just laughed and said he guessed folks 'did n't appreciate 'em.' I would like to know how much she gets for them. Are authors paid well?"

"Some are rich," I said, "and others make a good living."

"Well, if Lydia Simpson makes anything on her books, I am going to take up writin'."

"It all depends on the sales of the books. Authors get a percentage of the price of the book on every copy sold, a royalty," you explained.

The Lower Bay was very calm that evening as I walked along the high green bank to my boarding house. From the hill I could see the broadening ocean, with a fishing sloop drifting in on the tide. The farms ran to the tide line, with the big barns back on the ridge, save for an occasional cottage squatted under the bank. The grass was soft and dark. To the left, over the wooded ridge, the sun showed a narrow red rim. It might have been 1730. Here was a scene for the poet's pen,—here was a life that was new, so well had it held its youth,—yet Mrs. Simpson with her writing of far away countries she had never seen and far away times she knew not of, would crowd in. If she were with you now, as you came to the jutting rocks of Rendezvous Point, you knew what she would say.

"The bounding waves dashed high—"

Mrs. Simpson wanted advice the next day. She told you so at the circle that night, and you went to her,—not by Mrs. Carter's house, but the other way; for you had been to Mrs. Simpson's yesterday, and then,—oh well, she was a widow and you were in Freeport.

"I must make some money out of this book. I know that my books are good. My publishers say so and the newspapers say so. You see, the other books have been published cooperatively. That's the way the Household Press publishes all of its books. It is a very fair way,—you pay half of the expenses and get half of the profits. I wish my books could be advertised the way some books are."

The low parlor with its worn furniture seemed very shabby. There was the table with its marble top just showing here and there in the clutter, and the clock with the painted rose leaves peeling from its sides and the hands pointing toward five.

"Could n't you take my manuscript to New York with you? I'd go myself, but it costs so much, and I can't leave Theodore. Perhaps you could get some money for it."

Certainly you would try, though you did n't know much about publishers.

"You see, I've spent almost all I had on my three books. They'll be valuable sometime, but I have n't much left save this house, and I can't mortgage that."

Mrs. Carter saw you when you left, for she was in her yard with a trowel, digging round the circular beds of geraniums. It was of no use to go the other way, so you walked toward her, calling out:—

"What a beautiful day it has been!"

"Has n't it? I just can't keep out of the garden, days like these, though the Lord knows there is enough to be doing in the house. How is Mrs. Simpson? Has she got her book done yet?"

"Pretty nearly," you answered. "I think it's going to be her best." As her agent you must begin with confident declarations.

"Do you? Well, I hope so. We feel kind of proud of her, being a real author, though I don't expect she makes very much out of it. When do you go back?"

"To-morrow."

"No! You're not making much of a stop."

"I could get but a month," I said, "though days like these I should like to stay forever."

"When you do go back, Mr. Rowe, I wish you'd do me a little favor. I'd like to find out just what New York people—the folks that read, I mean (you felt the thrust)—think of Lydia Simpson's books. And I'd like to know what sort of a place her publishers have got. If you get a real good chance, too, I wish you'd find out how much she gets for writing a book. I know it is n't any of my business, but I should like to know. She's so funny about it."

"I'll try," I ventured, and walked away.

The manager of the Household Press looked at me sharply through his big goggles as I walked into his little office far up above the bustle of lower Fifth Avenue. "Another book by Mrs. Simpson," he said. "That's good; she is a good writer."

"How have her other books sold?" I asked.

"Not as well as we hoped," he answered; "but maybe they will some time. It's funny the way some books will lag for years, then start up suddenly. Now 'Ben Hur' did that."

"Do you want to publish this one?"

"Oh, yes! We'll be glad to do it."

And you followed up his enthusiasm.

"This time," I said, "it must be entirely at your expense; for Mrs. Simpson will not pay anything toward the expenses of the book."

"We don't publish any other way; half expenses, half profits, is our rule and a good one, too."

You reached for the manuscript.

"It is no use. She won't pay anything this time." Sliddon's fingers tightened over it. His eyes roved over my face and body and about the dusty office.

"Well, well," he said impatiently, "leave it with us for a week and we'll see what can be done. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule."

I went back to my littered desk with its accumulated troubles of a month away, and the week became ten days, until out of my mail one morning came a letter in a stiff old-fashioned hand:—

"Dear Mr. Rowe:—

"I have had a very nice letter from Mr. Sliddon this morning, in which he speaks so very highly of my new book and so confidently, that I have written to him to go ahead with it. He thinks it will be the greatest success of the year and cause all my other books to sell. He wants to 'set it up' at once, so as to publish it for the Christmas trade. He made me a very nice offer. He is going to pay two-thirds of the expenses this time and give me half of the profits, so that I sent him the three hundred dollars he asked for, and now I can only hope that the world will awake to my books."

"I should have consulted you first if there had been time, but I am sure you would have approved. At any rate, I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for all you have done for me and my book."

"I am, sir."

"Respectfully yours,

"LYDIA SIMPSON."

There was pain and wrath in my soul, a pain which came from pity, and a wrath from suspicion of the Household Press. I tore across to Sliddon's office.

"This is outrageous, sir. It is nothing but thievery. You know the woman's book won't sell, and you simply steal her money."

Sliddon laughed.

"You won't get any commission this time, I guess," and then in apparent anger he went on: "Do you think we'd put six or seven hundred dollars into this book just to rob that woman?"

I fairly boiled inside, but I knew that his contracts

read that the author was to pay one half of the expenses of manufacturing and marketing the books. I was helpless to attack him, intrenched behind that indefinable word "marketing." Mrs. Simpson would never know whether he spent one dollar or one thousand.

"How many will you print for the first edition?" I asked.

"That depends on the advance demand."

"How many did you print of the other books?"

"That is a question which I can not discuss. Frankly, it is none of your business."

I stamped in wrath, yet I could do nothing. I knew that the five hundred dollars which Mrs. Simpson had paid for each of her other books had paid all of the expenses, and how much besides I could judge from Sliddon's willingness to accept three hundred when the deal seemed doubtful. Yet I was loyal in my heart when I wrote to Mrs. Carter that night.

"Dear Mrs. Carter:—

"I have just been to the Household Press, where Mrs. Simpson's books are published. Mr. Sliddon, the manager, speaks very highly of Mrs. Simpson, and especially of her new book which will be out before Christmas. He gave me some press clippings of her other books, which I inclose. You will see that the *Terre Haute Times* says: 'It is one of the most astonishing stories ever published,' and the *Macon Bee* calls her 'the gifted authoress of Freeport.' The Household Press office is on Fifth Avenue, where nearly all of the large publishers are located. Of course, I could n't find out about the pay she received, but I presume it depends on the sales, which would be large on all of her books if the new one makes a hit."

"I hope you and Mr. Carter are well and all my good friends of the summer."

"Sincerely yours,

"ELMER ROWE."

One day the book came, glaring in its red cloth and white letters. I opened it curiously, but with a vague apprehension and pain. I read till my eyes dimmed and then laid it aside almost tenderly. Poor woman! I could see her gray head bent over her knee and her hand slowly moving over the paper. I could see the soft grass round her house, with the overgrown foot-path to the back door. Was it this which came out of her mind in that quaint, quiet old town? I would wait a few days before I wrote to Mrs. Simpson.

Vainly I sought for the book in the bookstores, and angrily I searched the book columns for advertisements and reviews. Evidently not a dollar had been spent as yet in "marketing" the books, but I knew that far away, in a little frame house, a woman's mind painted her name in letters of gold on the scroll of fame.

It was months afterwards, when the soft days of spring

were just whispering to me the vacation call, and when my mind went away to the old shores of Freeport, that Mrs. Simpson came. Her face was older by years, with the wrinkles deepened, and the hair thinner and more gray.

The book had failed! And the Household Press had failed, too! Could n't the plates and the books be bought and sold to another publisher? There was a five-hundred-dollar mortgage on the house now, almost as much as it would bring.

I went with her to the office of the Household Press. I could see the lines deepen in her face when we went into the musty little office crowded with books and papers. Was this the Household Press?

Sliddon was defiant.

"How much will you sell the plates of the four books for?" I demanded.

His eyes wandered about the office.

"I don't think I care to sell them," he answered. "We shall be going again soon."

"If you do not name a fair price, I shall get a court order for them. They belong to Mrs. Simpson by all right, but you have some claim."

I thundered this out. Sliddon laughed uproariously. "You will, eh? If the court can find them it's welcome to them and so are you."

"Do you mean to tell me that you never made plates of this book?"

"That's what, and I never said I would."

I saw clearly now and Mrs. Simpson saw vaguely. The rascal had never hoped or expected to print a second edition. Yet faith built a new foundation of hope as we went away.

"I may be able to find some publisher who will take them. I know they will sell if people only find out about them."

Days of weary waiting and waiting followed,—days broken only as one publisher after another returned the volumes,—days when Mrs. Simpson's gloomy little hall bedroom in a cheap lodging house haunted me everywhere.

Would no publisher tell the truth? Would Mrs. Simpson believe it if they did? Probably not, yet I tried. I spoke gently at first, and Mrs. Simpson smiled at me.

"You do not understand."

Then I spoke strongly, with a wrath that grew as the volume of words came forth, words that multiplied as I talked.

"Go back to Freeport. Take in boarders—do something—do anything—but don't try to write any more books. Sliddon has stolen your money. You have a little left and you can live."

Mrs. Simpson's face was flushed.

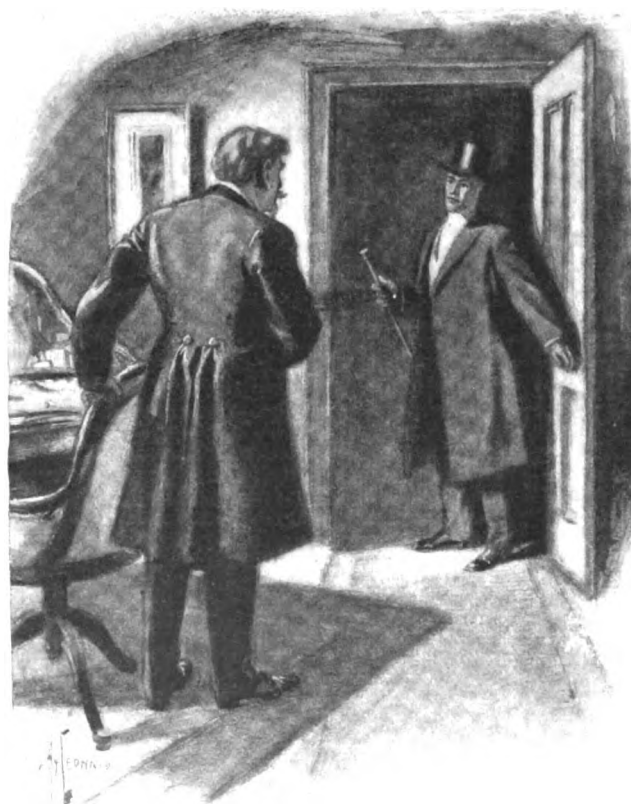
"I am surprised that you should talk to me this way. Don't you suppose I know that my books are good? I can tell. You do not understand."

You did not.

# The Central Valley Affair

## By CHARLES F. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. LEONARD



THE car stopped. Norton folded his paper and looked out at the neat wooden station of the little Southern city.

A score of negro coachmen had their carriages lined up at the side of the muddy street, and were ready to begin their clamor for passengers the instant any one should appear. A crowd of small boys, gathered on the adjacent platform, stared at the powerful engine and speculated audibly as to the possible cost of the handsome car and as to the identity of the distinguished-looking, elderly man inside. A man that owned a dozen railroads and his special train were both objects to attract attention in Mayville. A newsboy, not unmindful of his business interests, despite his awed curiosity, offered a paper at the window.

Norton turned his eyes back to the interior. Four men, his companions on this business tour of the South, were chatting at the end of the compartment. One of them met the glance of the railroad magnate.

"Well, Norton, going to annex anything in this town?" he asked.

Norton nodded, and glanced at his watch. He pressed the button at his side. "Williams," he said, to the man who answered his ring, "have the cleanest one of those rigs drive up to the steps, and get me a paper."

As he put on his hat and moved toward the door, one of the men at the end of the car arose and joined him. "Don't break up your conversation, Harding," said Norton; "I won't need you now. It's too nearly lunch time to draw up any

"He stopped as if to fathom its meaning"



papers this morning. I am going up to the office of Mr. Black and state our terms, and we'll finish the transaction this afternoon."

"All right," replied the lawyer. "You'll be back for lunch, of course?"

"Of course," said Norton, as he stepped across the stools that had been placed between the car and the carriage.

"I suppose you know the office of Mr. Black—the president of the Central Valley Railroad?" he asked of the profoundly-impressed driver.

The coachman bowed obsequiously as he closed the door of the carriage. "Yes, sah! I reckon eb'rybody heah knows dat—Mistah Black is one ob de Lawd's own gen'lemen."

"U-m— Well, get me up there as quickly as you can, and don't bother about his personal history."

As the carriage turned, Norton's glance rested for a moment on the railroad track that intersected at right angles the one on which stood his private car. "Fine roadbed and new rails," he commented to himself. "This Mr. Black seems really to possess several good points."

The office of the owner of the Central Valley Railroad was reached by a stairway leading from the street. As Norton paused to knock at the half-open door, he was already noting the face of the man alone at a desk inside. He had learned to be quick in his judgment of character, and he had read the strength and firmness of the Southerner's countenance before the latter rose to greet him.

"This is Mr. Black, I believe—president and owner of the Central Valley Railroad?"

The blue eyes under the mass of white hair gazed steadily into Norton's for a full minute. "Yes," was the quiet answer, finally, "I am Mr. Black; and you, I presume, are Mr. William C. Norton—railroad magnate and financier. I was expecting a visit from you."

Norton bowed. "Since we seem to be acquainted with each other's business rating, we can get down to the object of my visit without preliminaries." He felt a sense of irritation at the unexpected attitude of the other, which was that of one awaiting an ordeal which he longed to have over.

The Southerner pushed forward a chair with a courteous gesture, but without speaking.

"You are aware, Mr. Black," began Norton, abruptly, as he took the seat, "that I control the railroads with which your line connects at each end. You can understand that, in order to get the best results, it is necessary for me to acquire possession of the Central Valley Railroad. It is an essential link in the railway system which I am developing in this section of the country. But, as a business man

you will understand without a discussion of details, why I have come to make you an offer for your property."

"Yes, I understand," said the other slowly. "It is the lust of the capitalist, the insatiable desire to crush out the small competitors—the passion of the money-mad financiers of our time."

"I did n't expect to find you so melodramatic, Mr. Black."

"No, you expected me simply to ask your terms and to accept your proposition, as many another man has been forced to do." The Southerner rose and walked over to the window. "It means nothing to you," he went on, "that this railroad represents my life's work; that I have given thirty years of labor and sacrifice to acquire it, build it up, and make it what it is. It does n't matter that it has become a part of me, and that my life-long ambition is at last just on the point of being realized by seeing it in good condition and on the way toward paying off the burden of debt it has been dragging so long. It suffices for you that you want it. It is a mere detail to you; you have been used to having everything you want." The Southerner paused and walked back to the desk.

Norton, who had listened silently, waited for him to continue; but the other was gazing down at something before him, and seemed lost in reflection. "If you have quite finished, Mr. Black," began the financier, "perhaps you will permit me to make you an offer for your railroad."

The Southerner raised his head. "It is quite useless," he said, his voice utterly void of the emotion that had thrilled it a moment before. "I do not intend to part with it." He turned again to his desk with the manner of one who had concluded the matter at hand.

"I hoped," said Norton, "before calling here, that I would find you more amenable to reason; but, as soon as I saw you, I feared that such would not be the case. However, I must adhere to my decision of making you an offer for your railroad. Will you give me a statement as to the amount and condition of the property?"

"I do not care to discuss the matter further," said the Southerner, without turning his head.

"Very well," continued Norton, taking out a notebook. "I have taken the precaution of informing myself as carefully as possible on the subject. You have, I believe, about forty miles of track, with roadbed and rails in good repair. You also have three good road engines, four passenger coaches, two baggage cars, a dozen assorted freight cars, and station houses at each of the half-dozen towns along your line. Your switch yards and repair shops I will not want, as I am putting in a big plant at the other end of the road."

The Southerner opened his mouth, as if to speak, but closed it again.

"You have," continued Norton, "a bonded indebtedness of forty thousand dollars. I must congratulate you on your praiseworthy efforts to make your road pay off its bonded debt instead of increasing it. It's a—new departure in railroad management, which I fear won't be generally followed." The financier smiled and looked at the other. He read the scorn struggling to supplant the cold courteousness of the Southerner's expression. He read, too, something else, something indicative of pride and fineness of character, that he did not often see on the faces of his business associates. Again he felt a sense of resentment which he could not explain. He thrust the notebook back in his pocket, and rose to his feet. "For this property, Mr. Black, including the assumption of the bonded indebtedness, I am willing to pay you one hundred thousand dollars."

The Southerner's eyes slowly lifted to his. "Less than one fifth its value; you are worse than I thought," he said, simply.

"Are the terms satisfactory?" Norton asked sharply.

"I have already given you my answer," replied the other.

"You refuse to sell?"

"I do."

"Then you prefer the alternative of absolute ruin." He took a few steps up and down the room, and then paused in front of the man at the desk. "Mr. Black," he said, "I shall parallel your railroad with a better one. I will then carry freight and passengers twenty years for nothing, if necessary to force your line out of operation—and you will not receive a second offer of purchase."

The Southerner paled slightly under his white hair, but he said nothing. He arose and stood beside his desk with the courteous attitude of one who had finished and was waiting till it should please his visitor to leave.

Norton hesitated. "I shall return at five o'clock," he said, "with my lawyer. If, by that time, you have decided to choose the wiser course in this matter, and will have your legal adviser present, we will complete the papers necessary for the transfer of the property—and I will then give you my check."

"It will be saving time not to return." The Southerner's face looked a little haggard, but his eyes were unwavering.

Norton wheeled abruptly and walked from the room; but outside the door, prompted by some impulse, he looked back. The Southerner was leaning against the desk, gazing after him with a strange expression that Norton had not before seen in his eyes. There was something in the look that held him; something that seemed to recall—what was it? He stopped, as if to fathom its meaning, but the other instantly turned his head, and the sensation vanished. Norton stopped at the head of the stairs. "I shall come back at five, anyway, Mr. Black," he called out, "and I hope you will change your decision." As there was no reply, he walked down the stairs and out into the street. "Heavens! but he's game," he muttered, as he settled into the carriage.

It was four o'clock. Norton was alone in his car. His companions had gone for a drive, Harding having promised to meet his chief at five o'clock at the office of Mr. Black.

Norton found himself reading the same column the second time. He could not understand his distraction. Several times the image of the blue eyes of the white-haired Southerner who had defied him had come between his gaze and the page. They held again that

strange expression he had last seen in them. What was it they suggested—what forgotten something? He threw down the review in disgust. What was the matter with him? Was his conscience trying to reassert itself? He thought he had obliterated it long ago. He had early found it an obstacle to business success, and had so effectually stifled it that he had not felt it for years.

He left the car and walked up and down the railroad which was the object of his visit to the town. The late autumn sun was already lengthening the shadows of the trees bordering the streets which the road traversed. The vicinity was deserted, except for an old man walking slowly down the track toward him. What a quiet place was this little Southern city. He noted the neat houses, each with its lawn of flowers and magnolia trees. It all seemed different from his recollection of Southern towns. There was evidence of prosperity and progressiveness, which contrasted strangely with the atmosphere of serenity and peacefulness. Norton had spent a few of the struggling years of his early life in the South. That was while it was still crushed under the blows of the war. He remembered only its old-time hospitality and courtesy—its poverty and hopelessness. The courtesy and the old warmth of hospitality still remained. That was a tradition of the southland, and he had noted its existence even in his brief drive through the streets. But there was something else—an indefinable suggestion of awakening, a spirit of energy that was new. Yes, he was in good time with his idea of railroad development. The "New South" that writers and thinkers had begun to prophesy was to be a reality. His work would be the easier for it, and his profit the greater.

"Good evening, sir."

Norton wheeled from his contemplation of the town to find at his side the old man he had before noticed. "Handsome train," continued the old man, glancing at the cars below them.

"Yes, it's rather well done," said Norton, remembering that such easy sociability was to be expected, and endeavoring to respond to the other's friendly advances.

"I reckon you're in the railroad business?" continued the old gentleman ingenuously, glancing from Norton to the train.

"Yes," said Norton, rather amused at the other's interest.

"I thought so," murmured the old man, gratified at his own penetration. "Perhaps then, you've heard of our railroad president, Mr. Black?"

"Yes, I've heard of him," replied Norton rather shortly. He did n't care to hear any more about Mr. Black, and it seemed that everyone was bent on talking of him. He turned to walk back to the car, with the idea that it was about time for the carriage to call for him to meet his appointment.

But the old man fell into step alongside, quickening his pace to keep up. "Mr. Black has meant a lot to this country," he prattled on. "When he came here from Georgia in '71 this town was a mighty poor place, and this Central Valley Railroad was a little narrow gauge affair that was struggling to keep up. He worked his way up with the railroad, starting as a brakeman; and you might say the history of the railroad since then has been his history. He came into control of it nearly twenty years ago; and since then he has been building it up, and building up the town at the same time. He's been too generous to get rich, and he's made this town what it is. I reckon there aren't many men in it that Mr. Black has n't helped at one time or another."

They had arrived opposite the car. The talkative old man wished Norton good-evening again, and walked on.

Norton entered the car and sat down. Something the old man had said had turned his thoughts to the past. This was unusual for him; his mind was generally occupied only with the future. Unconsciously he began to trace back the years. He wondered if any one would voluntarily speak of him as the old man and the negro coachman had spoken of this Southerner. No, he was quite sure no one would. He received respect enough; but he knew it was the respect due to his position and power. There was no love for him. He had fought his way to the front by sheer force of will. He had not stopped to build up structures for others as he went along. Why should he? It was contrary to all principles underlying business success. He had schooled himself to be hard in his dealings with others. He knew the others had often suffered; but that was their affair. The old man had expressed it aptly when he said the other had been too generous to become rich. He himself had learned early that generosity was a handicap in the race for riches, and, realizing it, had suppressed philanthropy from his life. He had almost forgotten that men bore love toward their fellowmen. Such an idea had no place in his world. Yet it seemed at home in this place. The spirit of avarice had not yet reached here. Pshaw! he was getting sentimental. The atmosphere of the place was affecting him.

The sound of wheels caught his ear. The carriage had come to take him to his appointment. He would go immediately and settle the affair and get it off his mind. He wondered if the Southerner would be there. At the thought there came again to his mind the strange look he had surprised in the other's eyes. He sat still and tried to analyze it. "When he came here from Georgia in '71"—where had he heard those



"Mr. Black has meant a lot to this country"

words? Ah, the old man had spoken them of the Southerner. "When he came here from Georgia in '71!" Norton sat bolt upright. Why he had left Georgia in '71—and so had—Ah! it all was clear now; he had not remembered for long those years in Georgia. It all came back to him in a flash; the poverty, the hard work as a clerk in the little town, the companion who had worked with him—a young fellow who had lost father and fortune in the war, but who had not lost his ideals. They had been good friends in those days; but the years had effaced his memory of the other. Yes, they had both left Georgia in '71. "I understand, now," he said aloud. "He knew all the time—and did n't speak!"

He opened the window and sat staring into the deepening twilight. The odor of the magnolias came across to him. Somewhere a woman was singing.

A servant came to the door and, seeing the bowed figure at the window, lingered uncertainly a moment,

then noiselessly withdrew. The man on the waiting carriage outside dozed in his seat.

The return of his associates aroused Norton. "Hello!" said Harding, groping his way into the car, "we waited for you an hour and a half—thought we'd come down to see what was the matter. Mr. Black did n't turn up, either. Been asleep?"

Norton rose slowly and rang the bell. "Have Williams serve dinner for you," he said, "and have the engineer ready to start when I get back." He hesitated a moment, then added, "I don't know how long that will be. I'm going to call on an old friend—if he will see me." He walked out to the waiting carriage, gave a few directions to the driver, and disappeared in the darkness.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Harding, staring after him. "It's the first time he's ever dropped a business deal on account of friendship. There must have been something—Well, come, let's have dinner."



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# Turner's Tourniquet

By Henry Harrison Lewis

Illustration by HARRY B. LACHMAN

TURNER'S luck had taken many peculiar twists until he struck his third stop in Iowa. Turner handled a line of surgical appliances for a Philadelphia house and his particular field was the ordinary run of drug stores in the western circuit.

No man on the road could do better than Turner in working off novelties and new inventions, but it seemed on that trip as if every pill maker in the seven states was loaded up to the ceiling with emergency cases and thermometers and tourniquets. Turner's order book was disgraceful in its array of blank pages by the time he reached Pangsville, Iowa, and he felt in his bones as the clerk at the Capitol Hotel handed him the pen and a bunch of mail that, back in Philadelphia, a certain individual in the shape of a sales manager was even then marking him, Turner, on the first line of the "yellow" list.

Sure enough, a brief note from that same sales manager stared him in the face as he opened his mail. It said, in terse sentences:

"Fifteen days out and nothing doing. What's the matter? Had a flood, a fire, or just bad luck? Get a hustle on you, or it's back to the stock room for yours."

Turner grinned sadly and thrust the letter into his pocket. He knew that back of the friendly tone of the sales manager's slangy warning was a good-sized, able-bodied hint that orders must be secured pretty soon. He did not fear for his position, nor that he would be relegated to the stock room, but he had a reputation to maintain,—a reputation that had him registered "A-A-1-1" in the company's mental rate book.

It was ten in the morning. There was a jobber in Pangsville that supplied an important territory, and if chance were favorable, this jobber, Stonebridge by name, should hand out a sizable order, large enough at least to act as a temporary check to Eastern wrath. Turner was out of the hotel, with his sample boy trailing at his heels, within thirty minutes after his arrival.

He found Stonebridge in his dingy little office in the rear of the jobbing warehouse. There were two others in the office, a perturbed clerk and an equally disturbed stenographer. A third person, a man with a natty sample case, whom Turner recognized as a drummer in the perfumery trade, was just leaving, and trailing after the drummer came a choice volley of angry expletives.

"Don't tackle him on your life," said the perfumery man, as he passed at a dog trot. "He's had the neuralgia for four days, and he would n't buy a flying ship ticket to heaven. Better come back in a week."

"I'll tackle him and take chances," Turner muttered, sailing into the little office.

"Mr. Stonebridge," he began, "I am very sorry to hear that you—"

The jobber, a bulky man about six feet tall, whose naturally ruddy face had turned to a scarlet hue with pain and temper, raised his head from the desk and shouted: "Get out, confound you! Get—"

"—are suffering," calmly continued Turner. "If it is neuralgia, I am sure I can help you. Our latest novelty is a medicated compress with a rubber backing which instantly relieves pain when applied—"

Bang! It was a ledger and in its contact with the partition it cleared Turner's head by a bare two inches. Before the daybook could follow, Turner had raised a barricade of two chairs and one of his big sample cases. The stenographer and the clerk fled through another door at the first sign of hostilities, but Turner was prepared to hold his fort until the last gasp. He continued talking, but in a higher key.

"I just know how you are suffering," he said, soothingly. "I had an uncle, his name was Burns, who had an attack of neuralgia just like yours. We did n't have our new medicated compress with the rubber—"

Turner backed away from his barricade just as it fell apart under the onslaught of the infuriated Stonebridge. There was a crash as the jobber stumbled



"Get out, confound you! Get—"

across the lower chair, and in an instant he was down almost at Turner's feet. In falling, Stonebridge struck his hand against the hasp on Turner's sample case.

"You dehorned jackass, you've killed me," he wailed, holding up the member, covered with blood. "Quick! Call a doctor."

It was then that Turner revealed the true depth of his training as a salesman. Quickly closing and barring the door, he exclaimed solemnly:

"Don't move if you value your life, Mr. Stonebridge. That's arterial blood, and you may bleed to death."

The sample case was within easy reach, and Turner had no difficulty in extracting from it a new and attractive object which became a patent tourniquet under his skillful touch. Holding Stonebridge down with one knee he fastened the tourniquet above the elbow of the injured arm, then, carefully and with many cautions, he assisted the jobber to rise.

"Now you are safe, sir," he said, blandly. "The tourniquet would keep blood in a cracked turnip. It's our 'Special No. 17,' just from the factory and warranted a quick seller. I was just about to show it as a sample, sir, when you had the unfortunate accident. The price is right, and I am sure you will let me send you a hundred gross. What do you say?"

Stonebridge wiped the blood from his hand and eyed a slight scratch and an abrasion which appeared on the skin, then he grunted: "You've got more nerve than a goat, confound you. But say, I'm glad I had that tumble. It's knocked the neuralgia. Suppose you'll claim the tourniquet did it?"

But Turner only smiled and quietly produced his order book. Things were coming his way at last.



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# The Second Generation

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Author of "The Cost," "The Master Rogue," "The Plum Tree," etc.

[CONCLUSION]

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

"The Second Generation" was begun in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for March, 1906

Hiram Ranger, who has made a fortune in the milling business in the Middle West without losing his simple tastes or his love for hard work, meets with an accident, which necessitates consultation with a physician. He is disturbed by the return from Harvard of his son Arthur, whose fashionable attire and snobbish ideas irritate him. His daughter, too, seems to have grown out of the home atmosphere. In the midst of this perturbed state of mind comes the startling advice of the physician: "Put your house in order." The greatest thing that perplexes the sick man now is the problem of his two children,—whether the wealth which he is about to leave them will not likely work them harm rather than good. Ranger becomes convinced that he has been training his son in the wrong way. He announces that he has determined to cut off Arthur's allowance and have him go to work in the mill.

Hiram at last decides that inherited wealth means ruin for his children. He, therefore, prepares his will, in which he gives most of his great wealth to a neighboring college, providing his wife and daughter, Adelaide, with only a moderate income for life, and his son with practically nothing but a chance to work in the mills and build up his own future. This done, remorse overcomes him at the thought of how his children will hate him, and his malady assumes a sudden turn for the worse. A rumor gains currency as to the provisions of the will. Adelaide's fiancé, Ross Whitney, visits her and their engagement is broken. In her chagrin Adelaide encourages an old lover, Dory Hargrave, and agrees to marry him. At length the father dies, the will is read, and Arthur finds he is practically disinherited. His engagement to wealthy Janet Whitney is suddenly broken by the latter.

Finding there is no hope of breaking the will, Arthur decides to face the stern reality of his situation, and goes to work at the coöperation. He carelessly blunders at his work and meets with an accident to his left hand. In one of his calls for treatment at Doctor Schulze's, he meets Madeline, the doctor's elder daughter and assistant. The young people instantly become friends, and Madeline inspires Arthur with a desire to work in earnest. Dory Hargrave is commissioned by the trustees of Tecumseh to go abroad for a year in the interest of the university. He and Adelaide are hurriedly married, though Adelaide is

hardly sure of her love for him. She is suddenly overcome with the feeling that her fate is settled and that her husband is the representative of all that divides her from her former life of luxury and show. Convinced that she has made a mistake and should not have married Dory, she decides she must hide her feelings and not let him suffer for what she considers is alone her fault.

So the two take up their residence abroad for a time, living in an attitude of friendship rather than of love, and Dory determines to wait patiently until Adelaide is ready to admit him to her affections. Ross Whitney at length marries Theresa Howland, with the certainty in his heart that he cares nothing for her, but really still loves Adelaide. Arthur Ranger meanwhile proposes marriage to Madeline Schulze and secures her consent. Arthur is offered a place on the office staff of the company, but declines, preferring to continue in the various mechanical departments until he has gained the practical knowledge he is seeking. He is married to Madeline after a short engagement, and they at once settle down in Arthur's old home, where Madeline continues the practice of medicine, a convenient little office having been built for her on the property.

The Ranger-Whitney Company begins to show a decrease in earnings, which soon becomes a deficit. A change in the management is made and Arthur is given charge. Discrimination in railroad rates and labor agitation threaten, however, to drive the company into bankruptcy. He believes Whitney to be instigating the trouble, with the object of depreciating the stock, and resists his covert invitation to join with him in securing entire control. Instead, he proposes and the trustees vote a large assessment on the stock, which reduces Whitney to submission, and the mysterious railroad and labor troubles cease at once.

Meanwhile, Dory and Adelaide return from Europe. Adelaide, in her regard for "appearances," arranges for the lease of a pretentious house in Saint X., in which they take up their residence, though abhorrent to Dory's ideas. Dory gradually wins his way to the real heart of his wife, though, through a mistaken pride, he does not see it, and unconsciously holds her aloof. He is forced to go abroad again, and, in the midst of her loneliness and her disappointment at the supposed coldness of her husband, Adelaide suddenly meets Ross Whitney, her former sweetheart, and their relations become dangerously friendly. Charles Whitney dies. Adelaide visits Janet. She tells of a brutal murder to which she was witness.

## CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued)

THE tragedy was now almost two months into the past; but all Saint X was still feverish from it, and Del had only begun again to have unhaunted and unbroken sleep. While she was relating the story Janet forgot herself; but when it was told—all of it except Adelaide's part, her wild frenzy at the sight and fierce denunciation of the murderer, and then the awful roar of the mob as they broke open the jail and led the trembling man away to be lynched—Janet went back to her personal point of view.

"A beautiful love story!" she exclaimed. "And right here in prosaic Saint X!"

"Is it Saint X that is prosaic," said Adelaide, "or is it we, in failing to see the truth about familiar things?"

"Perhaps," replied Janet, in the tone that means "not at all." To her a thrill of emotion or a throb of pain felt by a titled person differed from the same sensation in an untitled person as a bar of supernal or infernal music differs from the whistling of a farm boy on his way to gather the eggs. If the title was royal, Janet wept when an empress died of a cancer and talked of her "heroism" for weeks.

"Of course," she went on musingly, to Adelaide, "it was very beautiful for Lorry and Estelle to love each other. Still, I can't help feeling that—At least, I can understand Arden Wilnot's rage. After all, Estelle stepped out of her class; did n't she, Del?"

"Yes," said Del, not recognizing the remark as one she herself might have made not many months before. "Both she and Lorry stepped out of their classes, and into the class where there is no class, but only just men and women, hearts and hands and brains." She checked herself just in time to refrain from adding, "the class our fathers and mothers belonged in."

Janet did not inquire into the mystery of this. "And Estelle has gone to live with poor Lorry's mother!" said she. "How noble and touching! Such beautiful self-sacrifice!"

"Why self-sacrifice?" asked Del, irritated. "She

could n't possibly go home, could she? And she is fond of Lorry's mother."

"Yes, of course. No doubt she's a dear, lovely old woman. But—a washerwoman, and constant, daily contact—and not as lady and servant, but on what must be, after all, a sort of equality—" Janet finished her sentence with a ladylike look.

Adelaide burned with the resentment of the new convert. "A woman who brought into the world and brought up such a son as Lorry was," said she, "need n't yield to anybody." Then the silliness of arguing such a matter with Madame la Marquise de Saint Berthé came over her. "You and I don't look at life from the same standpoint, Janet," she added, smiling. "You see, you're a lady, and I'm not—any more."

"Oh, yes, you are," Janet, the devoid of the sense of humor, hastened to assure her earnestly. "You know we in France don't feel as they do in America, that one gets or loses caste when one gets or loses money. Besides, Dory is in a profession that is quite aristocratic, and those lectures he delivered at Göttingen are really talked about everywhere on the other side."

But Adelaide refused to be consoled. "No, I'm not a lady—nor what you'd call a lady, even as a Frenchwoman."

"Oh, but I'm a good American!" Janet protested, suddenly prudent and rushing into the pretenses our transplanted and acclimatized sisters are careful to make when talking with us of the land whence comes their sole claim to foreign aristocratic consideration—their income. "I'm really quite famous for my Americanism. I've done a great deal toward establishing our ambassador at Paris in the best society. Coming from a republic and to a republic that is n't recognized by our set in France, he was having a hard time, though he and his wife are all right at home. Now that there are more gentlemen in authority at Washington, our diplomats are of a much better class than they used to be. Everyone over there says so. Of course, you—that is, we—are gradually becoming civilized and building up an aristocracy."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Adelaide, feeling that she

must change the subject or show her exasperation, yet unable to find any subject which Janet would not adorn with refined and cultured views. "Is n't Ross, there, looking for you?"

He had just rushed from the house, his face, his manner violently agitated. As he saw Adelaide looking at him, he folded and put in his pocket a letter which seemed to be the cause of his agitation. When the two young women came to where he was standing, he joined them and walked up and down with them, his sister, between him and Del, doing all the talking. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that his gaze was bent savagely upon the ground and that his struggle for self-control was still on. At the first opportunity she said: "I must get mother. We'll have to be going."

"Oh, no, not yet," urged Janet, sincerity strong in her affected accents. Del felt that the sister, for some reason, as strongly wished not to be left alone with the brother as the brother wished to be left alone with the sister. In confirmation of this, Janet went on to say: "Anyhow, Ross will tell your mother."

Ross scowled at his sister, made a hesitating, reluctant movement toward the steps; just then Matilda and Ellen appeared. Adelaide saw that her mother had succeeded in getting through Matilda's crust of sham and in touch with her heart. At sight of her son Mrs. Whitney's softened countenance changed—hardened, Adelaide thought—and she said to him eagerly: "Any news, any letters?"

"This," answered Ross explosively. He jerked the letter from his pocket, gave it to his mother.

"You'll excuse me—Ellen—Adelaide," said Matilda, as she unfolded the paper with fingers that trembled. "This is very important." Silence, as she read, her eager glance leaping along the lines. Her expression became terrible; she burst out in a voice that was both anger and despair: "No will! He was n't just trying to torment me when he said he had n't made one. No will! Nothing but the draft of a scheme to leave everything to Tecumseh; there's your Hiram's work, Ellen!"

Adelaide's gentle pressure on her mother's arm was unnecessary; it was too evident that Matilda, beside herself, could not be held responsible for anything she said. There was no pretense, no oversoul in her emotion now. She was as different from the Matilda of the luncheon table as the swollen and guttered face of woe in real life is different from the graceful tragedy of the stage.

"No will; what of it?" said Ellen, gently. "It won't make the least difference. There's just you and the children."

Adelaide, with clearer knowledge of certain dark phases of human nature and of the Whitney family, hastily interposed. "Yes, we must go," said she. "Good-by, Mrs. Whitney," and she put out her hand.

Mrs. Whitney neither saw nor heard. "Ellen!" she cried, her voice like her wild and haggard face. "What do you think of such a daughter as mine here? Her father—"

Janet, with eyes that dilated and contracted strangely, interrupted with a sweet, deprecating, "Good-by, Adelaide, dear. As I told you, I am leaving to-night—"

There Ross laid his hand heavily on Janet's shoulder. "You are going to stay, young lady," he said between his teeth, "and hear what your mother has to say about you." His voice made Adelaide shudder, even before she saw the black hate his eyes were hurling at his sister.

"Yes, we want you, Ellen, and you, Del, to know her as she is," Mrs. Whitney now raged on. "When she married, her father gave her a dowry, bought that title for her—paid as much as his whole fortune now amounts to. He did it solely because I begged him to. She knows the fight I had to win him over. And now that he's gone, without making a will, she says she'll have her legal rights! Her legal rights! She'll take one-third of what he left. She'll rob her brother and her mother!"

Janet was plainly reminding herself that she must not forget that she was a lady and a marchioness. In a manner in which quiet dignity was mingled with a delicate soul's shrinking from such brawling vulgarity as this that was being forced upon her, she said, looking at Adelaide: "Papa never intended that my dowry should be taken out of my share. It was a present." She looked calmly at her mother. "Just like your jewels, mamma." She turned her clear, luminous eyes upon Ross. "Just like the opportunities he gave you to get your independent fortune."

Mrs. Whitney, trembling so that she could scarcely articulate, retorted: "At the time he said, and I told you, it was to come out of your share. And how you thanked me and kissed me and—" She stretched toward Ellen her shaking old woman's hands, made repellent by the contrasting splendor of a dozen magnificent rings. "O Ellen, Ellen!" she quavered. "I think my heart will burst!"

"You did say he said so," replied Janet softly, "but he never told me."

"You—you—" stuttered Ross, flinging out his arms at her in a paroxysm of fury.

"I refuse to discuss this any further," said Janet, drawing herself up in the full majesty of her black-robed figure and turning her long shapely back on Ross. "Mrs. Ranger, I'm sure you and Del realize that mother and Ross are terribly upset, and not—"

"They'll realize that you are a cheat, a vulture in the guise of woman!" cried Mrs. Whitney. "Ellen, tell her what she is!"

Mrs. Ranger, her eyes down and her face expressing her agonized embarrassment, contrived to say: "You must n't bring me in, Mattie. Adelaide and I must go."

"No, you shall hear!" shrieked Mrs. Whitney, barring the way. "All the world shall hear how this treacherous, ingrate daughter of mine—oh, the sting of that!—how she purposes to steal, yes, steal four times as much of her father's estate as Ross or I get. Four times as much! I can't believe the law allows it! But whether it does or not, Janet Whitney, God won't allow it! God will hear my cry, my curse on you."

"My conscience is clear," said Janet, and her gaze, spiritual, exalted, patient, showed that she spoke the truth, that her mother's looks and words left her quite unscathed.

"Look at my daughter, Ellen. Look at my son—for he, too, is robbing me. He has his own fortune that his dead father made for him; yet he, too, talks about his legal rights. He demands his full third!"

All this time Ellen and Adelaide had been gradually retreating, the Whitneys following them. When Mrs. Whitney at last opened wide the casket of her woe and revealed Ross there, too, he wheeled on Adelaide with a protesting, appealing look. He was confident that he was in the right, that his case was different from Janet's; confident also that Adelaide would feel that in defending his rights he was also defending hers that were to be. But before Del there had risen the scene after the reading of her own father's will. She recalled her rebellious thoughts, saw again Arthur's fine face distorted by evil passions, heard again her mother's terrible, just words: "Don't trample on your father's grave, Arthur Ranger! I'll put you both out of the house! Go to the Whitneys where you belong!" And then she saw Arthur as he now was, and herself the wife of Dory Hargrave. And she for the first time realized, as we realize things only when they have become an accepted and unshakable basic part of our lives, what her father had done, what her father was. Hiram had won his daughter.

"We are going now," said Ellen, coming from the stupor of shame and horror into which this volcanic disgorging of the secret minds and hearts of the Whitneys had plunged her. And the expression she fixed first upon Janet, then upon Ross, then upon Matilda, killed any disposition they might have had to try to detain her. As she and Adelaide went toward her carriage, Ross followed. Walking beside Adelaide, he began to protest in a low tone and with passionate appeal against the verdict he could not but read in her face. "It is n't fair, it is n't just!" he pleaded. "Adelaide, hear me! Don't misjudge me. You know what your—your good opinion means to me."

She took her mother's arm, and so drew farther away from him.

"Forgive me," he begged. "Janet put me out of my mind. It drove me mad to have her rob us."

At that "us" Adelaide fixed her gaze on his for an instant. What he saw in her eyes silenced him—silenced him on one subject forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

He left for Chicago without seeing either his sister or his mother again. His impulse was to renounce to his mother his share of his father's estate. But one does not act hastily upon an impulse to give up nearly a million dollars. On reflection he decided against such expensive and futile generosity. If it would gain him Adelaide—then, yes. But when it would gain him nothing but the applause of people who in the same circumstances would not even have had the impulse to forego a million— "Mother's proper share will give her as much of an income as a woman needs at her age and alone," reasoned he. "Besides, she may marry again. And I must not forget that but for her Janet would never have got that dowry. She brought this upon herself. Her folly has cost me dearly enough. If I go away to live abroad or in New York—anywhere to be free of the Howlands—why I'll need all I've got properly to establish myself."

Janet and her baby left on a later train for the East. Before going she tried to see her mother. Her mother had wronged her in thought, had slandered her in word; but Janet forgave her and nobly wished her to have the consolation of knowing it. Mrs. Whitney, however, prevented the execution of this exalted purpose by refusing to answer the gentle persistent knocking and gentle appealing calls of "Mother, mother, dear!" at her locked boudoir door.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

JUDGE TORREY succeeded Whitney as chairman of the overseers of Tecumseh and in the vacant trusteeship of the Ranger bequest. Soon Dr. Hargrave, insisting that he was too old for the labors of the presidency of such a huge and varied institution as the university had become, was made honorary president, and his son, still in Europe, was elected chairman of the faculty. Toward the middle of a fine afternoon in early September Dr. Hargrave and his daughter-in-law drove to the railway station in the ancient and roomy phaeton which was to Saint X as much part of his personality as the aureole of glistening white hair that framed his majestic head, or as the great plaid shawl that had draped his big shoulders with their student stoop every winter day since anyone could remember. Despite his long exposure to the temptation to sink into the emasculate life of unapplied intellect, mere talker and writer, and to adopt that life's flabby ideals, he had remained the man of ideas, the man of action. His

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learning was all but universal, yet he had the rugged, direct vigor of the man of affairs. His was not the knowledge that enfeebles, but the knowledge that empowers. As his son, the new executive of the university—with the figure of a Greek athlete, with positive character, will as well as intellect, stamped upon his young face—appeared in the crowd, the onlookers had the sense that a "somebody" had arrived. Dory's always was the air an active mind never fails to give. As Judge Torrey once said: "You've only got to look at him to see he's the kind that does things, not the kind that tells how they used to be done or how they ought n't to be done." Now there was in his face and bearing the subtly but surely distinguishing quality that comes only with the strength a man gets when his fellows acknowledge his leadership, when he has seen the creations of his brain materialize in work accomplished. Every successful man has this look, and shows it according to his nature—the arrogant arrogantly; the well-balanced with tranquil unconsciousness.

As he moved toward his father and Adelaide, her heart swelled with pride in him, with pride in her share in him. Ever since the sending of the cable to recall him, she had been wondering what she would feel at sight of him. Now she forgot all about her once-beloved self-analysis. She was simply proud of him, enormously proud; other men seemed trivial beside this personage. Also she was a little afraid, for, as their eyes met, it seemed to her that his look of recognition and greeting was not so ardent as she was accustomed to associate with his features when turned toward her. But before she could be daunted by her misgiving it vanished; for he impetuously caught her in his arms and, utterly forgetting the onlookers, kissed her until every nerve in her body was tingling in the sweeping flame of that passion which his parting caress had stirred to vague but troublesome restlessness. And she, too, forgot the crowd, and shyly, proudly gave as well as received; so there began to vibrate between them the spark that clears brains and hearts of the fogs and vapors and keeps them clear. And it was not a problem in psychology that was revealed to those admiring and envying spectators in the brilliant September sunshine, but a man and a woman in love in the way that has been "the way of a man with a maid" from the beginning; in love, and each looking worthy of the other's love—he handsome in his blue serge, she beautiful in a light-brown fall dress with the pale-gold facings, and the fluffy, feathery boa close round her fair young face. Civilization has changed methods, but not essentials; it is still not what goes on in the minds of a man and woman that counts, but what goes on in their hearts and nerves.

In the phaeton Del sat between them and drove. Dory forgot the honors he had come home to receive; he had eyes and thoughts only for her, was impatient to be alone with her, to reassure himself of the meaning of the blushes that tinted her smooth white skin and the shy glances that stole toward him from the violet eyes under those long lashes of hers. Dr. Hargrave resumed the subject that was to him paramount. "You see, Theodore, your steamer's being nearly two days late brings you home just a day before the installation. You'll be delivering your address at eleven to-morrow morning."

"So I shall," said Dory, absently.  
"You say it's ready. Had n't you better let me get it typewritten for you?"

Dory opened the bag at his feet, gave his father a roll of paper. "Please look it over, and make any changes you like."

Dr. Hargrave began the reading then and there. He had not finished the first paragraph when Dory interrupted with, "Why, Del, you're passing our turning."

Del grew crimson. The doctor, without looking up

or taking his mind off the address, said: "Adelaide gave up Mrs. Dorsey's house several weeks ago. You are living with us."

Dory glanced at her quickly and away. She said nothing. "He'll understand," thought she—and she was right.

Only those who have had experience of the older generation out West would have suspected the pride, the affection, the delight hiding behind Martha Skeffington's prim and formal welcome, or that it was not indifference but the unfailing instinct of a tender heart that made her say, after a very few minutes: "Adelaide, don't you think Dory'd like to look at the rooms?"

Del led the way, Dory several feet behind her—deliberately, lest he should take her in his arms. Miss Skeffington had given them the three large rooms on the second floor—the two Dory used to have and one more for Del. As he followed Del into the sitting room he saw that there had been changes, but he could not note them. She was not looking at him; she seemed to be in a dream, or walking with the slow deliberate steps one takes in an unfamiliar and perilous path.

"That is still your bedroom," said she, indicating one of the doors. "A stationary stand has been put in. Perhaps you'd like to freshen up a bit."

"A stationary stand," he repeated, as if somewhat dazed before this practical detail. "Yes—I think so."

She hesitated, went into her room, not quite closing the door behind her. He stared at it with a baffled look. "And," he was thinking, "I imagined I had trained myself to indifference." An object near the window caught his eye—a table at which he could work standing. He recalled that he had seen its like in a big furniture display at Paris when they were there together, and that he had said he would get one for himself some day. This hint that there might be more than mere matter in those surroundings set his eyes to roving. That revolving bookcase by the desk, the circular kind he had always wanted, and in it the books he liked to have at hand—Montaigne and Don Quixote, Shakespeare and Shelley and Swinburne, the Encyclopedia, the statistical yearbooks; on top, his favorites among the magazines. And the desk itself—a huge spread of cleared surface—an enormous blotting pad, an ink well that was indeed a well—all just what he had so often longed for as he sat cramped at little desks where an attempt to work meant overflow and chaos of books and papers. And the drop-light, and the green shade for the eyes, and the row of pencils, sharpened as he liked them.

He knocked at her door. "Won't you come out here a moment?" cried he, putting it in that form because he had never ventured her intimate threshold.

No answer, though the door was ajar and she must have heard.

"Please come out here," he repeated.

A pause; then, in her voice, shy but resolute, the single word, "Come!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ON the green oval within and opposite the entrance to the main campus of the great university there is the colossal statue of a master workman. The sculptor has done well. He does not merely show you the physical man—the mass, the strength, of bone and sinew and muscle; he reveals the man within—the big, courageous soul. Strangers often think this statue a personation of the force which in a few brief generations has erected from a wilderness our vast and splendid America. And it is that; but to Arthur and Adelaide, standing before it in a June twilight, long after the events above chronicled, it is their father—Hiram.

"How alive he seems," says his daughter.

And his son answers: "How alive he is!"

THE END

## Dawn in the Alleghanies - By MADISON CAWEIN

THE waters leap,  
The waters roar;  
And on the shore  
One sycamore  
Stands, towering hoar.  
The mountains heap  
Gaunt pines and crags  
That hoarfrost shags;  
And, pierced with snags  
Like horns of stags,  
The water lags,  
The water drags  
Where trees, like hags,  
Lean from the steep.

### II.

The mist begins

To swirl; then spins  
'Mid outs and ins  
Of heights; and thins  
Where the torrent dins;  
And lost in sweep  
Of its whiteness deep  
The valleys sleep.

### III.

Now morning strikes  
On wild rampikes  
Of forest spikes,  
And, down dim dykes  
Of dawn, like sheep,  
Scatters the mists,  
And amethysts  
With light that twists,

And rifts that run  
Azure with sun—  
Far-whirled and spun—  
The foggy dun  
O' the heaven's deep.

### IV.

Look! how they keep  
Majestic ward,  
Gigantic guard!  
And gaze, rock-browed,  
Through mist and cloud!  
Eternal, vast,  
As ages past!  
And seem to speak  
With peak on peak,  
Of God! and see  
Eternity!



## SPINNING YARNS

### David Warfield's Spanking

DAVID WARFIELD, the actor, tells the following story of a good spanking that he got from his mother, which was something of a turning-point in his career. The incident happened in San Francisco, of which city Mr. Warfield is a native:

"If it had not been for a bitter punishment meted out to me by my mother, when I was about nine years of age," said Mr. Warfield, "I might be doing my best acts on a flying trapeze instead of on the stage, and my most effective 'flights' would have been aerial instead of oral. As a youngster, the height of my ambition was to own a circus and to be its bright and particular star. In fact I resolved that this ambition should be achieved without further delay. So I summoned a few of my friends, and together we organized a circus in the cellar of my home. My specialty was the trapeze. We had sold quite a number of seats, at a bottle, a horseshoe, old iron, pins, etc., in fact anything which might be converted into cash at a junk shop after the performance. Then the frightful thought struck me—I had no tights—what was to be done. I crept quietly to my mother's room, and stole a pair of her white stockings. I drew them over my legs, donned a pair of short trousers—and there I was.

"Everything went splendidly till my turn. Then at a crash of kettle covers made by the solitary member of our 'brass band,' I bounced into the ring, got on the trapeze, made of a broomstick and clothesline, and there I swung gracefully to and fro, for a few moments—and that was as far as I got with my act. My mother did the rest. She had heard the rumpus in the cellar, and came to see what had caused it. I can even now remember placing my ear in her hand, and being led away.

"How small a thing may thus alter the course of one's career!"

### Contagious

AN Irish lad on the cast side was obliged recently to seek treatment at a dispensary. On his return home from the first treatment he was met by this inquiry from his mother:

"An' what did the docthor man say was the matter wid your eye?"

"He said there was some furrin substance in it."

"Shure!" exclaimed the old woman, with an I-told-you-so air, "now, maybe, ye'll kape away from thim Eyetalian boys!"

### Advance Sheets from a Trust Dictionary

**PRESIDENT**—(synonym, *Sullan*.) An ordinary man who draws an annual salary of \$150,000; one who sees that all his relations are carried on the company pay roll; a loaner or borrower of millions at two per cent. for private investment; one who never works.

**FIRST VICE PRESIDENT**—(synonym, *Rajah*.) One chosen for his ability to dodge dangerous questions during an investigation; one who is faithful to himself and his friends in the matter of salary; a gentleman of leisure.

**SECOND VICE PRESIDENT**—(synonym, *Grand Duke*.) A man whose duty consists in drawing a handsome salary; autoist, yachtsman, etc.

**TREASURER**—(synonym, *Easy Snap*.) An official whose chief duty is to pay official salaries, also to pay policies; one who makes plausible excuses in explaining the decrease in dividends.

**SECRETARY**—(synonym, *Secretive*.) One who forgets unfavorable data on the witness stand.

**LEGAL ADVISOR**—(synonym, *Sidestepper*.) One retained to draw a fat salary; political whipper-in.

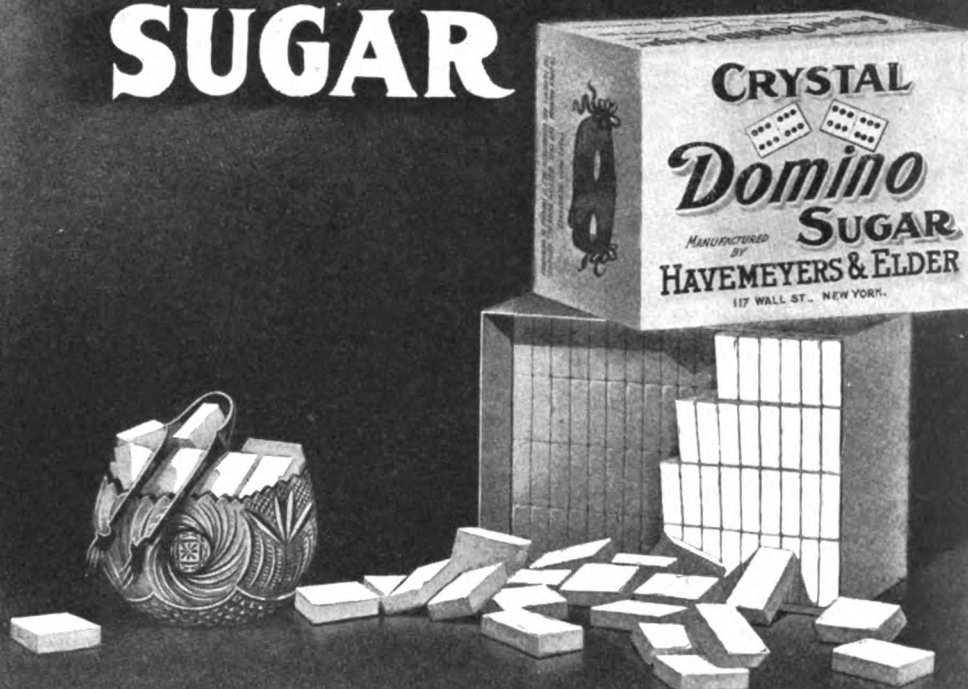
### He Wins the Palm

MANY stories have been told of mean men, such as he who used a wart for a collar button and he whose birthday gift to his son consisted in washing the windows so that the lad might watch the cars go by. This man, however, seems to have won the palm:

There was an extremely mean man in New Hampshire, who was the proprietor of a hotel. By his direction rules were posted in the hostelry forbidding almost every conceivable privilege to those not guests of the place. There was absolutely no chance for the casual loafer to get newspapers, pens, ink, stationery, etc. There were not even free seats in the office.

One day he chanced to observe a chronic loafer gazing at the old clock that hung on the wall. The next day a sign was placed over the clock. It read: "This clock is for the use of the guests of the hotel only."

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# The Editor's Cabinet

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MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND - ETIQUETTE

The Editor's Cabinet was organized for the purpose of establishing what might be called a National Bureau of Information, a clearing house for personal problems. When you ask a question you want it answered correctly and by the best authority. The Editor's Cabinet serves this purpose for the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It is a board of experts; a court of last resort.

You have only to remember the following simple directions when you ask your question:

Write with pen and ink, or typewriter, and on one side of the paper only, inclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. Address: The Editor's Cabinet, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, University Building, New York City.

## INSURANCE AND LAW

B. T. M., KANSAS CITY.—The Armstrong insurance law, recently enacted in the State of New York, will directly affect the business of insurance companies in the other States. Section 82 of the New York law provides that "after January 1, 1907, the proportion of the surplus accruing on each policy (commonly called dividends) shall be ascertained and distributed annually, and not otherwise." Heretofore policies upon which the insured paid annual premiums were entitled to a distribution of the surplus only at deferred periods, varying from five to twenty years after the policy had been taken out, and the insured knew nothing about what his policy was earning until the distribution period occurred. Under the new law he will know just how much his policy is earning each year, and he may take this annual apportionment of surplus either in cash or in paid-up additions to his policy. The former is called the deferred dividend, and the latter the annual dividend policy. The advantage of the latter is, that, should the insured die at any time during the premium paying period, he would have received the yearly earnings of his policy in cash during his lifetime, or, if he had taken paid-up additions to his policy, his estate would receive the value of the annual earnings in the additional amount of insurance. This section of the law affects all of the business of New York companies, and the New York business of all other companies.

A. R. T., BUFFALO.—The commissions and consequent earnings of insurance agents are affected by Section 97 of the new law relative to the limitation of expenses. This section affects all of the business of every company doing business in the State of New York, domestic or foreign. It provides that the entire expense of a company for a given year shall not exceed that part of the premiums called the "loading" (the part of each premium set aside for expenses) of the first year premiums on insurance received during the calendar year, and the present values of the "assumed mortality gains" for the first five years, on policies on which first year premiums have been received during the calendar year. Heretofore, agents have been receiving commissions on first year premiums amounting to from fifty to eighty per cent., and also a commission of from seven to ten per cent. on each renewal premium paid by the insured for the entire life of the policy. Commissions will now be reduced to from thirty to fifty per cent. of first year premiums, and the law provides that no agent shall receive renewal commission for more than nine years, and then only of seven and one-half per cent. of such premiums. All companies will be compelled to reduce their entire commission schedules to conform to the law, or withdraw from the State of New York. The difference will ultimately come to the policy holder in the form of an increased amount of surplus, or dividends, apportioned each year.

MRS. M. N. T., SEATTLE.—In Indiana and Massachusetts, women are prohibited from work in manufacture between the hours of 10 p. m. and 6 a. m.; in Nebraska, women may not work between 10 p. m. and 6 a. m., in either manufacture or commerce; in New York, all women are prohibited from labor in manufacture between 9 p. m. and 6 a. m., and women under twenty-one years of age may not work in commerce between 10 p. m. and 7 a. m.; in Ohio, girls under eighteen may not work at any gainful occupation between 7 p. m. and 6 a. m.; and in New Jersey, girls under eighteen years may not work in bakeries between 7 p. m. and 7 a. m.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION

N. A. T., WESTERLY, R. I.—Explosive compounds are burned in two ways. Gunpowders are burned by surface combustion, the rapidity depending upon the pressure and the amount of surface presented to the flame—i.e. fineness of granulation. Smokeless gunpowder in large cannon burns at the rate of about four inches a second. High explosives, such as dynamite, are consumed by what is known as the detonative wave, which is practically instantaneous. Experiments have shown that the speed of the detonative wave or rate of explosion of a high explosive is about four miles a second. Therefore, high explosives burn with a rate as much greater than gunpowder as four miles are greater than four inches.

M. P., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Large cannon erode more rapidly than small cannon. In the old muzzle-loading guns, before the use of the copper obturating and driving ring now affixed to projectiles, the main cause of erosion or cutting away of the bore of the gun was due to windage, that is, to the escape of the white hot gases past the projectile as it was forced along the bore.

In the present high power breech-loading guns, however, although the pressures employed are very much higher than were used in the old muzzle loaders, still there is very little escape of the powder gases past the projectile. Erosion is now mainly caused by the wash of the incandescent gases in their flow from the powder chamber into and along the bore of the gun behind the projectile. Under the enormous pressure the gases have the weight and density of a liquid, and are so hot that a thin layer of steel is fused and washed away from the bore of the gun at each discharge.

The effect is much more rapid in the larger than in the smaller cannon, for the reason that the powder charges are much greater, and a correspondingly greater quantity of incandescent gases flow over a given surface at a given pressure during a single discharge of a large gun than of a small gun.

## WOMEN'S CLUB INTERESTS

MRS. M. N., ROSLYN, L. I.—A woman's value on the school board is much the same as her value in the world at large. Her point of view is different, and no question can be settled properly until it is viewed from all sides. So long as there are women teachers and girl pupils in our schools, there should be woman's appreciation and woman's understanding on the school board. Many things escape a man's notice, even though he be a trained superintendent, that at once arrest the attention of a woman. She is a housekeeper, therefore she takes cognizance of the evils of sanitation, ventilation, ill-adjusted seats, toilet-rooms, etc. As a woman and a mother, she will sympathize with both teacher and pupil, since, living in the children's world, she is able to grapple with its problems. She will also be a kindly critic, suggesting changes, methods and improvements from her own knowledge of the needs of child-life.

Not the least item to be considered is her leisure time to visit the schools during their regular sessions, a privilege which is denied most of the male members of the board because of their business cares.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY

MRS. W. H. C., ST. LOUIS.—How a woman, who has to stay at home, can add to the family income, is a question asked by thousands. Many women have solved the problem for themselves by a careful measurement of their own capabilities. In nearly every city and town of New England, one sees a peculiarly decorated wagon driven by a man in a white uniform, who vends the most delectable crullers and doughnuts for two cents apiece. This business was started by a woman who wanted to help an underpaid husband. Her first doughnuts were sold from a basket by her little boys. To-day they are made in a great factory and an early train often carries them 100 miles away. That woman has coined a fortune, because she simply made a market for her best product. The good cook can always earn a fair income in her own home. There is more profit in baking for neighbors than in running a boarding house or restaurant. Among other home employments which succeed are: doll dressing and doll mending, darning and mending of weekly washings, making over old millinery into new hats, cleaning and pressing clothes, shampooing and manicuring, or making clothes for

babies and children I know one clever cook and manager who earns several hundred dollars a year by teaching plain cooking and housewifery in her own kitchen to the ignorant maids of her neighbors. She also conducts Saturday classes for little girls.

P. S. A., BUTTE.—An iron sink which seems to be ruined by rust may, with some labor, be made perfectly smooth and clean. Melt a pint of mutton fat or tallow, and rub it quickly, before it has had time to become chilled, over the sides and bottom of your sink. Over the fat dust powdered quicklime, and let it stand over night. Next morning, wash it off with hot water and a brush, then scrub all over the surface with a strong solution of sal soda. Dry thoroughly, and you will find the sink has become as smooth and clean as when new. For several nights, repeat this application of the tallow alone, always washing off with hot soda water. If the surface of an iron sink is thoroughly dried after it has been wet, it will keep in very good, smooth condition.

E. R. V., NILES.—Clothes, which have been stained by pitch or tar can be cleansed easily, if it is done before the substance has had a chance to become thoroughly dry. First spread lard on the stain to soften the tar and then soak with turpentine. After a few hours, go at it with a penknife, and scrape off gently all the loose dirt. Again wet with turpentine and scrape repeatedly till as much dirt as possible has been removed. When clean, sponge with turpentine and rub the fabric gently between the hands until it is dry.

*Esabel Eichen Rute*

### INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

A. B. N., LOUISVILLE.—The principle which most frequently governs investors is the mathematical theory of chance. Reason proceeds on some such lines as the following: The A. & B. Railroad has paid dividends regularly for twenty years, and the chances are that it will continue to do so for the next twenty years; the C. & D. Street Railway has had a similar record, and its properties are growing with the population of the city; the E. & G. paid dividends on both common and preferred, and the chances are that its bonds are good. Going over a list of securities, the investor purchases an assortment, in order that he may "divide the risk." He does not demand to know whether the statement of financial conditions is one on which; he may rely, or how the properties are managed. He does not even demand information which will show whether dividends on the C. & D. Railway stock has been paid out of capital. He looks at the dividend record, and reasons from this.

C. C. F., DEDHAM, MASS.—The justification for permitting holding companies to be organized is this: In the past, stockholders in the United States have been of three classes. (1.) A speculating class, who have no interest whatever in the enterprise, but who expect to profit by gambling on margins. (2.) Stockholders who buy for investment, without expecting to exercise any control whatever over the company. (3.) Stockholders who hold majority control, or who belong to the group holding majority control, and who inform themselves about the business and intelligently control it. In a small corporation, this third class usually are, or come to be, the officers of the corporation. In its relation to corporations representing allied or consolidated interests, the holding company is the first and best solution we have had in this country for intelligent proprietorship. The holding company undertakes to inform itself and keep itself thoroughly in touch with the business of subsidiary companies, and to hold the officers and trustees of subsidiary companies to a strict account. The holding company is based on the idea of a stockholding intelligence. It represents an organized majority party, among stockholders, in concerns whose securities are widely distributed through sales on the investment margin.

*F. H. Reed*

### GOOD FORM

D. S. J., FARGO, N. DAK.—The usual menu for a buffet supper at a wedding-reception, is: *bouillon*, (which can be had canned and only needs heating,) creamed oysters, chicken salad, bread and butter sandwiches, ice cream, and cake. If, however, you have not the conveniences for so elaborate a supper, it would be permissible to have only ice cream and cake and some kind of punch or lemonade. You really ought to have as much as that, however.

H. W., SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.—The only way that you could entertain as many as eighty ladies would be to give a reception for them. Of course it would be a small reception, so you should make it informal. The usual custom is for one of your intimate friends to sit at each end of your dining-room table, one to make the tea and the other to pour out either chocolate or *bouillon*, whichever you prefer. On this same table there should be sandwiches of anything that is dainty rather than hearty, (not meat,) little cakes, and bonbons.

*"The Boston Herald"*



## ENDURANCE

You cannot go under the wire as a real winner in life's race unless you have physical strength to carry on your work.

No one can afford the handicap of a weak body or shaky nerves, from improper food.

There is a true, dependable food, safe to rely on.

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contains certain elements selected by a food expert from wheat and barley which make the kind of muscle, brain and nerves that endure.

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Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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Baseball Outfits, Fishing Outfits, Watches, Guns, Cameras and other attractive premiums to boys who sell **SUCCESS MAGAZINE** each month. Besides, we pay big commissions and will award \$125.00 in Extra Cash Prizes for biggest sales in the new contest which has just started.

**We Want a Hustler In Your Town**

and in order to get you started we will send you Ten Copies of **SUCCESS** Absolutely Free. It will be "easy as pie" to sell these. That gives you a dollar to buy more at the wholesale price. Ask for our dandy premium list and new prize circular when writing for ten free copies. A postal card will do. Address

**THE SUCCESS COMPANY**

Boy Department

39 Washington Square

New York City



# The New York Shopper

Conducted by MRS. CHARLOTTE BIRDSALL WILLIAMS

## Rules of this Service

[All articles mentioned below, or any other merchandise that is offered for sale in New York City, can be obtained by forwarding price to "The New York Shopper," care of this magazine. This department is in charge of Mrs. Charlotte Birdsall Williams, manager of the Woman's Domestic Guild of America, an institution devoted to solving all shopping, catering, furnishing, and purchasing problems of the home, and much patronized by fashionable New York women for these purposes. Mrs. Williams, herself, is well known socially, and possesses rare taste, judgment, and intuition. Her services are freely placed at the disposal of our readers, and her advice, artistic taste, and economical judgment may be had without charge. All articles (except bedding and combs) will be sent on approval, and a cheerful refund of the purchase price made on demand.]

## Price Quotations, Samples, and Information Wanted

Letters requesting information, price quotations, and samples, should state concisely all essential particulars, as age, height,

weight, and complexion, when dress goods are wanted, or size of room and kind of wall paper when ordering rugs or hangings. If reply by mail is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be included. The amount the purchaser desires to pay should always be stated.

## Ordering and Remitting

Orders must be written on a piece of paper separate from the letter of transmittal.

Drafts, checks, and money orders must be made payable to Charlotte Birdsall Williams.

## Shipping and Forwarding

Remittances must include sufficient postage, or goods must be sent by express, charges collect. Postage on merchandise is one cent an ounce. Mail packages are at customer's risk, unless registered, which costs eight cents additional. Larger shipments will be sent by freight or express as directed. Within 100 miles of New York, an order of \$5 or over can usually be sent express free. THE EDITORS.]



MODEL E. T.

\$525

### A Boulevard Car

Handsomely upholstered, dark green finish. 4 H.P. Air-cooled. Wheel steer. Maximum speed 18 miles. A smart, smooth running car for four people.

**ORIENT**

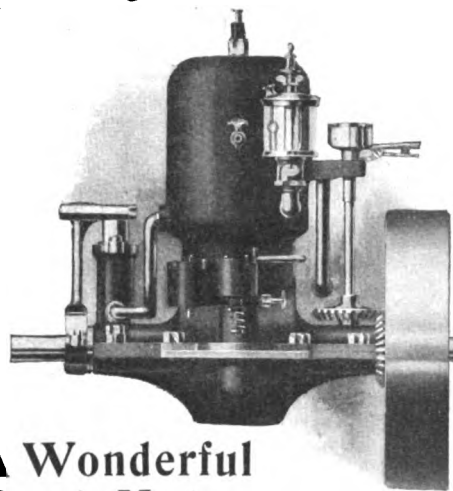
### MODEL E. R.

The smartest vehicle on the road. Ideal for Physicians. Easy to drive. 4 H.P. Air-cooled. Wheel steer. Speed 24 miles. 1907 models are ready for delivery. Write for illustrated catalogue.

Waltham Manufacturing Company  
WALTHAM, MASS.

\$475

## Gray Motors



### A Wonderful Boat Motor

The Gray Motor Co., of Detroit, Michigan, are this year offering an entirely new design of motors which embody all the standard and approved features generally accepted in two-cycle gas engine construction, and many new and original ideas.

The design is extremely neat and shows care and study, and could only be arrived at through actual experience in building and operating engines of this type.

The engine is remarkably free from complications, is clean and simple in appearance, and is light and well proportioned for strength and service, as well as obviating all unnecessary weight.

The main bearings are very long—4½" on 4 h. p. engines, with crank shaft 1½" in diameter. These bearings are made of the highest grade Babbitt metal, fitted on a mandrel and reamed to a perfect fit on the shaft.

The shaft, as well as connecting rods, are made of drop forgings made from a special die for each engine.

Pistons are made on an automatic piston machine, and fitted perfectly on a grinder.

Piston rings are large, turned eccentric, ground on a Heald magnetic grinder to a perfect fit.

The commutator is elevated and gear-driven, and is adopted by the Gray Motor Co. after a most exhaustive test, as the simplest and most effective commutator that they have been able to find for this motor.

Every part of the motor is accessible, and easily examined.

A hand hole in the side of the crank chamber enables quick examination of connecting rod bearings.

The carburetor is of float feed type, very simple in design, noiseless, enabling the engine to be run at the greatest possible latitude of speed, and getting greatest economy in the use of gasoline.

Ball bearing thrusts on all engines. A special device for lubricating the connecting rod bearing on the shaft, that the Gray Motor Company claim cannot possibly go wrong unless one fails to feed the oil, taking the oil directly to the crank pin.

The line of engines manufactured by the Gray Motor Co. for 1907 will be a 4, 6, and 10 h. p. single cylinder engine; 8, 12, and 16 h. p. double, and 24 and 40 h. p. four cylinders.

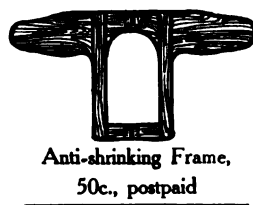
Write for Catalogue.

**GRAY MOTOR CO.**

86 Leis Street, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

MRS. M.—Can you suggest any way to prevent my baby's shirts from shrinking? Of course, they have wool in them. I am very careful when washing them, but still they seem to shrink.

I would advise buying a frame at 50 cents, postpaid, which is made for the purpose of drying infants' shirts to prevent shrinking. Order according to size of garment to be washed.



Anti-shrinking Frame,  
50c., postpaid

MRS. C. R.—I want a pretty cap for my little girl three years old. I want a plain effect, and it must not cost over \$2. Would it be possible to get a good-looking cap for that price?

A white silk cap, trimmed with a row of beaver, comes as low as \$1.55, postpaid, and is very pretty. It is plain in effect, and is more becoming to most children than the more "dressy" bonnet.

MRS. B.—What is the correct apron for a maid to wear, and do they come in good material as low as 50 cents?

Lawn aprons, with deep hems and bretelles of embroidery in strap effect, may be had at 55 cents, postpaid, and are in the correct style for a maid to wear. They are good value.

MRS. A. R.—Can you send me a pretty wash dress for my little girl? She is four years old. I want something of good style, but not fancy, and do not wish to pay over two dollars. I inclose that amount herewith.

I have sent you to-day, by express, a little Russian dress of lining, back and front box-plaited, and the front embroidered. It is very nice looking and, I feel sure, will meet with your approval.

LILIAN.—I am studying music, and, of course, have to carry quite a little music, which becomes marred in rolling. Can you advise me of anything I could do to remedy this?

The regulation music rolls are certainly very hard on music, and for that reason the new shaped music portfolio has become very popular. It is flat in effect, doubles only once, and keeps the music in splendid condition. These can be had in black grained leather, leather handle, and leather-covered buckles, for \$1.10, postpaid.

ENGAGED.—In February I am to be married, and I have laid aside \$100 to spend on bed linen and table linen. I should appreciate it very much if you would give me your idea as to what amount I shall need, and what the prices would be. I am to have a very quiet wedding and do not expect many gifts. Being a business woman, I have had no time for fancy work, so kindly include little doilies, centerpiece, dresser, and sideboard covers, as I want my home to be homelike and attractive. I know I can not afford the finest of everything, but I

want good quality. Please provide for one double and one single bed.

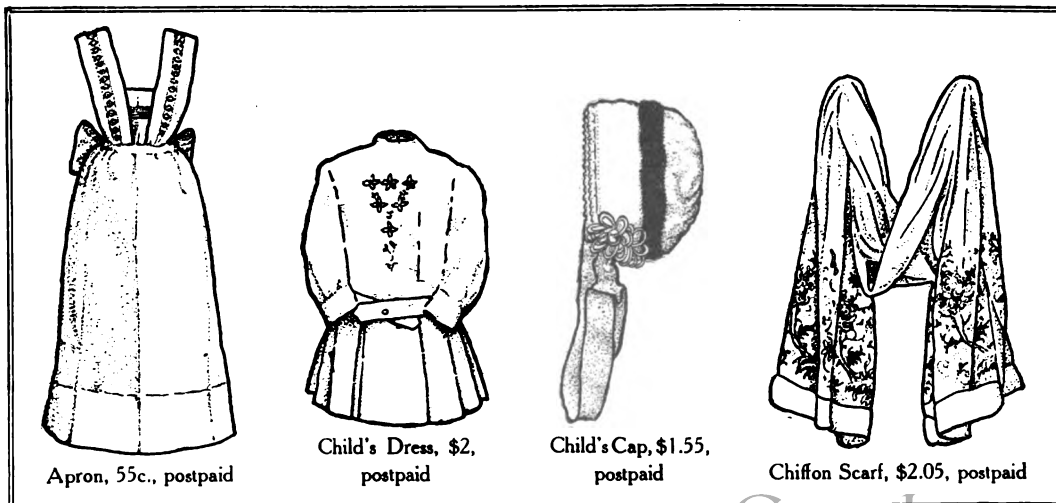
You will not be obliged to spend as much money as you have set aside for table and bed linen, and still you can have all the linen that will be necessary. The following list will, I think, prove ample for all your needs: Bedding:—four full-sized sheets at 65 cents; four single sheets at 55 cents; four bolster covers at 25 cents; ten pillow slips at 15 cents; two large counterpanes at \$2.50; and two small counterpanes at \$1.50, with the necessary cotton bedding. I would suggest, for the large bed, a pale blue blanket with white chrysanthemum design, at \$2.75, and an eiderdown quilt, blue and white, at \$4.50. For the other I would suggest a pink blanket with white daffodil design, at \$2.75, and an eiderdown quilt at \$4.50 in pink and white. I do not know whether or not you desire to use fancy bedspreads. If so, you could get a very pretty Renaissance spread at \$5.50. I would suggest a fringed counterpane for the small bed.

Toweling:—One half dozen large, soft-finished, hemstitched huckabuck towels, with handsome damask border, at 25 cents; one half-dozen huckabuck towels, assorted patterns, damask center, 22 x 40, at 40 cents; one half-dozen bath towels at 25 cents; one half-dozen crash towels at 14 cents; and 3 glass towels at 14 cents will be all that is required in that line. Sanitary wash cloths come at five cents, and six will be sufficient.

Table linen:—One pattern tablecloth, 2½ yards square, with dot center and handsome rose border, at \$2.50, and napkins to match at \$1.50 a dozen; one tablecloth with holly design and artistic border of holly leaves, at \$2.50 for the same size, and napkins at the same price; one very heavy bleached damask tablecloth, with circular center and outer border, suitable for round table, 2½ x 2½, at \$4.75, and napkins at \$4.25 a dozen.

Fancy pieces:—The same covers would do for both sideboard and bureau. I would get two Renaissance scarfs, at \$1.75, with Japanese drawn-work effect; two plain hemstitched covers, at \$1; and two with embroidered ends, at \$1.25. A very pretty centerpiece of linen with handsome Cluny lace edge, comes at \$1.35, and would add to the dainty appearance of the table. Plain centerpieces come at \$1 and two would be sufficient. If you care to use doilies at lunch, splendid values can be secured in a twenty-five-piece set at \$3.95, with embroidered scalloped edge. All that I have mentioned can be secured for less than \$75. I can send a much more inexpensive list, if you would care to have me do so.

MRS. J. C. B.—What is your opinion as to oil heaters? Some of my friends say, they can not be easily kept clean, and that the odor is objectionable. Another friend says she can not speak enough in their praise. What is your

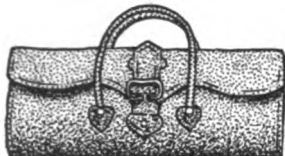


Apron, 55c., postpaid

Child's Dress, \$2,  
postpaid

Child's Cap, \$1.55,  
postpaid

Chiffon Scarf, \$2.05, postpaid



Music Portfolio, \$1.10, postpaid

advice in the matter? I have a room that is not very well heated, and is very cold after ventilating freely. Any help you can give me will be appreciated.

I personally can speak in highest praise of the oil stoves, and if you buy a good one, which will cost you \$5, you will have no trouble with either dirt or odor. They heat a room very rapidly, and a receptacle full of water placed on top of the stove will be heated in a few minutes. Your friends who dislike them must have used an inferior grade of stove. I also consider this an economical way of heating.

\* \* \*

**ECONOMY.**—I understand that, every January, linen sales take place in New York, and many bargains can be secured. I have decided to take advantage of these sales, and write to you for some information in regard to purchasing. If I should wish to buy certain articles advertised in the New York papers, could you secure them for me, and, if not satisfactory, could I have my money refunded? Will you also tell me in your reply whether the value of linen is in the finish, or in its wearing properties? Does it pay to buy the best quality?

You are quite right in regard to sales of linen taking place in January, and splendid values can usually be secured at that time. I will send anything you may see advertised, and, (as with all other purchases,) if not entirely satisfactory, you may return same, and money will be refunded. In answer to your question as to the relative values of linen, I will say that there are various reasons for the great range in prices. The principal ones are the quality of the flax and the fineness of the weave. To a large extent the design governs the price, and by making selections which are not of the latest patterns, a better article may be obtained for the money. In purchasing linen, it is economy to buy good quality, even if one's income permits him to indulge himself only to a limited degree.

\* \* \*

Miss J. G. R.—Will you tell me how rugs range in price? I want gradually to replace my carpets with rugs, but I know nothing of rugs and wish you would give me a little information. I would like to know how they range in price, and also as to their wearing qualities.

I think you have made a wise decision in regard to installing rugs in your home, not only for the sake of appearances, but also for sanitary reasons. I consider rugs far cleaner, as they can be so readily taken up and aired. Oriental rugs wear by far the best. In fact, they improve with age, as the colors become softer. A genuine antique rug is certainly a thing of beauty. Next to the Oriental rugs, in both beauty and wearing qualities, are the French Wilton, the patterns of which are reproductions of the handsomest Orientals, and have the same soft tones. A nine by twelve Wilton sells at about \$50. Then comes the Royal Wilton, at \$35 for the same size, a splendid wearing rug, but very seldom to be had except in brilliant colors. Axminster rugs, at \$23.50, in Turkish patterns, are very suitable for library and halls. The velvet rug is a favorite with many, at \$20 for the same size. Of course there is the Brussels rug at \$25, which many people admire, (although I personally do not,) and the Smyrna at \$30.

There are many other cheaper rugs, such as the ingrain, cashmere, and cotton Wilton, all of which are very pretty for bedrooms and, considering their low prices, compared with the prices charged for antiques, they are good value.

\* \* \*

**LUCILE.**—Can you recommend a soft bedroom slipper? My feet are tender and I can not wear the ordinary Japanese slipper.

Women's kid *boudoir* slippers come in black, tan, red, blue, pink, and white, with silk pompons, at 95 cents, postpaid, and are both comfortable and dainty.

\* \* \*

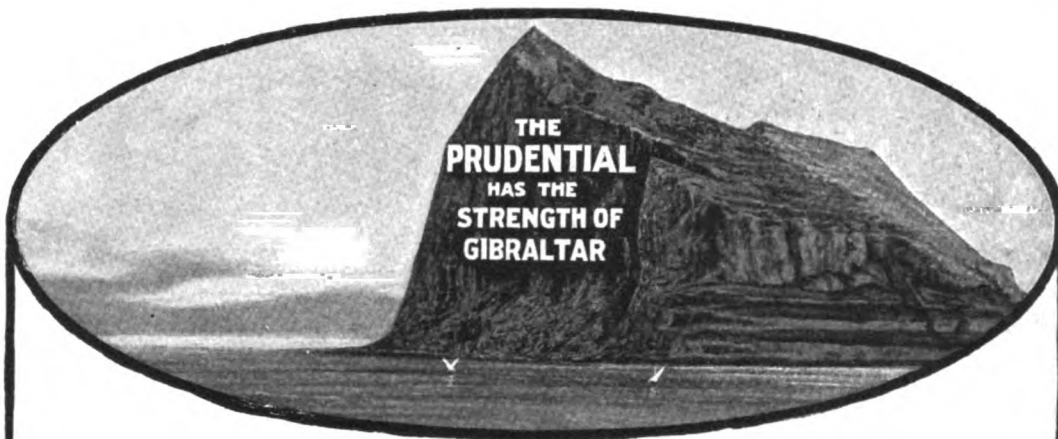
**ANNETTE.**—Is there something new and pretty in the way of neckwear? I should like something odd to go with a plain flannel waist. Please also state price of something soft and filmy to throw around my neck when going out evenings.

Polka-dot silk ties, in conventional designs, can be had in red, navy blue, and green, and would make a very attractive neckpiece, tied in double bowknot effect, for your shirt-waist. For evening wear,

buy a white *chiffon* scarf, with pink and green border in distinctive pattern, at \$2.05, postpaid. Such a scarf is very becoming.



Polka-Dot Silk Tie, \$1.30, postpaid



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**MRS. BRADLEY GILMAN** attempts to solve the suburban domestic problem in an article called **Kitchen Tyranny in the Suburbs.**

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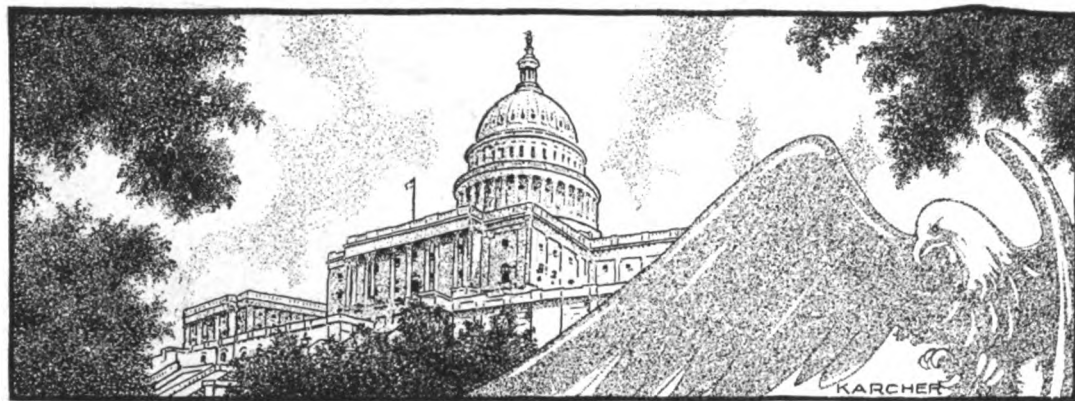
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## The Inside at Washington

The Editors regret that, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to divulge the name of the author of this department which will be a regular feature of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Let it suffice when we assure you that what he writes will be the truth and that his sources of information are too certain to admit dispute.

THE time was so long ago as last summer. State and congressional elections were approaching—bosses were tinkering up their fences; honorable gentlemen were making those importunate calls on corporation friends which they may later have to forget on the witness stand; Cannon, Payne, and Dalzell were wondering if "the pee-pul" had really observed them climbing on the pure food band wagon. The country was with Roosevelt, to the painful humiliation of the grand old leaders. So to Oyster Bay they went, and begged the President, on bended knee, to save the party.

The President wrote the letter they asked—to the Hon. James E. Watson, of Rushville, Indiana, the party whip. In it he embodied the issues which he had been forcing on a reluctant Congress—even the bill to prohibit political contributions by corporations, the bill to lower the tariff on imports from the Philippine Islands, and the bill to limit the number of hours of employment of railway employees. The leaders were forced to swallow the pill, and to print the letter, indorsed by themselves, in the Republican "text-book," under the title, "President Roosevelt on the Campaign—a Trenchant Analysis of the Issues." In this way the President's progressive ideas were written into the Republican platform. Every Republican Congressman who was elected or reelected last fall is pledged to support these measures. Congress is now in session—can we expect the members to keep that pledge?

There were Senators, too, who found themselves forced by cruel circumstances to creep under the Roosevelt banner. Take Dick, of Ohio, for example. At the last session, the Philippine Tariff Bill, upon which Secretary Taft has so long labored, was passed by the House, only to languish in a Senate committee. There was a majority of one, in that committee, against reporting the bill. Dick was on the committee and voted with the majority. But last summer he, too, found it difficult to get on without Roosevelt's indorsement. And, he, too, hurried to Oyster Bay. Before leaving he promised to change his vote, at the present session, in favor of reporting the Philippine Tariff Bill. If he keeps his word—and he may do so—we may see this winter the beginnings of justice to the Philippines.

So here we are in the short session, (which terminates by law on March 4,) with a House outwardly pledged to support Roosevelt's policies, but secretly uncomfortable and almost morbidly eager to use the knife. In the Senate, in spite of new allies, the old leaders, Aldrich, Foraker, Elkins, and their associates, are still opposed to the President with all the power of angry, vindictive corporations behind them, and with consummate skill in unscrupulous political trickery at their disposal. There are great questions clamoring for attention. Suppose we consider these questions, and the likelihood of their being answered this year.

What should a good citizen keep in mind during the next few months? Unless called together in extra session, the Sixtieth Congress, elected last November, will not convene until the first Monday in December, 1907. Therefore, it must be borne in mind that there are only about two months for doing business; it takes Congress some days to get down to work, and soon after the members are ready for work, they take a vacation over the holidays. Appropriation bills always have the right of way, and particularly at the short session, which is devoted primarily to that business. If the money bills were to fail, the Government could not go on.

This being so, there are only a few things which can be got from Congress at this session. But the country demands more now. There is a pretty strong feeling that Congress must be held accountable for results.

First there is the bill prohibiting campaign contributions. This measure was forced through the Senate by Tillman,

but was held up in the House. In urging its enactment into law, the President said in his message: "Let individuals contribute as they desire, but let us prohibit, in effective fashion, all corporations from making contributions for any political purpose, directly or indirectly."

Then the Senate must pass the bill giving the Government the right of appeal in criminal cases. This measure, which passed the House, is an echo of the "immunity bath" decision of Judge Humphrey in the Beef Trust cases. Many good lawyers think this Federal judge was wrong in his interpretation of the law, but the Government could not, under the United States statutes, obtain a decision on this point of law by the Supreme Court. Beware of the Senate on this matter. Self-appointed custodians of the Constitution will tell you that the bill amounts to putting a man twice in jeopardy of his life. Nothing of the kind. The appeal is only in a question of law. And a man is not put in jeopardy until there is a hearing on both the law and the facts. As the President insists: "Failure to pass it will result in seriously hampering the Government in its efforts to obtain justice, especially against wealthy individuals or corporations who do wrong."

As passed by Congress, the Pure Food Bill takes effect January 1. *But it can not be enforced without money.* At the last session no appropriation was made. If there should be delay at this session, the good work could not go on. If Mr. Cannon, who was always opposed to the measure, should see fit, he could cripple the Department of Agriculture in its efforts to enforce the law by stopping all or a part of the necessary money. One million dollars is asked for. It seems little enough—particularly as \$250,000 of the amount is to carry on the work till the end of the fiscal year—July 1, 1907, and the balance \$750,000—to enforce the law for a year thereafter, until July 1, 1908.

A graduated inheritance tax is not new. Such a tax was part of the Spanish-American War taxes of 1898, and was upheld by the Supreme Court. There was an income tax as a part of the Wilson Tariff Bill of 1894, but the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. Therein lies a story—now forgotten—which does not exactly reflect credit on the highest court in the land.

The President, in his message, is very careful not to criticize the Supreme Court for its decision. "It is the law of the land," he says, "and of course is accepted as such and loyally obeyed by all good citizens. Nevertheless," qualifies Mr. Roosevelt, "the hesitation evidently felt by the court as a whole in coming to a conclusion may indicate the possibility of framing a constitutional income tax law which shall substantially accomplish the results aimed at."

This is graceful and diplomatic language in discussing the judgment of the United States Supreme Court in *Pollack vs. Farmer's Loan and Trust Company*. In the first hearing of the cause, with Justice Jackson absent on account of illness, the court divided four to four on the question of the constitutionality of the income tax law. When the case was again heard, five judges held the law to be unconstitutional, while four judges were recorded in favor of its constitutionality. Among the former was Justice Jackson; but Justice Shiras, of Pennsylvania, who had first taken the ground that the act was constitutional, finally cast his lot with the four judges who opposed the law. It was the flop of Justice Shiras which removed the income tax from the statute books. Under the circumstances, President Roosevelt might be excused, therefore, in criticising the decision. Two of the Justices who declared the law unconstitutional—Fuller and Brewer—are still on the bench; there also remain two of the



dissenting judges—Harlan and White. It is possible that, among Justices Peckham, McKenna, Holmes and Day and the successor of Justice Brown, (Attorney-General Moody has been nominated,) there are at least three judges who would uphold an income tax law, drawn substantially on the law of 1894. And three more, supposing that Justices Harlan and White have not changed, would make a majority.

\* \* \*

How long ago was it that there was such a disturbance over the misuse of insurance funds? Was it so far back that exception was taken to the misappropriation of policy holders' money for lobbying purposes? True, Jerome has been a long time dead; and yet it seems but yesterday when there was all the fuss about scheming—but not criminal—insurance officials. Likewise, more recently, there was much talk about rebates; about the railroad which discriminated against the small shipper, and about the big corporations which "held up" the railroad and demanded illegal rates. The railroad officials were naturally good, we were told during the debate on the Railroad Rate Bill in the Senate, but the trusts leached them. Well, there's a Tin Plate Trust, it is said, and through it the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad got haled into the United States District Court, it having been proved that the defendant railroad had granted rebates to the United States Steel Export Company on shipments of tin. At Vancouver, Judge Bethea fined First Vice-President Darius Miller and Claude C. Burnham, foreign freight agents, \$10,000 each, and in addition imposed a fine of \$40,000 against the railroad. Now comes Franklin K. Lane, Interstate Commerce Commissioner, and uncovers a most important fact. From the testimony of George B. Harris, President of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and C. I. Sturgis, general auditor, who produced his books, the commissioner discovered that the fines of Miller and Burnham, in addition to the fine imposed against the railroad—\$60,000 in all—was paid on a single voucher out of the treasury of the corporation and was charged against the account designated on the books as "corrected freight earnings." Said Mr. Lane: "This is the first time that it has been actually demonstrated that a railroad company has paid the fines of its officials out of funds belonging to stockholders. This must be regarded as a frank indorsement by the company of the acts of its officers. They were not allowed to suffer for the acts committed in the interests of the company, even if these acts were illegal and under the laws constituted a crime."

\* \* \*

To the American citizen—particularly to him who lives in San Francisco—President Roosevelt addressed a forceful preachment in his message on the subject of international morality. "Not only must we treat all nations fairly, but we must treat with justice and good will all immigrants who come here under the law. Whether they are Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile; whether they come from England or Germany, Russia, Japan, or Italy. All we have a right to question is the man's conduct. If he is honest and upright in his dealings with his neighbor and with the State, then he is entitled to respect and good treatment. Especially do we need to remember our duty to the stranger within our gates. It is the sure work of a low civilization, a low morality, to abuse or discriminate against or in any way humiliate a stranger who has come here lawfully and who is conducting himself properly. I am prompted to say this," emphasizes the President, "by the attitude of hostility here and there assumed toward the Japanese in this country." Mr. Roosevelt refers specially to the untoward action of the San Francisco school authorities, and adds: "To shut them out from the public schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first-class colleges in the land, including the colleges and universities of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit."

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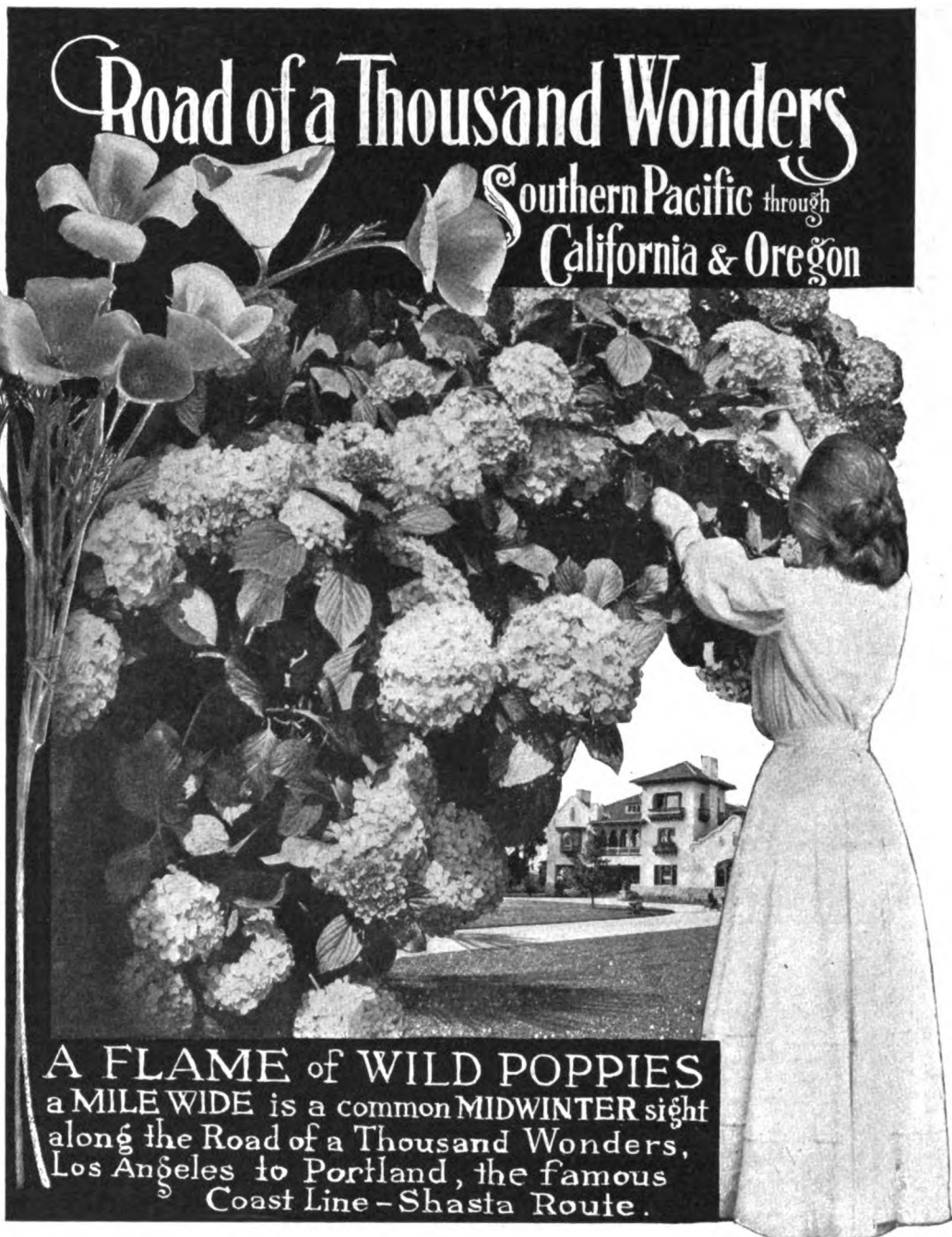
In Cuba, the message informs us, "The provisional government has left the personnel of the old government and the old laws, so far as might be, unchanged, and will thus administer the island for a few months until tranquillity can be restored, a new election held, and a new government inaugurated." This careful statement leaves the door open. The administration sticks to its pledge to give the Cuban another chance; but there is no promise to withdraw every American representative from the island. A competent adviser might be kept at Havana to counsel the new government until it gains the confidence of the Cubans at large.

\* \* \*

From a South American there came, in the President's judgment, an expression of the true attitude of the United States in its assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. Doctor Drago, former minister of foreign affairs of Argentina, in his speech welcoming Secretary Root at Buenos Ayres, spoke of "The traditional policy of the United States, which without accentuating superiority or seeking preponderance, condemned the oppression of the nations of this part of the world and the control of their destinies by the great powers of Europe."

Buenos Ayres, Kansas City, and now Washington have answered Professor Burgess at Berlin.

He only is rich who can enjoy without owning;  
he who is covetous is poor though he have millions.



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We can teach you by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Game Heads, etc. Also to tax skins and make rugs. Fascinating work for Men, Women and Boys. Quickly learned in your own home. Satisfaction guaranteed or no fee. Save your fine specimens. Decorate home and den. Highly profitable business or side line. Fine catalog and Taxidermy Magazine free. Write today. **N. W. School of Taxidermy, 29 N. 1st, Omaha, Neb.**



# The Editor's Chat

## Turning Back for Want of Grit

MOST LIVES are filled with half-finished tasks which were begun with enthusiasm but which have been dropped because the enthusiastic beginners did not have enough grit to carry them to a conclusion. How easy it is to start a thing when the mind is aglow with zeal, before disappointment has dulled ambition! It does not take much ability to begin a thing, and we can not estimate a man by the number of things he commences. We do not judge him by his speed at the beginning of the race, it is the home-stretch that counts. The test of character is in a man's ability to persist in what he undertakes until he adds the finishing stroke. He must have persistence and grit enough to carry him under the line at the last heat. The ability to hold on is one of the rarest of human virtues. There are plenty who will go with the crowd, and who will work hard as long as they can hear the music, but when the majority have dropped out, when others have turned back and a man feels himself alone fighting for a principle, it takes a very different order of ability to persist. This requires grit and stamina.

Look out for the period in your life when you are tempted to turn back! There is the danger point, the decisive period. All the great things of history have been accomplished after the great majority of men would have turned back.

Nearly every invention which has emancipated man from drudgery and given him comfort and better facilities, was made possible only by the man of superior grit and persistence. Not one man in ten thousand would have endured the suffering, the deprivation, the heartrending poverty of an Elias Howe to make the sewing machine possible. The world owes nearly all its great things to those who have persisted when others have given up. Look out for a man who persists, who keeps right on when everybody else calls him a fool for not letting go!

It is pitiable to see a young man with robust health and good education wavering when an obstacle confronts him, doubting whether he will go on or turn back. You may gain a certain amount of success without education, without culture, and without brilliancy, but you can not do much without stamina, staying power, and clear grit. Grit has always been more than a match for any handicap. The great achievers have ever substituted grit for good opportunity or lack of early advantages.

More young men have achieved success in life, with grit as capital, than with money capital to start with. The whole history of achievement shows that grit has overcome the direst poverty; it has been more than a match for lifelong invalidism.

## Whatever You Do, Keep Sweet

NO MATTER how disagreeable your work, or how much trouble you may have this year, resolve that, whatever comes to you or does not come to you, you will keep sweet, that you will not allow your disposition to sour, that you will face the sunlight no matter how deep the shadows.

The determination to be cheerful will discourage multitudes of little worries that would otherwise harass you.

If you can not get rid of a trouble, do as the oyster does with the grain of sand that gets into the shell and irritates it. Cover it with pearl. Do as you would with an ugly rock or stump on your grounds. Cover it with ivy or roses, or something else which will beautify it. Make the best of it.

You can make poetry out of the prosiest life, and bring sunshine into the darkest home; you can develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings. It is not circumstance, so much as attitude of mind, that gives happiness.

"Nothing can disturb his good nature," said a man of one of his employees; "that is why I like him. It does not matter how much I scold him or find fault with him, he is always sunny. He never lays up any thing against me, never resents anything."

That is recommendation enough for anybody. No wonder this man did not want to part with such an employee.

Who can estimate the value of a nature so sunny that it attracts everybody, repels nobody? Everybody wants to get near sunny people; everybody likes to know them. They open, without effort, doors which morose natures are obliged to pry open with great difficulty, or perhaps can not open at all.

I know an old man who has had a great deal of trouble and many losses and misfortunes; but he started out in life with a firm determination to extract just as much real enjoyment from it, as he went along, as possible—not in dissipation, but in wholesome recreation and fun. He has always tried to see the humorous side of things, the bright side, and the duty of happiness.

The result is, that, although this man has had more than his share of sorrow in his career, he has developed the inestimable faculty of making the best of every situation, and of always facing the sun and turning his back to the shadows. This life habit of cheerfulness and optimism has brought out a sweetness of character, and a poise and serenity of mind which are the envy of all who know him. Although he has lost his property and the most of his family and relatives, yet he radiates sunshine and helpfulness wherever he goes.

A man who can laugh outside when he is crying inside, who can smile when he feels badly, has a great accomplishment. We all love the one who believes the sun shines when he can not see it.

A potted rose in a window will turn its face away from the darkness toward the light. Turn it as often as you will, it always turns away from the darkness and lifts its face upward toward the sun.

So we, instinctively, shrink from cold, melancholy, inky natures, and turn our faces toward the bright, the cheerful, and the sunny. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole atmosphere of cloud and gloom.

As the Gulf Stream leaves a warm, soft climate in its wake as it flows through the colder waters of the ocean on its way from the Gulf to the North Pole, so a happy, joyous, sunny nature leaves a warm trail of sunshine wherever it goes through the cold, practical, selfish world.

Lydia Maria Child used to say: "I think cheerfulness in every possible way. I read only chipper books, and hang prisms in my window to fill the room with rainbows." This is the right kind of philosophy—the philosophy of good cheer, the greatest medicine for the mind, the best tonic for the body, and the greatest health food known.

Your ability to carry your own sunshine with you, your own lubricant, your own light, so that, no matter how heavy the load or dark the way, you will be equal to the emergency, will measure your ability to continue and to achieve.

## Don't Let Your Past Spoil Your Future

THERE is nothing more depressing than dwelling upon lost opportunities or a missed life. Whatever your past has been, forget it. Do not drag it across the New Year line. If it throws a shadow upon the present, or causes melancholy or despondency, there is nothing in it which helps you, there is not a single reason why you should retain it in your memory and there are a thousand reasons why you should bury it so deeply that it can never be resurrected.

The future is your uncut block of marble. Beware how you smite it. Don't touch it without a programme. Don't strike a blow with your chisel without a model, lest you ruin and mar forever the angel which lives within the block; but the marble of the past, which you have carved into hideous images, which have warped and twisted the ideals of your youth, and caused you infinite pain, need not ruin or mar the uncut block before you. This is one of the merciful provisions that every day presents to every human being; no matter how unfortunate his past, every day every human being has a new uncut block of pure Parian marble before him, a new chance to retrieve the past, to improve upon it if he will.

Nothing is more foolish, more positively wicked than to drag the skeletons of the past, the hideous images, the foolish deeds, the unfortunate experiences of the past into to-day's work to mar and spoil it. There are plenty of people who have been failures up to the present moment who could do wonders in the future if they could only forget the past, if they only had the ability to cut it off, to close the door on it forever and start anew.

## They Can Not Let Go

SOME PEOPLE'S minds are like a junk shop; they contain things of considerable value mixed with a great deal of rubbish. There is no system or order in them. These minds retain everything, good, bad,

or indifferent. They can never bear to throw anything away, for fear it might be of service at some time, so that their mental storehouses are clogged with all sorts of rubbish. If these people would only have a regular house-cleaning at the beginning of the new year, and throw away all the rubbish, everything of a doubtful value, and systematize and arrange what is left, they might amount to something; but no one can do good work, with his mind full of discord and confusion.

Get rid of the rubbish. Do not go through life burdened with nonessential, meaningless things. Every where we see people who are handicapped, doing everything to a great disadvantage, because they never will let go of anything. They are like the overcareful housekeeper, who never throws anything away, for fear it may be of use in the future, and whose attic and woodshed, and every closet and corner in the house, are piled up with rubbish which "might be wanted some time." The habit of throwing away rubbish is of inestimable value.

### How an Unattractive Girl Became Popular

I KNOW a girl who had become so morbid and despondent through constantly dwelling on her plain features and ungainly manner that she was on the verge of insanity. She was extremely sensitive, very proud, and would brood for days over the fancied slight when she was not invited to a party or other entertainment with her more attractive acquaintances.

Finally a real friend came to her assistance and told her that it was possible for her to cultivate qualities which would be far more attractive and would make her much more popular than the mere physical beauty and grace whose absence she so deplored.

With this kind friend's assistance she completely reversed her estimate of herself; she turned about face, and, instead of over-emphasizing mere physical grace and beauty, instead of thinking of herself as ugly and repulsive, she constantly held the thought that she was the expression of God's idea, that there was something divine in her, and she resolved to bring it out.

She denied every suggestion that she could possibly be unpopular, or that she could really be ugly, and held persistently in mind the image of her popularity and attractiveness, and the thought that she could make herself interesting and even fascinating.

She would not allow herself to harbor the suggestion that she could be anything but attractive.

She began to improve herself intellectually in every possible way.

Hitherto she had been careless of her dress and manners because of the conviction that it did not matter how she dressed or what she did, she would still be unpopular. She began to dress as becomingly as possible and in better taste.

She read the best authors; she took up different courses of study; and determined that at every opportunity she would make herself just as interesting as possible.

The result was, that, instead of being a wallflower, as formerly, she began to attract little groups about her wherever she went. She became a fascinating talker, and made herself so interesting in every way that she was invited out just as often as the more attractive girls whom she used to envy. In a short time she had not only overcome her handicap, but had also become the most interesting girl in her community.

Her task had not been an easy one, but she had worked with superb resolution and grit to overcome the things which had held her down; and, in her determined effort to overcome what she regarded as a fatal handicap, as a curse, she was enabled to develop qualities which more than compensated for the personal beauty that was denied her.

It is wonderful what a transformation we can bring about by holding persistently in the mind the image of the thing we would become and struggling hard to attain it. It has a marvelous power to attract what we desire, to make real the picture that we see.

### Can Women Be Blamed for Not Marrying

SO LONG as men think that they have a right to be vile and unclean?

So long as men are narcotized with tobacco and soaked with beer and whiskey?

So long as men "beginning in youth to smoke cigarettes are undersized in their stature, shrunken in their physical being, atrophied in their intellectual make-up?"

So long as men are not fit to be husbands and fathers?

### You Are Out of Place

If you are a clerk and hate the yardstick.

If you do not love your work and are not enthusiastic in it.

If you do not long to get to it in the morning and hate to have the time come to leave it.

If you do not see something more in it than making a living,—if you do not see an opportunity to make a life.

If you are not growing broader, deeper.

If you are being dwarfed in any part of your nature.

If your faculties are being stunted, your ideal dulled.

If your ambition is being strangled.

If you work mechanically and without heart.

## Oh, Yes—Tags!

When you mention the name "Dennison," the natural response is—"Oh, Yes—Tags."

'Tis true, "Tags" have made Dennison famous—tags of every variety, shape and size for every avenue of usefulness. But Dennison means a *lot more* than "tags"—it means the countless helpful things that lessen the cares of business life. Useful helps, money saving, time saving, labor lessening, business building devices of proved utility.

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Holders of our bonds not only receive on their investment 5% interest absolutely guaranteed, but they also **share in the net earnings** of our Company, which, on the basis of last year's net earnings, would amount to **2% additional**. Plans are making for still greater earnings. Full particulars regarding this Participation Plan will be mailed upon request.

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An unusual opportunity is presented by the present low prices of standard railroad issues for the selection of bonds which conform closely to these requirements of the ideal investment.

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# Hints to Investors

By EDWARD SHERWOOD MEADE

We especially invite correspondence in connection with this department from investors who are in doubt as to the advisability of investments they are contemplating or as to the value of their present holdings. We undertake to make an expert investigation of the value of any and all securities inquired about without charge to our readers. Inquirers should state the name and business address of firms offering securities for sale, name and location of property, and—when possible—the State in which the property is incorporated, with all other available particulars. Letterheads or circulars of the concern in question should be inclosed when possible, and will be returned, on request, if accompanied by return postage. Delay in answering inquiries will occur when securities inquired about are not well known in local financial circles. We will in such cases make investigation

through the mails and report to the inquirer as soon as possible. Readers asking our advice regarding contemplated investments will enable us to give much more helpful suggestions if they will state approximately the amount of money they have available for investing. All letters will be regarded as absolutely confidential, answers will be sent by mail, and in no case will the name of any correspondent or information obtained through the letters of any correspondent be published or used to his or her detriment. Kindly remember that hundreds of others are taking advantage of this offer. We ask your indulgence in the event of any delay. We assure you that your inquiry will not be overlooked, but will be answered in due course. Inclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address all communications: Investors' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.



THIS department has received numerous inquiries concerning the bonds and stocks of interurban electric railways, a form of investment which is growing increasingly popular, but concerning which the average investor knows little. The

### Growth of Electric Interurban Lines

interurban electric railway, as its name implies, is a railway operated by electric power connecting large towns and cities, and usually operating in competition with the steam railroads. At the present time, the interurban companies are operating probably 7,000 miles of track, as compared with 200,000 miles for the steam roads. This interurban mileage, although it will eventually be united into large systems, is at present controlled by a large number of companies, and numerous issues of bonds and stocks for construction, extensions, or consolidations are constantly being put out. Whereas the large steam railroad companies, being well known and long established, obtain money at four and four and one-half per cent. for their extensions, and sell their bonds in large blocks to insurance companies and savings banks, the interurbans, a growth of recent years, and therefore relatively unfamiliar to large investors, appeal more directly to the general public, and offer their bonds at five and sometimes six per cent., five per cent. being the standard rate for this class of security. The amount of these offerings of interurban securities is rapidly increasing. The industry is now firmly established. It is important that the investor should understand its limitations and its possibilities.

The interurban is primarily a passenger railway, reaching localities which the steam railways do not serve, closely following the movements of population which the steam railroads can not follow, picking up traffic at various points in the towns which they traverse and through the country at short intervals along their routes, and offering a service whose frequency and economy the steam roads can not equal. Wherever interurban lines have extended, they have cut heavily into the short distance passenger traffic of the steam railroad. Attempts of the latter to maintain their position in competition with the interurbans, by giving quicker service or by reducing fares, have generally proven fruitless. For example, in 1895, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway carried 203,014 passengers between Cleveland and Oberlin, a town thirty miles west. Seven years later, during which interval a fast interurban line had been established between the two cities, the number of Lake Shore passengers had fallen to 91,761, a decrease of from 16,918 passengers per month to 7,647. In all parts of the country similar results in competition with the steam railroads have been achieved by the interurbans. Where they have not cut into the steam road's short distance passenger traffic, they have, at any rate, seriously interfered with its growth.

Not only by competing with the steam roads have the interurbans prospered, but they have created a large amount of new traffic, which, without the convenience and cheapness of their facilities, would not have come into being. Travel is largely a matter of habit. Most people could profitably move about much more than they do. It is inertia, reluctance to exert themselves that holds them in their own places. By diminishing the effort required to move, by taking on the passenger at his own door and transporting him quickly and comfortably, in attractive cars, without the smoke, dirt, and noise incident to railway travel, to the door of his destination, the interurbans have greatly stimulated the habit of travel. While the steam roads have suffered from the competition in short-haul traffic, they have probably more than recovered the loss in the large increase of long-distance passenger business which has resulted from the rapid growth of the traveling habit, for which the interurbans are largely responsible.

THE interurban electric railroad has come to stay.

Let us clearly understand the causes which underlie its permanency. Most people are familiar with the general principle of electric traction and the difference

### Practical Advantages of the Trolley Roads

between electric and steam power as applied to transportation. On the electric railway, the necessary power for the movement of each car is taken from a wire or a third rail and applied directly to the axles of the cars. This is sharply contrasted with steam traction, where an engine, representing, with its tender, an enormous dead weight, is required to generate enough power, not only for its own propulsion, but also to drag after it a train of cars. Several consequences, important for the purposes of our discussion, result from this difference between steam and electric traction.

On the electric railway single cars may be moved, taking the power as required, in such numbers as to accommodate the traffic. The steam engine, however, must, for the sake of economy, be loaded somewhere near its capacity, so that the service is necessarily less frequent than that offered by the interurban. The steam service is, moreover, much slower, because of the greater amount of time required to start and stop the trains. A single electric car can be stopped in about half the time required to halt an engine, tender, and three cars of equal size; while, in starting, the advantage is even greater, the power applied directly to every axle of the electric car getting it into rapid motion before the steam engine has finished its preliminary exercises. The electric car, can, therefore, cover a much greater distance in a day than a passenger train, and can do this while making several times the number of stops. For example, West Chester, a town located twenty-two miles west of Philadelphia, is reached by the West Chester Traction Company, a high-speed interurban, and by a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The time on the electric route is somewhat longer; but the electric line makes thirty-five stops in a time of seventy-two minutes, as compared with four stops in fifty-six minutes for the steam road.

Another important advantage possessed by the interurban is its ability to follow the traffic uphill and down dale, over grades which are insurmountable to a steam railway, up which, indeed, steam power is insufficient to force an engine. A locomotive which, for each 1,000 pounds of weight on the driving wheels, the standard by which its efficiency is measured, can pull a load of 25,000 pounds on the level, can haul only 6,708 pounds up a grade of 44.8 feet to the mile. When a three per cent. grade, 158 feet to the mile, is encountered, it is about all that the engine can do to crawl, coughing and panting, to the summit. For the electric road, however, the height of the grade is merely a question of the amount of power to be taken from the wire, and equipment can be provided which will rush an interurban car, much heavier than the ordinary passenger coach, up a grade of 370 feet to the mile, at a speed of forty-five miles an hour, and at a comparatively small increase in expense. It is not strange, therefore, that the interurban can follow the traffic, no matter whither it leads, and can bring the people of an entire countryside into intimate touch with each other and with the outside world.

Nor is its advantage over the steam line confined alone to passenger traffic. In certain classes of freight traffic, it furnishes a service which the railroad can not duplicate. Milk, light merchandise traffic, dairy and truck produce, and all package freight can be collected and distributed by interurban freight cars far more cheaply and quickly than by the express and freight service of the railroads. While the interurban can not hope to compete with the steam line in long distance freight traffic, moved in heavy trains, over low grades, and with the economy of low-speed, yet in the light

freight traffic, moved for short distances, it excels the railway, and is coming to enjoy an increasing, although, compared with its passenger business, small revenue from this source.

WE understand what the interurban electric railway is, and what it does. How can the investor discriminate among the interurban bonds and stocks which are offered to him? The great majority of interurban enterprises hitherto projected have turned out badly, and the public is naturally suspicious of these securities, even when offered by houses of good reputation. It is well, therefore, for the investor to have in mind the features which distinguish an interurban investment from the greater number of interurban speculations.

The first caution to be given is, that an interurban road which costs, even in the flat prairie country, less than \$18,000 to \$20,000 a mile, should not be touched by the investor. Indeed, the cost of construction of the best lines in the Middle West, where the cost of grading is small, is about \$30,000 per mile, including equipment. In the Eastern States, where a large expense for grading, and bridge construction must be encountered, a first class line will cost from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a mile. A cheap road is an exceedingly undesirable investment. While everything is new, good dividends may be paid, and the assurance of security is apparently offered to the investor. In a few years, however, the cheap road will begin to fall to pieces. Equipment, power houses, and roadbed will rapidly deteriorate. The surplus over operating expenses will be reduced to pay the cost of general reconstruction, and the bondholders will be lucky to escape a reorganization. Such has been the almost universal experience of interurban lines built by speculative promoters, whose only desire is to make a profit out of a construction company and out of the stock which they foist upon unsuspecting purchasers.

Taking a cost of \$30,000 a mile as a minimum, how much must an interurban earn to make its financial position secure? Five per cent. on the cost of construction will call for at least \$1,500 a mile, 30,000 passengers paying five cents each. If sixty per cent. of the gross earnings are devoted to operating expenses, a sufficient margin will generally be left for necessary renewals and repairs to keep the property in first class condition. Suppose the interurban earns \$5,000 a mile, this allowance for operating expenses and renewals will require \$3,000. Interest charges will take \$1,500 more. To this sum will usually be added an annual appropriation out of earnings to retire the bonds either at maturity or at intervals during their life. If \$250 a mile be allowed for a sinking fund, there will remain, out of our \$5,000 of gross earnings, a surplus, over operating expenses and fixed charges, of \$250 a mile. If our interurban is already in operation, showing gross earnings of \$5,000 a mile, its five per cent. bonds, even if equal to the full cost of its construction—\$30,000 a mile—can be safely purchased, if they are protected by a sinking fund, and its stock, although dividends can not yet properly be paid, will be an attractive speculation, with a strong probability of showing large returns to the holder.

SO MUCH for the securities of an interurban property whose earnings are already realized. In cases where bonds are offered on a line not yet in operation, but which has been completed, and where, judging from the experience of properties similarly situated, gross earnings of \$5,000 may be expected, the investor may buy the bonds with reasonable security, if these do not represent more than sixty per cent. of the cost of the property. Bonds offered by companies whose railway property is not yet built, even when accompanied by liberal bonuses of stock, should, as a rule, not be purchased for investment, although they are often attractive to the speculator.

These suggested rules to guide the investor in interurban securities are by no means invariable in their application, and are subject to numerous exceptions. The investor should, furthermore, prefer the bonds of companies which own their own private rights of way, since operation over the public roads will in time become slow and costly. He should also satisfy himself that the management is experienced, and, above all, that the service which the road offers its patrons is first class. If these few cautions are held in mind, however, the bonds of interurban electric railways located in a territory whose population is increasing, may be recommended as safe investments. Of course, where the cost of construction increases, the earnings required for safety must be increased above \$5,000 a mile, and much larger earnings are necessary in order to make stock dividends so secure as to be attractive to the investor.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements.

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The publication of Mr. Fayant's articles "Fools and Their Money" and the opening of our Investors' Department startled us by the revelation of an astounding condition. Everybody knows in a general way that there is much speculation and unwise investment by the public. The tremendous flood of letters poured in upon us from the investing public indicated a condition truly appalling. This magazine has become fully aroused and is enlisted "for the war" against all forms of financial speculation. Our purpose is to stop the leaks in the reservoir of public wealth represented by money invested in speculation and divert the resulting overflow into legitimate investment channels. To this end we have undertaken to advise our subscribers and the public without charge in relation to their investments. Literally thousands of inquiries received found us at first unprepared. We have sought out sources of information, built an organization capable of caring for any number of inquiries and placed ourselves in a position to draw upon all available resources. We have employed brains to draw from all this the true situation and give it to the inquirer in a courageous and understandable manner. We are not tearing down on the one hand faster than we are capable of building up on the other. This information service and our best advice and counsel is free to all legitimate inquirers.

Write the Investment Department,

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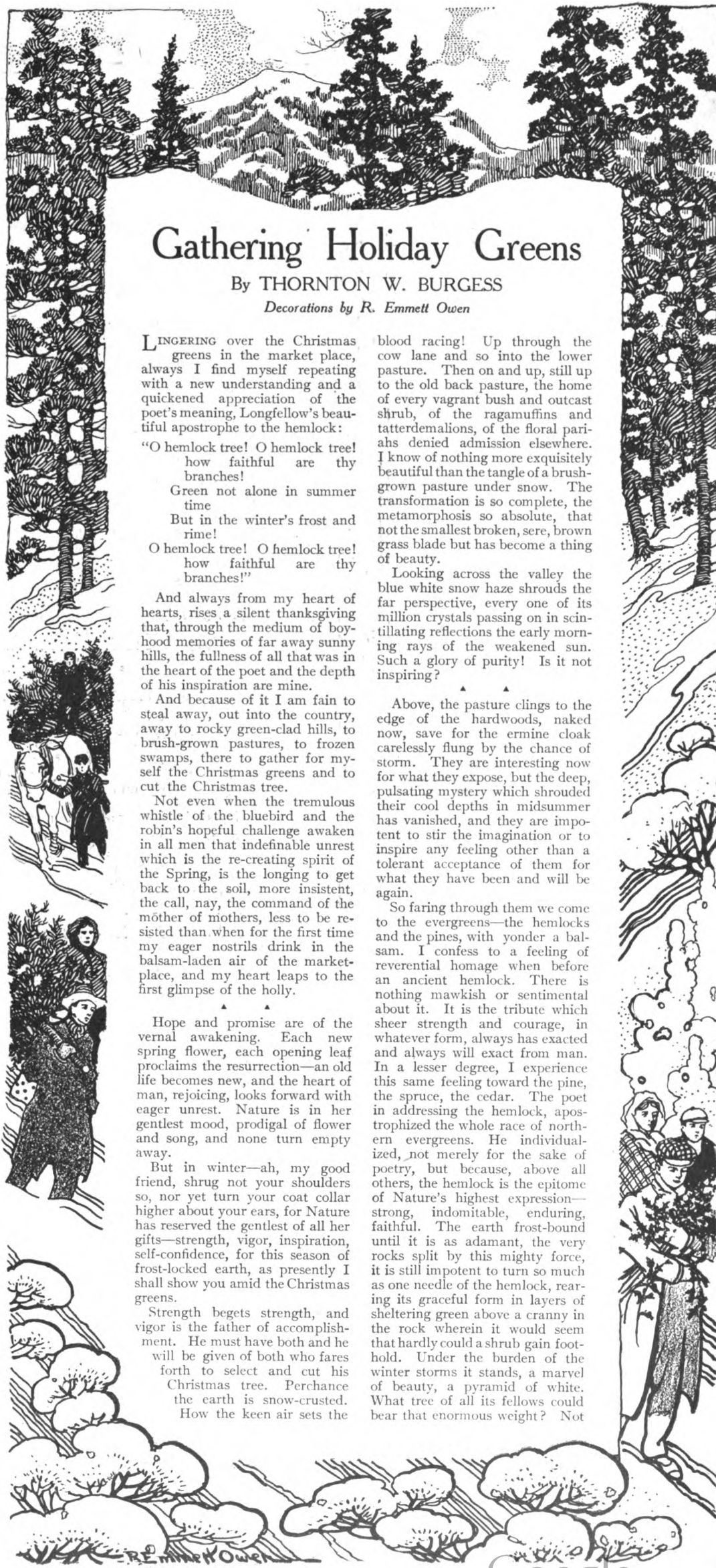
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## Gathering Holiday Greens

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Decorations by R. Emmett Owen

LINGERING over the Christmas greens in the market place, always I find myself repeating with a new understanding and a quickened appreciation of the poet's meaning, Longfellow's beautiful apostrophe to the hemlock:

"O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
how faithful are thy  
branches!  
Green not alone in summer  
time  
But in the winter's frost and  
rime!  
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!  
how faithful are thy  
branches!"

And always from my heart of hearts, rises a silent thanksgiving that, through the medium of boyhood memories of far away sunny hills, the fullness of all that was in the heart of the poet and the depth of his inspiration are mine.

And because of it I am fain to steal away, out into the country, away to rocky green-clad hills, to brush-grown pastures, to frozen swamps, there to gather for myself the Christmas greens and to cut the Christmas tree.

Not even when the tremulous whistle of the bluebird and the robin's hopeful challenge awaken in all men that indefinable unrest which is the re-creating spirit of the Spring, is the longing to get back to the soil, more insistent, the call, nay, the command of the mother of mothers, less to be resisted than when for the first time my eager nostrils drink in the balsam-laden air of the market-place, and my heart leaps to the first glimpse of the holly.

Hope and promise are of the vernal awakening. Each new spring flower, each opening leaf proclaims the resurrection—an old life becomes new, and the heart of man, rejoicing, looks forward with eager unrest. Nature is in her gentlest mood, prodigal of flower and song, and none turn empty away.

But in winter—ah, my good friend, shrug not your shoulders so, nor yet turn your coat collar higher about your ears, for Nature has reserved the gentlest of all her gifts—strength, vigor, inspiration, self-confidence, for this season of frost-locked earth, as presently I shall show you amid the Christmas greens.

Strength begets strength, and vigor is the father of accomplishment. He must have both and he will be given of both who fares forth to select and cut his Christmas tree. Perchance the earth is snow-cruised. How the keen air sets the

blood racing! Up through the cow lane and so into the lower pasture. Then on and up, still up to the old back pasture, the home of every vagrant bush and outcast shrub, of the ragamuffins and tatterdemalions, of the floral pariahs denied admission elsewhere. I know of nothing more exquisitely beautiful than the tangle of a brush-grown pasture under snow. The transformation is so complete, the metamorphosis so absolute, that not the smallest broken, sere, brown grass blade but has become a thing of beauty.

Looking across the valley the blue white snow haze shrouds the far perspective, every one of its million crystals passing on in scintillating reflections the early morning rays of the weakened sun. Such a glory of purity! Is it not inspiring?

Above, the pasture clings to the edge of the hardwoods, naked now, save for the ermine cloak carelessly flung by the chance of storm. They are interesting now for what they expose, but the deep, pulsating mystery which shrouded their cool depths in midsummer has vanished, and they are impotent to stir the imagination or to inspire any feeling other than a tolerant acceptance of them for what they have been and will be again.

So faring through them we come to the evergreens—the hemlocks and the pines, with yonder a balsam. I confess to a feeling of reverential homage when before an ancient hemlock. There is nothing mawkish or sentimental about it. It is the tribute which sheer strength and courage, in whatever form, always has exacted and always will exact from man. In a lesser degree, I experience this same feeling toward the pine, the spruce, the cedar. The poet in addressing the hemlock, apostrophized the whole race of northern evergreens. He individualized, not merely for the sake of poetry, but because, above all others, the hemlock is the epitome of Nature's highest expression—strong, indomitable, enduring, faithful. The earth frost-bound until it is as adamant, the very rocks split by this mighty force, it is still impotent to turn so much as one needle of the hemlock, rearing its graceful form in layers of sheltering green above a cranny in the rock wherein it would seem that hardly could a shrub gain foothold. Under the burden of the winter storms it stands, a marvel of beauty, a pyramid of white. What tree of all its fellows could bear that enormous weight? Not



one and come through unscathed as will this veteran of the mountain side.

Yielding under necessity but not breaking, bending but regaining its natural poise the instant the load is removed, yielding nothing to the heat of summer and less to the frost of winter, the hemlock is, in all seasons,—faithful. I feel better for an hour amid the hemlocks—uplifted, stronger of spirit and courage. Who can look upon one of these three soldiers in the forefront of the battle and not feel the better?

But we are after the tree of trees—the tree of merriment and good cheer, of kindly thought and loving gift. Which shall it be? Yonder balsam, redolent and spicy, is of about the right height and size, and its branches have just the required stiffness. Lacking a balsam, I confess to a leaning toward the hemlock, as you may have surmised, although it is not a general favorite because of lack of stiffness in its branches. This, however, is no detriment in my eyes, and is more than offset by the beauty of shape and inviting appearance of the flat spreading branches whereon candles will appear against the dark green, like some exquisite fruit.

The white pine also makes a most beautiful tree for the Yuletide, its soft, feathery foliage and general open appearance producing a charming effect under the skillful hands of the trimmer. The fir is a favorite because of its uniform shape and a certain stiffness. I own to something more than a mere feeling of regret when I see the woodman's ax lay low a giant of the forest, something akin to a sense of personal loss. But in the cutting of the Christmas tree, no regret finds place, but rather a gladness of spirit that a tree worthy of so beautiful a service is to be found—a feeling that an honor is conferred alike on tree and those for whose happiness the sacrifice has been made.

So with the tree securely lashed to the sled, not forgetting a liberal supply of hemlock branches for roping and trimming, we will away to the edge of the swamp, where, amid tangled brush, we will find, under the snow, the ground or princess pine, as certain of the lycopodiums are called. If we knew not the exact place of their abiding we would go away empty-handed because of the snow, but, knowing, we kick away the white covering to reveal these club mosses (for that is how the botanist classes them) as cheerfully green as if it had been June instead of December. Tenaciously the rootlets cling to the frozen earth, but as we pull and they come up, yard on yard, there comes with them a suggestive odor of leaf mold, an earthiness wholly of the earth earthy, that is wholesome. These greens will form into ropes and wreaths, retaining their splendid color far into the winter.

Another Christmas green there is,—the laurel on the mountain sides; but it lacks the fearless, wholesome appearance of the evergreen trees. However, it ropes very prettily, and finds a large place in brightening the home through the holiday. The smilax is too purely a southern plant to carry with it much of inspiration, and the mistletoe is so altogether lacking in beauty or character that, but for the pleasant myth surrounding it, it would find little place in Christmas decorating.

Last comes the holly—the beautiful holly, not only green, but also in the full scarlet glory of fruition! Nearly all the holly in the market comes from the South, and the gathering of it is delightful beyond the telling.

But in the North—for it grows in a few favored spots in New England—to have gathered it once at the Christmastide is to have come into the possession of memories which shall brighten even the brightest Christmas yet to come. Christmas without holly? Impossible! One of the brightest milestones along the trail of years is my first finding of the holly. We had tramped for hours through a snowy landscape, and then, suddenly, in the heart of an oak wood, it flashed out upon us green and red—red and green, for it was beauty fruited. There it stood amid the naked oaks, shining against a background of pure white, a living exemplification of the spirit of the season—symbolic of cheerfulness, strength, persistence, courage, faith!

I always feel better for seeing the holly; its cheer is of the kind that enters the soul of man. Did you ever see a glum or sour face above a spray of holly? But you know it not, you of the city, of the busy mart and endless toil. You buy it and take it home, and for a day it brings cheer and gladness into your lives, and is then cast out. But you who have seen it grow, you who have sought it in the stinging December air, you know and understand, and have come into that blessed inheritance of fellowship with Nature such as can be his only who seeks for himself the Christmas greens.



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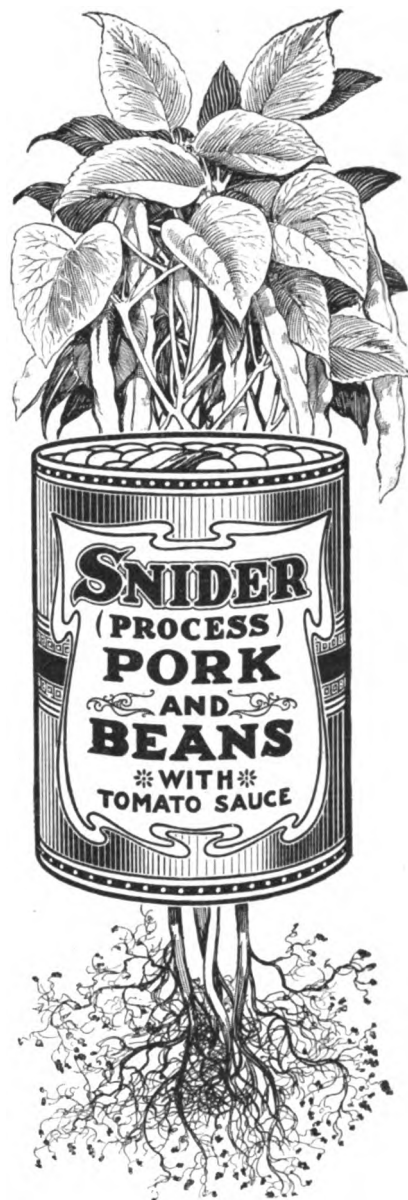
That Process not only extracts the bitter principle (Natural to all Beans) but makes them mellow, cheesy and firm to the tooth, while porous and absorbent, so the Stomach Fluids can readily penetrate and digest them.

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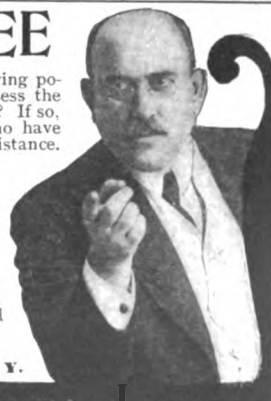
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His Queen is also crowned

HOW MUCH more inspiring it would be if the New Year were born with the spring, and we felt its newness in our veins and an awakened interest in life! Father Time's dictators, however, having decreed that we shall say "Happy New Year" in midwinter, let us say it with good grace. The fascination of watching the Old Year out and the New Year in will never die. It is forlorn and lonesome to sit by the fading embers of one's hearth alone and keep the vigil, so, if you would be a truly good neighbor, open wide your doors to neighbors and house guests for a "Watch Party,"



Looking up data

New Year's Eve. The holiday decorations are still in place, so there need be no extra expense for these, unless you wish to carry out the Chinese New Year idea. Even so, you can easily make flags and wall banners of cheap red paper and can borrow lanterns, while firecrackers and torpedoes for the little folks will not cost a great sum. Take the boys into your confidence, and arrange a brush heap, covered with inflammable material, for a big surprise bonfire at midnight. If you secure some red, white, and blue fire used in tableaux, the effect will be prettier. A flag to be raised to the top of a flagstaff, by means of a small pulley wheel and ropes, can be fixed by the boys, who will enjoy the work. Supply the boys with tin horns and whistles and manufacture a chime with the bells at your command.

It will be better for the very little children and the older persons, unused to late hours, if you serve your supper early in the evening, following it, if you wish, with hot coffee or mulled cider later on. The appetite is surfeited with the goodies of Christmas week, therefore let your *menu* be simple—assorted sandwiches, coffee and chocolate, and ginger, molasses, or sponge cake. If you care to take the trouble, have small cakes with the date "1907," in colored icing or nut meats on top. Place bowls of apples where the guests can help themselves. Pit the younger against the older guests in a spelling match, or old songs *versus* new, or arrange tables with the different Christmas games for a salmagundi party. Ask each to tell about the happiest day of the past year, and have "Confessions," each confessing his chief fault, the one he intends to "swear off" from during 1907. At a few minutes before midnight have the big bonfire started, so it will burst into flame when twelve o'clock sounds. Lead the guests there, and start the horns, whistles, and bells. Coach the young people to start singing "The Star Spangled Banner" as the flag is raised; then let all join hands around the bonfire and sing "America," and "Auld Lang Syne," ending with "Happy New Year" greetings.

Welcome the approaching season with social plans; then each succeeding month will find you prepared.

## Seeing the Old Year Out

### A New Year's House Party

BY LAURA A. SMITH

Illustrated by Harriet Adair Newcomb

#### TWELFTH NIGHT

Twelfth Night (Epiphany) which falls on January 6, was the Old Christmas, before the present calendar was adopted. It is celebrated in foreign countries as the feast of the Three Wise Men, or three kings. There is a Twelfth Night cake, with twelve candles to represent the apostles, and a King and Queen preside over the feasting and dancing. Twelfth Night revels are not well-established in this country, but they can be made pleasant affairs for young people still enjoying their college vacation of two weeks. To prepare for Twelfth Night, first bake a cake, richly spiced and filled with nuts. Before pouring the batter into the pan, add a bean. When the cake is baked and ready to cut, add the twelve white candles as a decoration. Make a crown of gilt paper and cardboard, and also prepare a fruit punch for the loving cup.

The first event of the evening is the cutting of the cake by the hostess. This is made an elaborate ceremony, with a grand march and softly played music. Each guest receives a slice of cake and the one to whom the bean falls is the King of the evening. The King is crowned with appropriate nonsense, selects his Queen, who is also crowned, and his Gentlemen-in-Waiting, and the Queen names her Maids of Honor. The King and Queen demand strict obedience, and are the leaders of the games or dancing.

Bean-bag games will come in nicely for Twelfth Night romping. If you have never made bean bags for the children, this is a good time to learn. Cut squares of denim or ticking, six inches or larger, as the children direct. Use light colors, white being best of all, so the bags can be seen in a dim light. Fill loosely with beans as softer bags are easier to catch and to throw than the hard ones. For a bean-bag race, divide your party into two sides with captains. Draw four squares, each one-foot square, at each end of the line of players. Place the bags in the squares at the top of each line and station one player by each square. These players must not stoop or touch a bag until the command, "Go," is given. Then each tries as quickly as possible to carry the bags from the top square, one at a time, and place them on the bottom square on his side. No bag must touch the sides of the squares. Both players go on a run, and the side scores whose player transfers the bags first. The second two players carry the bags back to the top squares. Fast music accelerates the race, so does the cheering of the sides. "Bean Bag Catcher" is a game that gives good excuse for a romp. Two players face a captain, who holds the bean bag. He suddenly drops it and one player grabs it and tries to reach his own ranks with it. If caught, he joins the enemy's ranks. The tossing games are many and require but little ingenuity to plan. In one, the players, with bags in hand, turn their backs and toss the bags over their heads to the other players,



Don't bring up old memories

who must catch them without moving their feet; or, the lines may face. One side holds the bags and tosses them across with the right hand, and opposites must catch with the right hand and send them back to the pitchers. This throwing and returning counts one point for each side. This may be varied by throwing and catching with the left hand, or by throwing and catching with both.

Supper follows this romp, then the final Twelfth Night ceremony. All Christmas greens must be taken down and burned on the yule log, or hearth, lest bad fortune follow you during the coming year. The King or Queen lays the last wreath on the flame with this adjuration, that all must, during this ceremony, banish grudges held over from the past year and live in peace and harmony during the coming one. The "loving cup" of grape juice, fruit punch, or mulled cider is passed from lip to lip, each making a wish for the New Year. If this is done in the true spirit, it is really an impressive ceremony.



Only five minutes more



### A "BURNS" ANNIVERSARY

Of course you will celebrate "Bobbie" Burns's birthday anniversary, January twenty-fifth. Have a family celebration, if there is no society of Scots to mark the sweet singer's feast. Welcome anniversaries of literary lights and statesmen which shall send your young people to the bookcase to look up dates and events. You little realize how you thus stamp upon their impressionable minds knowledge they will be glad to possess in later years. Ask each child to learn one of Burns's best loved poems, or a Scotch song. Use plaid ribbons and imitation heather in the decoration of your supper table, and prepare as many Scotch dishes for your *menu* as you can. Some good Scotch neighbor will help you out. Let young and old join in a Burns programme of readings, recitations, and songs, and hompipes, to the music of imitation bagpipes.

### CHRISTMAS STOCKING "SHOWER"

The midwinter bride elect comes in for her share of pre-nuptial entertainments. When Bess asks your aid in planning a small afternoon company for Margaret, a January bride, suggest a Christmas stocking "shower," to be given during holiday week while college girls are at home. As the guests who gather at bridal "showers" are the close friends of the bride elect, do not send formal invitations, but write little notes asking the girls to come to the Christmas Stocking Shower. Suggest to the different ones suitable little objects: things to be used in darning, cotton silk, needles, thimble bag and emery, markers, wooden forms for drying stockings—none of these need be expensive. If the girls wish a more handsome gift, let each contribute a small sum and make the gift a pair of silk stockings, the color of the wedding gown, or a box of lisle ones. Wrap each gift in red and green tissue paper in fancy shapes, and ask each giver to inclose an original verse prophesying domestic bliss or woe for the bride elect. Prepare a little booklet of water-color paper, cut into stocking shape, with red paper cover tied with tiny red ribbons. Have a different girl write on each page a bit of stocking lore. One may tell how to darn neatly, another give different uses for old stocking tops, or how to wash fine stockings, etc. For individual favors use little red gauze stockings filled with red candies. In one put an inexpensive ring for the next bride.

Plan so that the guest of honor will arrive a short time after the others, and have the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" played softly when she enters and while she is removing her wraps. As she enters the parlor, it should peal forth loudly, while the girls join in an original verse composed in her honor, sung to its melody. For a contest, play the game of "Hearts," or each girl can recite a romantic poem, sing a love ballad, or enact, in pantomime, incidents in the life and courtship of the guest of honor. Place the gifts for the "shower" in a large, red stocking, of sateen or crêpe tissue paper, and hang it on a chimney mantel in some other room, concealed from view. Ask the bride elect to find her Christmas stocking by following a small trail of rice, which leads in and out of the rooms, upstairs and downstairs and out on the porch, if the weather permits. The pianist should play a medley of Christmas carols softly while the bride elect follows the trail, increasing in volume as she approaches it, and ending in Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" when she finds it and opens the gifts and reads the verses.

Over the dining table suspend a Chinese umbrella or fancy parasol decorated with red and green crêpe tissue paper. Hang it by a wire so that it will twirl easily, and from the edge suspend the stocking favors. In the center of the table have a pedestal. An inverted glass vase, wound with smilax, will do for this, and, standing on it, a doll in bridal finery. Near the base of the pedestal you can place a small boy doll kneeling on a tiny white satin cushion, if you wish a touch of fun. Light the table with four candles, with shades of white water-color paper decorated with tiny wreaths of red hearts. With smilax form a garland from candlestick to candlestick, ending with a red bow on each stick.

Serve your favorite fruit salad, in orange shells cut to represent flower petals, a sweet wafer, fruit gelatine, in different colored layers and with the top layer of custard flavored with pounded macaroons, and whipped cream with rose flavor. On the miniature bride's cake trace the initials of the bride elect in silver candies. Serve chocolate and grape juice to drink. Whirl the umbrella above the table and let each girl grab a stocking favor.

## AN OPEN LETTER

Much has been printed about the life insurance business during the past year. Let me call your attention at this time to a few things regarding The Equitable Life Assurance Society.

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The Society has complied with the new laws of the State of New York with exact preciseness. These laws provide every safeguard that a wise Legislature could devise to protect policyholders. They restrict the investments of life insurance companies. They provide that expenses shall be kept within proper limits and control the cost of new business. They prevent rebating and political and other blackmail. They prevent many questionable things that insurance companies have done heretofore.

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Life insurance in the Equitable is the best asset you can have. It will grow better with time. If you have no insurance, or if you can afford to increase the insurance you already have, you are doing your family an injustice if you do not take it. Nothing can take its place.

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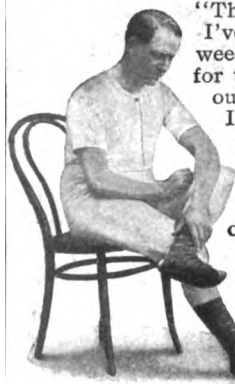


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## Holeproof Hosiery

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## The People's Lobby

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 18]

announcement in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and I congratulate you for originating the plan. Everyone who talks to me about it considers it thoroughly practical and of great importance. Yours very truly, R. M. ALLEN.

Here is another letter, which is so interesting that it also demands some space. The writer is vice president of the J. D. Williams & Brother Company, of Scranton, Pennsylvania:

SCRANTON, PA.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

We inclose herewith our "mite" to help along the cause as has been presented in SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

We have long wished to see some such move take on tangible form. In the hands of competent and experienced practical men this move should become such a power for good to the common weal as has never been known before. Permit us to urge the selection of men who are thoroughly practical and in close touch with current events on your Governing Board. Our experience convinces us that we are suffering more by far than many appreciate, from what has been "done to us" by lawyers and "has-beens."

Take, as one instance, the new pure food law, it abounds in many absolutely impractical restrictions while ignoring others that should have been placed therein.

As a member of our City Council, we are amazed at the indifference of our own citizens. Measures are crowded through that if properly exposed by the "limelight of publicity" would never dare be presented. We have found the same true of our State Legislature—almost impossible to so much as secure a hearing unless you could afford an expensive lobby to compete with other large vested interests who purposely occupy the center of the stage. This being out of the question for the most part by those directly affected, compels their submission very often to unjust and burdensome conditions equally distributed.

Nothing is too good for Americans, provided what they receive is for value given. In our President's phrase,—"A square deal," no more, no less, to every man, rich or poor.

D. L. MORGAN.

And this from an attorney, of Washington, D. C.:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I am much interested in the proposed People's Lobby suggested in your October number, as well also in the article by Mr. Needham in the same number. In the language of the day, this "looks good" to me.

The proposition is not only worthy of consideration, but it also thoroughly deserves to be put into active, energetic operation.

I am inclosing check, National Park Bank, New York, for \$5.00 and wish the movement every success.

JOHN B. DAISH.

The People's Lobby "looks good" to a great many other professional men, Mr. Daish. They are writing from every corner of the country to tell us so, and to give to the fund.

The next two letters are striking examples of the right spirit. The first—and, by the way, it was the very first contribution following the October announcement—was sent from the writing-room of a New York department store; the second, dashed off on a picture post-card and slipped into an envelope, was written on a train, "between Elmira and Binghamton, New York."

GRANTWOOD, N. J.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

The movement suggests a millennium. One dollar inclosed.

W. D. YORK, PA.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Have just read about the People's Lobby. Inclosed find \$1.00, and am sorry I can't send more, as I am paying off a large debt, but I want to have a part in so good a work. Have no paper here, but this card will answer, being a picture of the home of our beloved "Mark Twain," who is, I see, on the Governing Committee of the People's Lobby. JAS. O. FIELD.

Another good short one comes from Washington, D. C.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Simply as one of the people, and in sympathy with your movement for honesty and publicity, I herewith inclose you a dollar bill for the People's Lobby.

H. P. GERALD.

It is a pleasure to read these letters. They tell better than anything that could be said by the editors of this magazine what a big thing

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the People's Lobby is. They make it plain, in a word, that this is a *people's* lobby. It is for the people, of the people. The people must play a considerable part in its support. It is solely to the people and their interests that the work of the Lobby is pledged.

With this in mind, it is especially interesting to hear from the farmer. He is the man who has the least opportunity to keep himself informed on political questions. The local newspapers and weeklies, he is so often compelled to read, are seldom prosperous enough to be independent of the men who advertise. The patent-medicine exposures have made that plain. And so he has taken to reading the magazines. He is given to thinking, when he has time for it; and he wants to know the truth. The following letter is a fair sample of what he has to say about the People's Lobby. The writer of this one incloses five dollars:

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I waited with much interest during September for the October number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. I was very anxious to see the plan of the People's Lobby.

It seems very hard to elect honest men to Congress but I think the People's Lobby will solve the problem.

I like your magazine because you are fighting the men who are against the interests of the people. As a farmer I have n't much time to think about anything but the management of the farm, but nevertheless we are intensely interested when we see a magazine like yours going after the bad men in Congress.

ONLY A FARMER.

And another of the many plain citizens who are contributing has this to say:

KEARNEY, NEB.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Please find inclosed one dollar for the People's Lobby, sent by a farmer.

Still another, "from Missouri:":

FAIR HAVEN, MO.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Inclosed find a dollar for your undertaking. Here's "power to your elbow!"

Turn on the searchlight, and let the people know the whole truth about our national legislators and their legislative doings, not-doings and won't-doings.

LUCIUS GOSS.

A rancher, of Oregon, makes a suggestion which the founders of the Lobby, in the rush of organizing the committee and getting subscriptions, had not thought of for themselves. Like the Lobby itself it is so simple and so extremely effective in outline, that it is hard to see how anybody missed thinking of it:

QUINTON, OREGON.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

It is with great pleasure that the undersigned, a rancher, incloses his dollar for this grand cause and wishes you God's aid.

I would respectfully suggest that an organization of the subscribers be formed at the proper time and that they should agree to pay a stated sum yearly for the perpetuation of the Lobby.

Every honest American could be relied upon and there are millions of them.

The Lobby will do more to retard the growth of the various "isms" bordering upon chimerical inclination than all else.

CHARLES EDWARD BROWN.

There was a hint of Mr. Brown's thoughtful suggestion in Mr. Irwin's letter, in which he says that the Lobby will hear from him "again and again" if it "does anything worth while." Others, we find, are writing to the same effect. Read this one, for example:

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I want, as one individual, to thank you for the article on the People's Lobby and for the idea. I am still only a prospective multi-millionaire but will cheerfully subscribe a dollar, and will promise that it will not be the last.

F. E. WILLIAMS.

And this—still more to the point:

WENATCHEE, WASH.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

The People's Lobby is just what is needed, and what we must have! And while there are those who can contribute larger sums to start the ball rolling, (and *maintain*, as well,) here's my first dollar for an *annual* subscription, that we, and the members of the People's Lobby may be assured of a *permanent fund*, to sustain a *permanent undertaking*.

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undertaking, not secured by temporary or occasional sums donated.

Here's to the People's Lobby, with a hearty Godspeed!—and a cheer for the originator, Henry Beach Needham, and the promoter, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, for their effective efforts in introducing and sustaining the movement!

O. V. WALLACE.

The idea, like the Lobby (as Mr. Daish put it) "looks good." And as this is a people's lobby, we cheerfully pass it on to the people, which means all of you—every reader, and all the acquaintances of every reader. Let us hear how it strikes you. It may be that a People's Lobby League can be started in every town, and more than one in every city. There is no danger that too much money will be raised, yet awhile. The Lobby can easily spend \$25,000 a year, even more, and a permanent endowment fund of several hundred thousand dollars is the surest and safest source for those dollars. Read this one, and you will catch the same enthusiastic spirit at work:

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I am one of the thousands that have read with a deep responsive interest your plan for a People's Lobby. It commends itself to all true patriots. When capital makes its avaricious onslaughts and enacts pernicious legislation against the rights, interests, and liberties of the common people, then it is high time that they by definite plan and effective organization not only repeal such high-handed class legislation, but also take aggressive steps for the protection and perpetuity of their natural rights. Standing for right and justice, the movement is bound to succeed.

I heartily indorse all that has been said in the recent articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It appeals to me deeply. I am glad some plan for the support of the Lobby was mentioned, and I inclose my check for \$25.

T. L. CAMPBELL.

Well, the letters are heaped on all sides of me as I write. I should like to quote them all, but a few brief extracts will have to do. A telegraph operator, Elias N. Stoner, of Rowenna, Pa., says, in sending his dollar: "I have called the attention of several persons to your article in the October number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and you can look for other contributions through my efforts. I am working on a comparatively small salary, but I shall contribute more later."

"Excuse paper in a mountain resort hotel," says Charles Cramer, of Knoxville, Tenn., "and find inclosed one dollar for People's Lobby."

"Inclosed please find my minute contribution of \$3.00 toward the 'corruption fund' which is to establish a lobby for the 'special interests' of an army of common citizens who have heretofore had very inadequate representation in Washington." This is from Dr. O. P. Ohlmacher, of Detroit.

D. C. Smith, "one of the common people," of Kansas City, speaks to the point. "My best wishes go with this venture. I send my dollar, and wish I could send a thousand." An exceedingly modest "reader, of Wisconsin," says: "I'll try to get some more dollars for this."

I conclude with a thoughtful letter from Cleveland:

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I send herewith a draft for \$25.00 for the work of the People's Lobby. I am teaching Civics and Economics in the Cleveland Central High School, and have read with great interest the accounts of your plans. The scheme is so simple and so desirable that it seems a wonder no one thought of it before. It seems as though a large part of our control over government must come from supervision of the action of officials by trained specialists employed by volunteer organizations. What some of our municipal associations have been able to accomplish for our city governments and what the Chicago Legislative Voters' League is seeking to do for the Illinois Legislature, shows the success of the method. It is surprising no one thought of applying the same method to the national government.

Of course all turns on the characters of the men on whom the real work of your organization will rest, and the degree of popular confidence they will command, but I think there can be little doubt that you will choose wisely.

CHARLES E. OZANNE.

The issue is now defined! The corporations don't seem to want the People's Lobby. The people, apparently, do want it. The time has come to take sides.



## AT THE PLAY

The New Themes of the Dramatists

By Porter Emerson Browne

LIKE green oases on the desert theatrical, three plays stand out prominently this fall—"The Great Divide," "Nurse Marjorie," and "The Red Mill." The first of these, a play in three acts, by William Vaughn Moody, was produced by Henry Miller at the Princess Theater, the leading rôles being taken by Mr. Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, who are supported by a company that is eminently excellent. A word of praise for the quality of the production is not amiss.

The basic theme of the piece is not particularly new. But the treatment it has received at the hands of Mr. Moody lifts it to far heights of drama and poesy. It is the soul struggle of two warring characters, both innately good, but one roughened with the crudeness of almost barbarism, the other polished with the refinement of ultra-civilization. Briefly, it is the story of a woman who sells herself under the law to the least repulsive of three miscreants, to save herself from the other two. In the end, the primitive soul of the man becomes refined under the influence of right living and right thinking; and the woman gains a mental perspective that compels her to estimate at their true value the qualities that her New England conservatism had touched with the dull colors of abhorrence and hate. It would be far easier to say too little than too much in praise of the acting of both Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin. Mr. Miller was simple, natural, and powerful, and he lent to the part a quiet dignity that, from its conception, one would have said it were well-nigh impossible to impart. Miss Anglin was convincing; and having said that, one gives all the praise in his power, for being convincing in a part such as *Ruth Jordan* means that one must strike the chord of almost every human emotion, and strike it so that it will ring true.

\* \* \*

"Nurse Marjorie" is the first of the series of plays that Eleanor Robson is to produce at the Liberty Theater. The author, Israel Zangwill, has created a piece that combines the gratifying features of cleanliness, simplicity, and prettiness, although one should have a little English *data* to appreciate it to the full. It is the story of a young member of Parliament, a "friend of the people," who goes to the hospital for an eye operation. His nurse is the daughter of a duchess. The young member of Parliament, however, assumes that she is of the people, and she, irritated by certain masculine arrogance that he has shown, goes to some pains to solidify this belief. He falls in love with her. She, in a spirit of revenge, puts him through every form of humiliation that is at her command, and then, seeing how well he bears the ordeal, grows to love him. She confesses her love and her true station. Thereupon the member of Parliament turns angrily upon her, denounces her for her treatment of him, and, realizing how fatal to political prospects would be his marriage to the daughter of a duchess, angrily leaves her. Of course, another act arranges all as it should be, and you leave with a pleasant taste in your mouth. Miss Robson is delightful. H. B. Warner, as the young member of Parliament, does well, and Reuben Fax, in the part of the Cornish father of the "people's friend," presents one of the best bits of character acting ever seen on an American stage.

\* \* \*

In "The Red Mill," Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert have given Montgomery and Stone, late stars of the "Wizard of Oz," a vehicle that in both music and libretto is far ahead of anything else that this season has adduced. It runs smoothly and pleasantly. The book is consistently amusing; the music is consistently pleasing. It is uniformly good from the rising of the curtain to the going down thereof, as the detachment of speculators, like hungry vultures roosting around the lobby, well attests.

The plot—but why be captious? There is a plot, a bit anæmic, to be sure, but still a plot. So it were better just to say these other pleasant things about the many delightful features of the play and leave the plot in peace.

\* \* \*

Much interest centered in the appearance of Henry Broadbri Irving, younger son of the late Sir Henry Irving, who, with his wife, Dorothea Baird, made his American *début* at the New Amsterdam Theater in Stephen Phillips's poetic tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca." In appearance, Mr. Irving closely resembles his father—and that is as far as it is fair to make comparison. A man in Mr. Irving's position has not only his own reputation to achieve but his father's to combat. Of course, when Mr. Irving gives us his father's repertory, then he himself invites paternal comparison;

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when he presents pieces of his own, he should stand, or fall, by himself.

The keynote of the whole performance, which, scenically, was magnificent, was artificiality. It was theatrical; and so it was played by the entire cast from Mr. Irving down. In one or two scenes, where Mr. Irving's forced voice and tense manner harmonized with the lines and action of the piece, then, and then only, did he seem convincing; and yet it should be said that, at those times, he was magnificent. In the scene when he plans to murder his wife and her lover, and in the later scene after this was done, his harsh-voiced, monotonous repression was thrilling. Miss Baird coped with a part that was for her impossible. She failed utterly to give the rôle the emotional intensity it demanded, and was throughout impassive, studied, unreal. And the Paolo of E. Harcourt Williams was but little better.

"The Prince of India," a dramatization in five acts and a prologue, by J. I. C. Clarke, from the novel by General Lew Wallace, proved a good deal of a disappointment. Primarily, it was a spectacle; and the first two acts were not even well staged, the scenery being worn and the costumes cheap. The battle scene, however, was a very good spectacular effect, even to the sundry bushels of real dust that was thrown over the footlights to choke those seated in the fore of the orchestra. The part, and the acting of Emmet Corrigan stood out startlingly from the surrounding mediocrity. The rest of the cast consistently overacted and stiltedly read their stilted lines.

Another piece, similar to "The Prince of India" was "Mizpah," a Biblical drama, founded on the story of Esther, and manufactured by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscomb Searelle. It was a ponderous, slow-moving, monotonous effort. At times the verse rose for brief intervals above the commonplace; at times there was dramatic strength; but in the main it was unrelieved by any extraordinary interest.

When, in the course of human events, one comes upon a piece like "Popularity," one must stop and take a long breath, and shake one's head and sigh. In that piece, the dynamic and effervescent George M. Cohan makes his *début* as a writer of serious plays; and it is serious, so serious, in fact, that it should be fumigated, straight-jacketed, and put in the contagious hospital. It is a striking example of what ought not to be in stagecraft. A puerile, bathetic melodrama, with mawkish lines, maudlin sentiment, and wobbling construction, it is well-nigh unworthy of dignified consideration. Its story is trite, illogical, and crudely unsavory. The leading part, essayed by Thomas W. Ross, of "Checkers" fame, is that of an insufferable a boor as ever drew the breath of life; Florence Rockwell staggers through an ultra-emotional rôle bristling with stilted lines that reek of the cheap melodrama; and Frederic de Belleville is ashamed of himself in the part of a wealthy and arrogant New Yorker.

A piece that was distinguished by some very excellent acting and many good situations, a piece that merited a fate better than that which it met, was "John Hudson's Wife," in which appears, at Weber's Theater, Hilda Spong, William Hawtre, and a capable supporting company. It was the story of a woman who, to assist her impoverished family, marries for money a man whom she does not love, and who honorably contracts marriage on that strict understanding. In the end she learns to love him as he loves her. The character delineation by William Hawtre of a blatant, bumptious, befuddled *bon vivant* is a piece of work long to be remembered. It was one of the most striking bits of character work that Broadway has seen in a long time. Miss Spong, too, deserves much praise for her excellent work in a part that was somewhat ill-suited to her physical appearance.

In "The Genius," Nat Goodwin has found a part for himself, and little else. The play possesses a good idea, badly handled and badly played, with the exception, that is, of the rôle assumed by Mr. Goodwin. Briefly, the play is the story of a wealthy young man, who, unpossessed of any artistic talent, buys the brain-children of three impoverished geniuses, and makes himself the lion of the hour. He is engaged to a girl whose affection he has won by means of these purchased laurels. Then he falls in love with a model. To escape from his *fiancée*, he convinces her that to marry her would be to nip in the bud an artistic career of which the model is the inspiration; whereat his *fiancée* sacrifices herself and her love that Art may live. It is promising material, and it is unfortunate that it does not keep all of its promises.

Jesse Lynch Williams's newspaper play, "The Stolen Story," failed because it was a bad play, badly played; which is reason enough. Were it not enough, the over-technicality of the piece would account for additional non-success. It had one good scene—a newspaper office. The rest of the piece was hopelessly bad, and neither Jameson Lee Finney nor Dorothy Tennant achieved any measure of personal success.

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# Fools and Their Money

By FRANK FAYANT

[Continued from page 11]

while a few were put out by honest men intoxicated by the sight of the fortunes their fellows were making over night at Spindle Top.

In the promoter's scramble for victims, between five and six hundred companies, capitalized at about \$4,000,000,000, offered their shares to investors at prices ranging from one cent to ten dollars. How many millions of dollars were taken from investors, one can only conjecture. The stockholders got only a small fraction of their money back. Some companies paid monthly dividends in the same way that the "discretionary pools" paid theirs—out of the victims' money. Only about one in twenty of these companies—good, bad, and indifferent—offered their wares through the Sunday "Herald" in 1901, and so we are concerned only with these, but the story of the whole Beaumont boom is told in these few. All of the companies named here either have forfeited their charters or are moribund.

F. Ellsworth Vail, who deals in "investment securities" in lower Broadway, New York, was sponsor for two of these companies, the Mobile-Beaumont Oil Company and the Pennsylvania and Texas Oil Company. The second was a preposterous promotion, paying sixty per cent. dividends in monthly parts, month after month, while Vail and other "fiscal agents" were hawking the stock at fifteen cents a share. My request to Mr. Vail for particulars concerning the success of these companies immediately brought a naive reply, (he thought I was one of his "clients.") He offered to give me some Santa Rita Copper Mining and Smelting Company stock in exchange for the oil shares he supposed he had sold me, if I would send him some more money. The Santa Rita, it may be said in passing, is an Arizona Company, described in the Denver "Daily Mining Record" as "a shifty corporation which has done little but sell stock."

Mr. Vail was surprised at my ignorance of the worthlessness of Texas oil stocks, and, in his frank effort to enlighten me, he tersely told the whole story of the Beaumont fizzle: "I supposed that everyone was aware of the fact that salt water had entered the Beaumont oil fields and had adversely affected practically all of the companies operating there. These fields have undergone a great many changes since your shares were purchased. At the start, there was an unlimited supply of oil, and no way to get it to market. When this difficulty was finally overcome, a tremendous fire took place, which destroyed nearly everything in sight. It was visited the same way for a second time, and, lastly, salt water began to flow into the wells. It was a freak of nature entirely unexpected." It was a kind Providence that visited Spindle Top with fire and flood and thus blotted out the misdeeds of the horde of financial parasites!

Sanford Makeever, a "fiscal agent" in Chicago, in 1901, and now the head of Makeever Brothers, "owners and developers of mines," Broadway, New York, offered the stock of the million-dollar Home Oil Company as "an opportunity to double one's money in a few days." The reason for Mr. Makeever's optimism was that "a gusher was daily expected." Mr. Makeever writes me: "The Home Oil Company was taken over by the Star Petroleum Company, and after an experience which six hundred other companies had at Beaumont, the salt water broke in from the ocean and destroyed all the wells. We do not know what has become of the officers. Are you an owner of El Favor stock? This is a great mine, and fortunes will be made out of it in the years to come." Mr. Makeever sends me the prospectus of the wonderful El Favor, and offers me, besides,



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stocks in various other mining companies in the United States and Mexico that he is promoting on the exchange-what-you-don't-want-for-what-you-do system, and he assures me that I will have "the most magnificent run for my money ever given an investor." "Do you believe," asks Mr. Makeever, "the fairy tales you see advertised in the newspapers by adventurers in this line of work, who promise untold wealth and quick fortunes to every investor? Who will care for the two hundred thousand stockholders who have invested \$40,000,000 in at least one thousand Nevada mines which are already complete losses, and the thousands more that will yet become losses?"

No, I confess I do not believe these fairy tales, and that is why I am writing this series of articles. But I must believe the column article in the New York "Sun" of October 10, telling how thirty-one stockholders in one of Mr. Makeever's mining companies did not think they had had a good "run for their money," and sued his "banking house" for \$84,500. The sheriff levied on the firm's sumptuous offices.

For the Maid of Orleans Oil Company, the Magnolia Fuel Oil Company and the Olga Ventura Oil Company, a California promotion, the sponsors were Kaye, De Wolf & Company, who are now out of the oil business and are "mine operators" in Cortlandt Street, New York. The three oil companies are dead. In explanation, Mr. De Wolf says: "We were never intimately associated with these companies, and merely acted as brokers for the sale of their stock. The Olga Ventura was promoted and put out by a Boston concern many years ago. They claimed to have some excellent producing ground in the oil district of Southern California, and, for a time, they were very successful. We have heard nothing of this company for the past five or six years, and, so far as we know, it is out of existence. The Maid of Orleans and the Magnolia ceased to become producers when the Texas oil field at Spindle Top stopped producing. We sold both of these stocks on a commission basis only, but we have taken back a great many hundred thousand shares of stock in these companies, and made an allowance for them in exchange for other stocks we were putting out." This firm is in the business of "putting out" stocks to-day on the exchange-what-you-don't-want-for-what-you-do system, and its methods are of interest. Mr. De Wolf tries to throw off responsibility for these three failures by hiding behind his broker's cloak. Mr. De Wolf's firm made certain promises to investors. Offering the Magnolia stock, the firm made this promise: "Dividends will shortly be declared of at least three per cent. a month." But where is the thirty-six per cent. Magnolia to-day? Dead! And the Maid of Orleans? "You can not help making large profits in this stock," was the broker's prediction in July; "Millions in Texas oil—an opportunity for investors to share in millions," was their slogan in September; and a month later this prediction: "Buy before the stock goes to gusher prices; we predict that this stock, bought now at five cents a share, [It was first offered at twelve and one-half cents.] will be selling at five hundred per cent. advance within three months."

These "bankers and brokers," as they styled themselves, were not very good oil prophets. A year later, as "mine operators," they were again prophesying. They offered at fifteen cents a share the stock of the New York Grass Valley Gold Mining Company, capital \$2,000,000, in Nevada County, California. Their prophecy in September, 1902, when they first advertised the stock, was: "It is expected that dividends will begin about January 1; this undoubtedly will be one of the biggest dividend payers in the State of California within twelve months, and will no doubt be selling above par." A week later they were more positive: "Dividends of twelve per cent. to twenty-four per cent. assured on this stock when the mine is in operation." And in October their advertisement was captioned with this alluring promise: "Dividends—one hundred per cent. to two hundred per cent. per annum, beginning in January." That was four years ago. The promised dividends of "one hundred per cent. to two hundred per cent. per annum" have not been paid—not even one per cent. or two per cent. Mr. De Wolf wrote me recently: "The stock has not yet begun to pay dividends; we do not believe, as some of our contemporaries do, in paying dividends while the mines are still in need of money, although we probably could do so quite as well as they." Mr. De Wolf has written me several long letters in explanation of the fact that the mine has earned no dividends these four years. His letters are very frank in showing why the mine has not earned dividends, but very evasive as to why he and his partner promised "dividends of one hundred per cent. to two hundred per cent." within a few weeks. Now that the cyanide plant is installed, Mr. De Wolf says that the property will produce \$20,000 to \$30,000 a month, "creating a handsome reserve for dividends." I hope it will, and that the "one hundred per cent. to two hundred per cent. dividends," four years overdue, will materialize. Meanwhile, the stock can be bought from impatient holders around nine cents a share. Mr. De Wolf's and Mr. Kaye's letters to me concerning this property are so enthusiastic, and so frank withal, that, skeptical as I am of all these advertised bonanzas, I am tempted to go out into the market place and pick up a little of the nine-cent Grass Valley that will return me, at this price, from one hundred and sixty-six per cent. to three



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One of the most active "fiscal agents" of this period was John J. Bunte. Mr. Bunte has been distributing new company stocks to credulous investors for the past ten years from a Broadway office, and his letter head carries the legend, "Oldest established mining stock house in New York." His record is, therefore, of interest. His first venture in 1901 was the Premier Cariboo Gold Mining Company. Offering the stock at twenty-five cents a share, he threw out this alluring bait: "Greater dividend possibilities than any other stock now offered." Mr. Bunte was optimistic. The possibilities must have been wonderful, for even now, with the company only a memory, Mr. Bunte says that "no statements were ever made by him that were not fully warranted." In explanation of the company's failure, he says: "I raised all the capital necessary to drive a tunnel 1,495 feet long. I never sold a share of my own stock, and \$1,500 of my own cash was put into the enterprise, and is still there. The company simply came to a standstill for lack of additional capital, which was hard to raise, after nearly 500 feet more of a tunnel had been driven than the engineer in charge first reported it would require to reach the ancient river bed."

And so the golden treasure was left to lie in the ancient river bed, while Mr. Bunte wandered into oil promotions. He became the sponsor of the North-western Oil and Coal Company. But this venture, he says, "came to a standstill, too." He disclaims responsibility for it. "The company was never put out by me," he says. "I bought some of the stock, and they sent me some of their printed literature with my name thereon. The company's management was honorable in every respect. One of the directors, himself, put \$8,000 in cash into it, and never got a cent of it back. Two wells were drilled, one of which was a producer; the second was ruined by the casing getting jammed, and the company came to a standstill for lack of railway facilities, which had been promised and actually begun, but which were later abandoned." During the Beaumont oil boom Mr. Bunte put out two companies, the Guarantee Oil Company and the Knickerbocker Oil and Refining Company. The first was a \$300,000 concern, taking its name from the fact that a "gusher was guaranteed." While selling the Guarantee stock at ten cents on the dollar, the optimistic Mr. Bunte made this astonishing statement: "Dividends promise to surpass each month the face value of the stock." In the days of Spindle Top gushers, 1,200 per cent. dividend promises were not uncommon. But the money-mad investors who swallowed the 1,200 per cent. bait had the same experience as thousands of other buyers of the "gusher" stocks. "This company," says Mr. Bunte now, "is in the same fix that 495 oil companies out of 500 that commenced business on Spindle Top are in; the oil simply played out unexpectedly." This company too, Mr. Bunte says, furnished him printed matter and free advertising. "Frequently," he says, "printed matter is sent to me with my name printed thereon as fiscal agent, and I am urged almost daily to accept the agency of companies."

The Knickerbocker company was a more ambitious affair. Capitalized at \$5,000,000, its directorate contained such eminent names as the Hon. James H. Rugles; the Hon. Francis H. Wilson, a former postmaster of Brooklyn; and Henry E. Hutchison, president of the Brooklyn Bank. Mr. Bunte was more than optimistic over this company, for, in his appeal to investors, he gravely said: "Having been established for years, and having placed many stocks, with no failures, I offer this stock, feeling that it is the safest, the cheapest, the surest to pay large dividends." But the Knickerbocker was a Spindle Top failure. Mr. Bunte now frankly acknowledges that his promotions of five years ago were failures, but that does not deter him from offering to pay my expenses to New York if I will buy some stock in his new Nevada bonanza, the Bullfrog Keystone Gold Mining Company, capital \$1,500,000. "This," he tells me, "is the choicest money making offering" he has ever had the pleasure of presenting to his customers. Mr. Bunte started selling this stock in March at five cents a share, and now he is charging twenty cents. But it is still dirt cheap if all he says is half true. "Six hundred thousand dollars," says the optimistic Mr. Bunte, "is what that shrewd business man, Marshall Field, made out of a mining stock for which he paid \$625. If you invest \$600 in Bullfrog Keystone, it will give you as good a chance for a fortune as Marshall Field made with \$625. If you can't see your way to pay cash, buy the shares on the installment plan. Take calm reason by the hand, and as sure as reason exists you will become a stockholder. Act now! To-morrow may be too late." Mr. Bunte tells me that \$100 invested with him may roll into \$10,000 within a few months. His prophecies of the Beaumont gusher days are mere commonplaces compared with his Nevada wonder tales. Any lingering doubt in the investor's mind as to the worth of Bullfrog Keystone vanishes on reading the unsolicited, enthusiastic praise of the company from the pen of the Hon. Ernest Cady, former lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, and former vice-president of Pike's Federal Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Mr. Bunte, in a later letter, says: "I can not see where my methods have any particular bearing on the value of a company's property or stock. My selling

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or not selling stock certainly will not add or detract any amount of ore that may be in the company's ground." I quite agree with him.

The Forward Reduction Company, capital \$5,000,000, exploiting the petroleum-refining process of its president Dr. Chauncey B. Forward, of Cleveland, was more pretentious than the ordinary Texas wildcat. But it went bankrupt, and the losers had an opportunity of sending good money after bad by buying (at a generous discount,) the stock of its successor, the Orange Oil and Refining Company, the treasurer of which, Myra B. Martin, has this niche in Mr. Stevens's "Copper Handbook," (re George A. Treadwell Mining Company.) "The she-secretary of the company signs all the advertisements, and while it may be ungallant to call attention to the fact that these advertisements were—and yet are—peppered with lies as thick as raisins in a plum pudding, the woman who has been instrumental in draining something like a million dollars out of the pockets of the credulous, under false pretenses, must expect to be rapped over the knuckles occasionally, especially when her associates of the male sex take refuge behind her petticoats." Myra B. Martin is also secretary of the lone dividend payer in this list of one hundred and fifty companies.

William H. Coe, of New York, a belated Beaumont boomer, was selling, in 1902, the stock of the \$2,000,000, Greater New York Home Oil Company, paying monthly dividends of one and one-half per cent. He tells me he does not know what has become of the company; he is too busy now raising bananas in Honduras. He adds that "banana growing is a very highly profitable business." Mr. Coe has sent me a beautifully printed prospectus of his Honduras banana bonanza, on the cover page of which his name appears with the title, "Banana Planter." But when I saw him, the other day, entering his office in the Broadway building which also houses the Amalgamated Copper Company, he did not look at all like the "banana planter" of my imagination.

One of the most astounding statements made to sell these wildcat oil stocks was that put forward by Luther W. Spear, a "banker," of New York, in offering the stock of the Buffalo Oil Company. Spear recommended this stock, one of the ten-cent bargains, as "a high-class, safe investment for any person or trustee with funds to invest." The Buffalo stock was offered in the City of Buffalo by the notorious "discretionary pool" concern of Applegate, Lohr & Company, that guaranteed monthly dividends of two per cent. Spear, or another "banker" by the same name, is now promoting a wholesale mining scheme listed by the Denver "Daily Mining Record" as a "will o' the wisp" in its list of mining companies "not entitled to public confidence." One of the oil share "fiscal agents," styling itself the New York, Chicago, and Beaumont Security Oil and Investment Company, had a "real live gusher" in a Broadway show window, and advertised "special private offices for lady investors." This swindling concern (I am sorry I don't know the names of the members,) put out a \$250,000 company, the Lucky Dime Oil Company, predicting that it would have a gross revenue of \$12,000 a day on an investment of \$60,000; and followed it, a month later, with a \$2,500,000 company, the Gladys Oil Company, in which "it was impossible to lose."

A mushroom "banking house" from Montreal—Mechem, Cameron & Company—was behind the Lone Star Oil and Fuel Company, capital \$5,000,000, the International Oil Company and the Birmingham-Beaumont Oil Company. The "bankers" laid emphasis on the fact that the president of the International was Charles J. Bell, Subtreasurer of the United States at New Orleans, "who had \$40,000,000 entrusted to his care by the government." The International was going to pay 600 per cent. a year. The Birmingham-Beaumont Company boasted several apparently prominent men from Birmingham on its board of directors, and the promoters promised that "the dividends that the stock will be able to pay will make it in demand at one thousand per cent. above the subscription price."

Back of the Anglo-American Oil and Gas Company, capital \$5,000,000, (the Hon. James N. Huston, former Treasurer of the United States, president,) was Lafayette R. Beckley, a lawyer whom Dora Arnold tried to kill eight years ago. It paid large dividends, (when Beckley was selling stock.) The former secretary, J. W. Snedeker, now president of La Mutua Gold Mining Company, in Sonora, Mexico, tells me that the Anglo-American "got into bad hands." Mr. Snedeker is also secretary of John J. Bunte's Bullfrog Keystone Gold Mining Company.

Edward Swann, then a director of the Gansevoort Bank, New York, was the treasurer of the Texas Oil and Pipe Line Company, capital \$2,500,000. Another officer was the Hon. Morgan B. Williams, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. This company was reorganized, but its name is among the hundreds of companies whose Texas charters were forfeited.

The promoters assert that the Beaumont Oil boom is not a fair criterion of Sunday newspaper company promoting. These companies, they say, were all annihilated by Providence. True. The two succeeding articles of this series will take up oil companies in sections of the country not visited by fire and flood as well as mining and industrial companies.

[To be continued in February]

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## New York's Hotel Palaces

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

[Concluded from page 14]

statues: "Vanity," by Guarnerio, and "Night," by Ives. In the Marie Antoinette Room there is an exquisite ceiling piece, the "Birth of Venus," by Low, while much of the furniture is from the Louvre and once belonged to the ill-fated queen. Those pieces of furniture which are not original are reproductions from the original. The gorgeous Turkish Room, with its mosaics, contains the sword of Napoleon the First, among other objects of interest. The small ballroom is notable by reason of its ceiling paintings by Fowler, and its lunettes by Armstrong. The Bradley-Martin Room is so called because it was finished just in time for the famous fancy-dress ball, given by the lady whose name it bears, on February 10, 1897. It is now used for a reception room, and its decorations are a delight to the eye of a layman and the art sense of a connoisseur. The Red Room or library, is distinguished by its delicate wood carving and oak panels. The ceiling frieze was painted by Maynard. There are two "Palm Gardens," that one on the Waldorf side having a revolving dome, while the Astoria garden has an art repute on the score of its wall medallions.

On the first floor is the Grand Ballroom, 100 feet square and 40 feet high. It has twenty-five first tier, and eighteen second tier boxes. Also, it can be arranged as a concert room, dining room, or a private theater. The ceiling was painted by Blashfield, and it is believed to be the largest single canvas in the world. The lunettes are by Low. This room has a special lighting and ventilating plant.

In the West Foyer which adjoins the Grand Ballroom, is Benzon's statue of "The Flight from Pompeii." The Astor Gallery, which is modeled after the Palais Soubise of Paris, has sixteen magnificent allegorical paintings of the twelve months and four seasons, by Simmons.

Then, too, there are the Myrtle Room, with its prevailing subdued green decorations and exquisitely embroidered curtains and *portières*; the East Room, which has a color scheme of old gold; and the East Foyer, containing such masterpieces of the sculptors' art as Story's "Cleopatra" and "Jephtha's Daughter," Ives's "Undine," and Magnis's "Reading Girl."

The State Apartments are among the most superbly decorated in the hotel. In the Henry IV. Room, nearly all the furniture is original and of the period of the monarch in question. Rare Flemish tapestry is also a feature of this apartment. The François I. Bedroom contains, among other works of art, a remarkably beautiful Italian *prie-dieu*. Wood carving of a rarely delicate nature distinguishes this room. The State Banquet Hall contains examples from Mr. Boldt's private collection of china. One set of Sevres, forty-eight pieces, was painted by Dessard. The collection is valued at \$35,000.

Then there are the Music Room, the Duchess Bedroom and the Royal Suite, all having dainty furnishings and charming color effects. The Astor dining room is not without a touch of sentiment, inasmuch as it is located over the same spot as that occupied by the dining room of the old Astor mansion. The ceilings and much of the furniture, draperies, and paintings, together with the woodwork, came from the now demolished home of the founders of the Astor family fortunes.

The new Hotel Knickerbocker, recently opened, occupies one of the finest sites in New York, the southeast corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, and is one of the handsomest buildings in the city. Among the interior decorations are two mural paintings by Maxfield Parrish and James Wall Finn, each thirty-two feet long. The decorative scheme of the Knickerbocker is the result of American workmanship based on French ideas.

In the case of the Waldorf-Astoria, and some other hotels, many of the floors are arranged as separate hotels,—this to the end of facilitating the work in general and of furthering the comfort of the guests. So, on each floor there is a force of clerks, page boys, waiters, maids, and other assistants, besides special telephone and dumbwaiter service, heating apparatus, and refrigerators. Hence we have a series of hotels under one roof. If it were not for these subdivisions of the internal economy of the hotel, the smoothness which characterizes its action would be impossible; and, by the way, not the least of the marvels of which these hotels are the home, is the "hitchless" manner in which their complicated executive machinery runs day and night, from the smallest cogwheel of page boy to the mainspring of it all that is located in the manager's office.

Allusion has been made to the people who have given up their individual homes for the sake of the comforts and luxuries of the much individuated hotel. To accommodate such, there are suites which are, to all intents and purposes, complete private apartments, including butler's pantries, servants' sleeping-rooms, electric heating apparatus, and so forth. I prefer not to mention the cost of such suites, however, for fear that I may be—well, discredited.

Nevertheless, after all is said and done, the most emphatic way of obtaining an idea of the marvels

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of the modern hotel is to listen to a recital of some everyday details concerning it and those who are to be found within its walls. For instance:

The electric plant in one of these hotels is claimed to be the largest installation in the world, and supplies current to over 25,000 lamps, besides furnishing power for the running of elevators, motors, and ventilating apparatus.

At the Waldorf-Astoria the steam plant has a capacity of 4,000 horse-power, and provides power for electric plant, refrigerating machinery, pumping station, laundry, heating, etc. As an evidence of the enormous capacity of the pumping plant alone, it may be added that it is capable of supplying a city of 400,000 inhabitants.

On the average, the refrigerating machinery of the Hotel Astor, the Belmont, or the Waldorf-Astoria, can furnish, each, 150 tons of ice per day, besides cold air to all the various refrigerators throughout the house.

At the Waldorf-Astoria there are thirty-four electric and hydraulic elevators.

In each of the great hotels of the metropolis, there is, on the average, 100 tons of coal used daily.

Alluding to the three great hotels in question, the laundry of each handles between 60,000 and 70,000 pieces of linen daily. As an evidence of the minute attention to details, it should be added that all the hotels have a laundry for patrons' clothing, which is entirely separate from the general work, and no machinery whatever is used to cleanse the patrons' linen.

In one of the humidors that are to be found in the basement beneath one of these hotels, there are kept cigars of the value of approximately \$300,000.

At the Waldorf-Astoria it is estimated that the trips of the elevators cover about 120 miles daily.

At each of these hotels a total sum of about \$30,000 is spent annually for uniforms of the employees.

In regard to the number of employees, the Waldorf-Astoria averages about 1,500, the Hotel Astor about 1,200, the Belmont in the neighborhood of 1,100. In the winter months, however, and during the entertainment season, the employees, in the case of these hotels, may reach from 1,800 to 2,000. Even in the summer, when the staff is reduced, a whole corps of renovators is employed, which, to a great extent, makes up for the vacancies caused by the temporary falling off of business.

Any of the hotels named can, on a push, accommodate 1,500 guests over night.

On some extraordinary occasions, nearly 3,000 people have been dined simultaneously in the restaurants and banquet halls of the Belmont. At the Hotel Astor, 920 banqueters were entertained in one room.

It is stated, on excellent authority, that the manager of the Waldorf-Astoria must receive in cash over \$10,000 daily before he can look for a cent of profit.

During the first year of the existence of the St. Regis, John Jacob Astor's Fifth Avenue hotel, no less than \$30,000 were spent for cut flowers alone. Even this huge sum is outdone by the florist bill of the Hotel Astor, which, by reason of its countless banquets, expends about \$60,000 annually for these fragrant but fragile decorations.

At the St. Regis some of the expenditures for everyday articles of food tax the imagination and strain the credulity. For instance, the butter costs \$57,000 a year—more than the salary of the President of the United States; the egg bill is \$12,000; vegetables, \$80,000; fruit, \$42,000; poultry, \$113,000; and meats, \$200,000. It should be borne in mind that the St. Regis is not the largest of the modern hotels in New York, and hence its commissariat department is by no means the most notable from a financial standpoint.

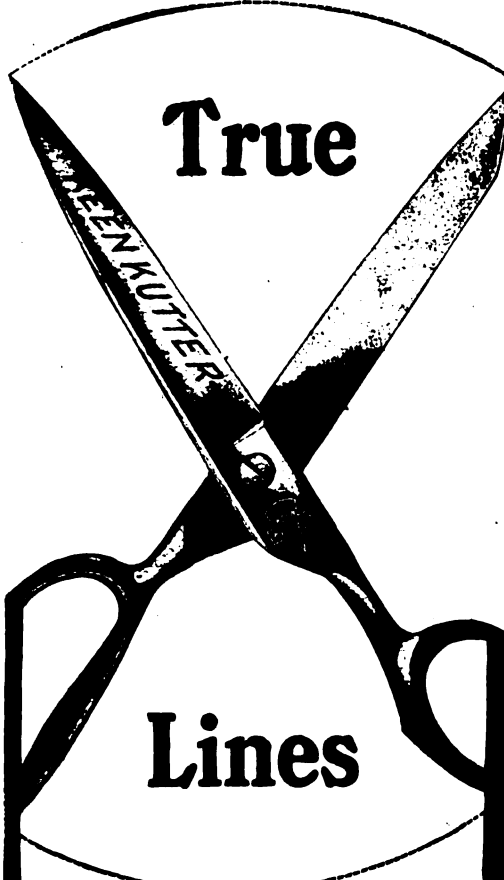
George W. Boldt, manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, paid, in a single year, \$150,000 to replace the broken china, crockery, etc., and it is stated that, on a friend commenting on the magnitude of this sum, he replied that he did not think that his employees were so very, very careless after all!

Here are some facts and figures relative to pacifying the hunger of the guests at the Hotel Astor, at which, by the way, between 4,000 and 6,000 people are fed every day. Two hundred and twenty-one waiters, six head waiters and six assistant head waiters are required to serve the meals, while fifty extra men, known as "omnibuses," are kept busy removing the soiled dishes from the table. Simultaneously, 114 cooks and assistant cooks are kept busy in the kitchens.

Remembering the foregoing, it is not astonishing to learn that that hotel uses on an average every month, 61,981 pounds of beef; 38,246 pounds of steaks and fillets; 12,400 pounds of mutton; 28,762 pounds of turkeys, capons, and chicken; 8,710 pounds of squab; 656,000 oysters; 11,101 lobsters; 32,450 pounds of butter; 84,688 eggs; 23,000 litres of milk; and 3,673 pounds of coffee, and 110,000 loaves of bread; to say nothing of numberless boxes of biscuits, cakes, etc.

It is calculated that wines to the value of \$1,500,000 are to be found in the cellars of four of the hotels named. In one instance, an hotel maintains a staff of wine experts, who spend their entire time abroad hunting for "finds" of rare old vintages.

The fees of a good waiter at one of these hotels amount to several thousand dollars annually. It is not so very long since one of the head waiters of the Waldorf-Astoria retired on a competency which the average business man would consider a respectable fortune.



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## Francis J. Heney, Fighting Man

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

[Concluded from page 16]

Pacific Railroad and a very wealthy man, will also go behind the bars. So far, thirty-four men—Government and State officials, bankers, lawyers, and timber speculators—have been tried, and of this number thirty-three have been found guilty! Just one man, in a batch of three, has escaped conviction.

This remarkable record was not achieved without great sacrifice on Heney's part. For a year he neglected his private practice and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the service of the Government. He endured much. He suffered much. But his smile never left him. The Secret Service officer who labored with him will tell you that Heney's life was threatened on more than one occasion. This did not swerve him a hair's breadth from his purpose. Heney will tell you, himself, of the attack upon his character. He was forced to take the public into his confidence in this regard.

Behind this plot was a political heeler of Senator Mitchell's, who had been cashiered from the army. Indirectly, he made the assault on Heney's good name. First, this disgraced ex-soldier attempted to bribe a pretty young woman of loose virtue to compromise Heney. The plot failed. Then, a scheme was concocted to circulate the story that Heney was a member of a gay supper party whose debaucheries in a near-by town got into the public prints. But it was found that Heney was in San Francisco at the time of the episode. Finally, a conspiracy was hatched, and information was furnished to the State Attorney of Heney's alleged immorality. A crooked detective, a corrupt deputy-sheriff, and some female employees of a tavern—all joined in a malicious lie involving the reputation of the Special Assistant to the Attorney-General. As soon as Heney got wind of the intrigue, he had every one of the conspirators summoned before the grand jury, and they were all indicted for conspiracy to obstruct justice—for interfering with an attorney engaged in his official duties.

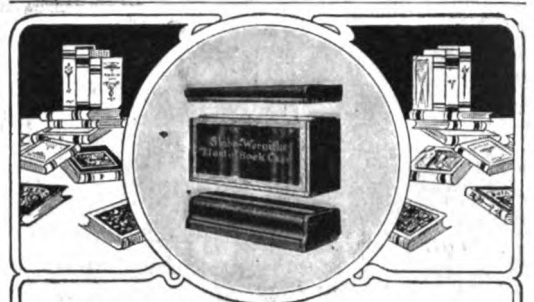
"It was n't very pleasant to submit to this publicity," Heney observed, "but it was the only way to handle such a matter."

Here again speaks the man who does not know fear.

Heney has no political ambition whatever. In this, as in other characteristics, he differs markedly from Jerome of New York, and Moran of Boston. The New York District Attorney is primarily a successful campaigner, which means that his activities are centered in in the business of winning votes and gaining notoriety, for himself as well as for his cause. The same characterization applies to Boston's District Attorney, who was soundly beaten for the governorship of Massachusetts. Both Jerome and Moran are politicians, first, last, and all the time. The routine of a public prosecutor's office is too tame and humdrum for either of these political meteors. Consequently, their achievements in office do not begin to measure up to their preëlection pledges.

Heney is in no sense a politician. Heney is a lawyer. He is a highly intelligent master of the law, which profession he loves; a well-poised, energetic, and persistent advocate and prosecutor, who dearly loves the game and who does n't give a thought to the political capital which devotion to duty may bring him.

Before Heney returned to San Francisco, after his first success in Oregon, some of the local newspapers were proposing to nominate him for Governor of California. He reached



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home at the close of the municipal campaign, in which Mayor Eugene Schmitz was running for reelection on the labor ticket against the nominee of the Citizens' Union Party. As the national labor leaders had taken a hand in the campaign, insisting that the issue of Capital versus Labor was clearly drawn, (not a true statement of the situation,) it was certainly to Heney's interest, provided he had political ambitions, not to interfere in the contest. If he spoke for the Citizens' Union, as he was asked to do, he would offend the labor vote. Yet he did not hesitate. He warned the Citizens' Union candidate for mayor that he might embarrass his cause.

"You should bear in mind," said Heney, "that, in my private practice, I obtained an injunction against the city for a private water company; also, that I obtained an injunction against a labor organization for an eastern manufacturer. Neither of these proceedings will create a favorable impression on the popular mind, although I had the law on my side. But if you want me to, I will gladly speak."

He was urged to speak, and he did so, making a powerful address four days before the election. In it he openly accused the boss of the labor party of corruption, and offered to give his services to the cause of prosecuting this political grafter. Next day the city was plastered with "dodgers." Some of them drew attention to Heney's connection with the private water company which had contractual relations with the city; others, of his legal fight against organized labor. Still others recited a charge made by the boss of the labor party that Heney had "murdered a man in Arizona." The reference was, of course, to the shooting of Dr. Handy.

This is the fighter whom Senator Gearin, of Oregon, regards as the "biggest man in the West." Francis J. Heney stands preëminently for the great non-partisan issue in American society—namely, enforcement of law without fear or favor. When engaged in the trial of the first land fraud case, he was accused by counsel for the defense of intending to prosecute and persecute the tools of the big timber thieves and to allow the respectable and influential evil-doers to go scot free. Determined in his own mind on the important prosecutions which followed, he did not hesitate to make this plain and fearless reply:

"I will follow any trail to the end—even if it should lead to the White House."

And Heney would.

### Doctrine on Tap

A WESTERN congressman, one day last spring, received the following communication from a constituent, who, it would appear, is not overlooking anything:

"Dear Colonel: Everybody in this town is talking about the Monroe Doctrine and there ain't nobody knows what it is. I don't know myself, but if the government is giving any away, please send me what you can."

The object for which we strive tells the story of our lives.

There are a hundred successful men for one that is contented.

Without economy none can be rich, and with it none need be poor.

Better believe yourself a dunce and work away than a genius and be idle.

The moment others see that money-grabbing is your dominant passion, then the bud of your nobility perishes.

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# My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[Continued from page 5]

earned the requisite number of good conduct marks. Ten was the maximum daily number, and five thousand were required before good conduct was considered established and a release permissible. The day was about equally divided between study and work, but, being outclassed for study in Division G, I was allowed to work all day in the brush factory. Punishment was measured according to the offense, sometimes also according to the number of marks a boy had and the proximity of his release. But, in general, these rules prevailed: for minor offenses, "standing in line"—a sentence involving loss of the privilege of play and the necessity of toeing a mark with other victims during recesses; for serious offenses, a prescribed number of lashes with a leather strap, a reduction in the boy's marks, and imprisonment in a cell on bread and water. Some boys had long since earned their five thousand marks, and were theoretically (there is so much that is theoretical in State institutions!) entitled to their freedom; but as no relatives, friends, or employers went forward, to vouch for their safe-keeping "outside," they were compelled to stay on until somebody came to their rescue.

The word "outside" characterized a great deal of the life in the school. Used originally exclusively in penitentiaries, the boys had appropriated the word for their own use as well, although there was no wall, and the "outside" was as plainly visible as the "inside." Under restraint and kept within bounds we certainly were, but it was considered smart and "wise" to use the prison expression. Consequently, every boy with any gumption in him was continually thinking about what he would do when free again, when the great "outside" would once more be open territory.

We also had an institutional lingo, or slang, patterned as much as possible after the dialect used by "the real thing," the crooks in the "pen." Guards became "screws;" bread and water, "wind pudding;" detectives "elbows," and so on. When among ourselves, in shop, schoolroom, or at play, apeing "the real thing," the crooks, and their mannerisms, or what we took to be such—and nearly all the boys had had preliminary jail experiences and had associated with crooks—was a constant amusement for all, and, with many, a serious study. This posing was one of the worst things taught and learned in the school. Originally intended to be very humanitarian and modern in purpose and organization, to be a disciplinary home rather than a mere place of incarceration, (witness the absence of a wall and the cottage system of housing,) the boys themselves were defeating these ends with their prison conversations, and things they had learned at the taxpayer's expense in various county jails.

Speaking generally, the boys were divided into two sets or rings: the "stand-patters" and the "softies." The former were the boys of spirit and adventure, the principal winners in their classes as well as on the playground; the latter were the talebearers, the mouthy ones,—"lungers" was also a good name for them, who split on the "stand-patters" when "lunging it" promised to gain favors for them. Whatever else I did or did not do while in the school, I fought very shy of all officers who tried to get me to peach on my companions. This may not have been a virtue, but it secured good standing for me among the boys of spirit and enterprise, and I think that any boy wanting agreeable companionship in such a place would naturally turn to the "stand-patters." Of course, my selection of cronies was watched

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In order to give the letter a personal touch you are to write it to Mrs. E. H. P. Vellum. You are to imagine Mrs. Vellum as a pleasant, friendly woman whom you know, so you may write to her in that gossiping strain in which you would write to a woman—not in the cold, distant, impersonal manner in which you would address a business corporation.

The letter that you will write is to tell us what you think of Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum. If you wish to see first what we think of it, write to us and ask for the little booklet, "The New Style in Writing Paper," and we will send it to you.

Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum is now on sale at nearly all stationers' and stationery departments, but if you wish us to furnish you with samples of Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum, and will write saying that you propose to enter this contest, we will send you two sheets of the paper and an envelope to match free of charge. For 25 cents we will send a half-size box.

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S. S. MCCLURE, "McClure's Magazine."  
DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, "Woman's Home Companion."  
NORMAN HAPGOOD, "Collier's Weekly."  
JOHN S. PHILLIPS, "The American Magazine."

### Conditions and Instructions

The Letter-writing Contest will be governed entirely by these conditions. Read them carefully before writing the letter.

1.—This contest is open to any woman who reads this announcement.

2.—The subject of the letter is to be the new style in writing paper known as Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum.

3.—The letter may be as long or as short as you please. The prize will be awarded to those letter-writers who, in the opinions of these judges, have written the best and cleverest letters. The prizes will be awarded on both the wording and the appearance of the letters. By "appearance" we mean the neatness and the attractiveness (not the penmanship); the correct use of the stationery, the general air of the letter, the character and personality of the writer as expressed in the letter. In addition to the wording of the letter, the way the story is told, its cleverness, its interest, its superiority in those qualities which go to make a letter good.

4.—Each letter must be written upon Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum and enclosed in an envelope of the same paper of the proper size for the sheet used.

5.—Each letter must be both the actual composition and the actual handwriting of the woman who competes.

6.—All letters submitted for these prizes must reach the office of the Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Company, Pittsfield, Mass., not later than Thursday, February 14th, 1907, at five o'clock in the afternoon. All letters reaching this office one moment after five o'clock February 14th, 1907, will be barred from competition.

7.—All letters must be addressed to Mrs. E. H. P. Vellum, Pittsfield, Mass.

8.—All letters received and entered for this competition will be passed upon immediately after the close of the competition, by the judges selected for that purpose, and the announcement of the prize winners will be made March 5th, 1907. The cash prizes will be paid at once, and the consolation prizes as soon as the winners can make their selections known.

9.—Every contestant will receive promptly, immediately after the decision, a printed circular giving the names and addresses of all the prize winners, and designating which prizes have been won.

10.—The announcement of names and addresses of the winners of prizes will also be made in all magazines in which this prize offer appears on the first date possible after the award of the prizes. This means that the announcement will be made in Success in the issue for April, 1907.

11.—All conditions governing this contest are explicitly stated here. It will not be possible for us to enter into correspondence with any competitor either before or after the award of the prizes.

12.—A copy of this announcement giving all the above information will be mailed to any address on request.

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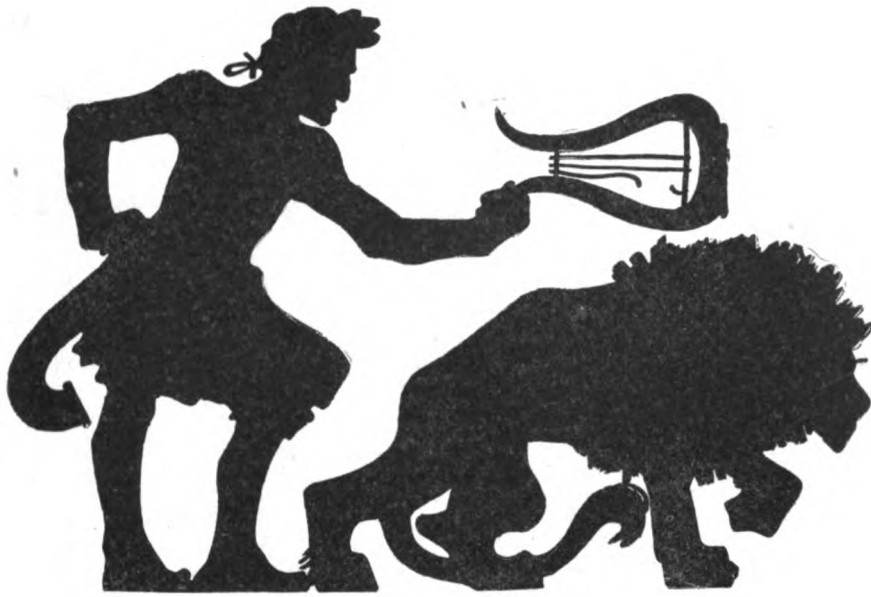
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S. I. '07

by the officers, and made a mental note of by them, to be used later on either for or against my record, as it suited the purposes of the observing overseer, as were many other things that I did or failed to do.

In general, the officers were fair-minded and reasonable, but, with the exception of one or two, as I now recall them, they were not particularly adapted for reform school work. They were mainly men who had accidentally drifted into the life, and had clung to it for want of something better to do. They were judged by the boys according to their varying abilities in wielding the strap. Some were strong and heavy, and were called "sock-dologers;" others not so effective physically were dubbed "light weights." At night we slept in dormitories, leaving all our clothes except our shirts in the basement, an arrangement which made night escapes difficult. In the main the dormitory life was clean and correct, indeed very much cleaner than cell life in many of our prisons and jails. The daily programme, as I remember it, began at five-thirty in the morning, in summer, and at six in the winter. The great whistle started the day for us, and we all had to jump out of our beds, make them, and then in single file march to the basement, where we washed and dressed. Soon after came the molasses and tea breakfast, after which we had a half hour or so on the playground. Recreation over, we were toed off into two squads, one for the schoolroom, and the other for the factory. There were also "detail" boys, inmates of long standing who could be trusted as messengers, in the bakery, the plumbing shop, and at different occupations in the cottages and on the farm. I made a bold and early bid for a "detail" job, but with no success. The superintendent told me that only those boys of whom he was sure received such positions, and I retired with the knowledge that he was not sure of me, and the determination to make him keep on guessing about me indefinitely. At noon sharp came dinner, followed by another half hour of recreation when school and factory started again. Six o'clock saw us all at supper, and nine in bed, the intervening time being spent in the playground and in the schoolroom.

One day there was a revolution in the factory. One of the older boys had thrown a wrench at a brow-beating guard, and had been well beaten for his disobedience—beaten and hit with the man's fist, the boy claimed. At recess there was a hurried consultation among the "stand-patters."

"Let's hike it to the Super's office and complain," someone suggested, and, before we had half seriously considered what we were doing, away we scampered to the superintendent's office in the main building, the officer to be complained about following leisurely after us. It was as clear a case of mob insanity as I have ever seen; the battered and bloody face of our companion so incensed us that rules and regulations were thrown to the winds. Indeed, if all of us had kept on going, so fleet were our feet, that probably half could have got away "for keeps" then and there. But escape was not in our minds. We wanted, and were going to demand, if possible, the dismissal of the overbearing guard. At first, as is the case with nearly all mobs, the various boys wanted to talk at once, and the superintendent had considerable difficulty in getting our side of the story. We were then ordered to the schoolroom of our division, the superintendent desiring to interview the guard alone.

The upshot of the affair was that the guard resigned, and each boy received fifteen lashes with the strap. The superintendent personally attended the thrashing. Our first officer, a mild-mannered, much bewhiskered man, who had always treated me very considerately, was the first to wield the strap. We boys sat in our seats with folded arms awaiting our turns. Finally mine came. The officer looked at me disappointedly; he did not seem to want to punish me. He had to obey orders, however, just as we boys did, and I received my fifteen lashes. During each "whaling" the other victims looked on intently, like children about to sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner; they wanted to see if the "whaled" one would "squeal." Excepting a more or less half-witted lad, who had run with the rest of us for no other reason than that he "saw us going and thought we were playing follow the leader," none of us whimpered. The first officer gave out completely after ten boys had been punished, and a substitute—the school carpenter—took his place. I remember how glad I was that my turn had come under the first officer's regime and when he had begun to wobble!

Although the much disliked factory guard had disappeared, the revolt and the "whaling" set the escape thoughts in the minds of four boys going at a very much accelerated speed. Such thoughts are always on top, as it were, wherever human beings are shut up—even in hospitals but the four lads—I was one of them—put their heads together and plotted as never before. A fight, and a subsequent order to stand "in line," sent my desire for freedom soaring uncommonly high. One of the "softies" and I had clashed for some reason or other, and a "whaling" at night besides "standing in line" stared us in the face. Throughout the afternoon, I pondered over ways and means to reach the great "outside," taking four trusted "stand-patters" into my confidence; they wanted to go. For different reasons, punishment of some kind awaited all of us, and, as I was almost sure of a thrashing for fighting, I concluded that, if caught, I might as

well make it do duty for trying to escape as well. All the boys calculated on such lines very nicely.

It was finally decided that the most practical plan was to jump from the schoolroom window, when we were marching in line to the basement to undress for the night. The distance to the ground was, perhaps, twenty feet, but during the afternoon we studied very carefully the probable spot we should land on, and all felt equal to the adventure. We should have to make the escape in bare feet, and without coats, but we decided that we didn't want the telltale jackets, anyhow, and we thought we could smuggle our socks and caps into the schoolroom without detection.

That last evening in the schoolroom was a very nervous one for four boys, at least. From time to time, when the officer was not looking, we exchanged significant glances, to make sure that there had been no defection in our ranks. Our caps and socks were hidden in our clothing. At length the whistle blew, books were put away, and the order to form line was given. My mind was firmly made up. Even if the other boys weakened, I was going through the open window and on to the "outside." For some reason I felt as if success awaited me, and, barring the drop from the window and a possible immediate capture, I feared very little. I was the first to take the drop. Suddenly I fell out of line, scrambled over the sill, and—dropped into the darkness. Whether the other three followed my example or not I do not know. Probably they did not, because my disappearance made the officer reach threateningly for his revolver, as I was able to see while going over the sill. Once on the ground, I waited for nobody, but went tearing over the lawn, barefooted and bareheaded, in the direction of the railroad track at the foot of the slope. There I concealed myself under a fence, and in a moment the great whistle told the surrounding country, with long blasts, that a "Ref" boy had escaped, while the flaring light lit up the lawn and assisted the officers in their search. Pretty soon, I heard their voices and hurrying footsteps all about me, but they never came quite close enough to uncover my hiding place. I must have remained under the fence fully two hours before I dared to proceed. This was about the conventional time given to a search, and I remained silent as the grave until all was quiet. Then, crawling rather than walking, I made my way to the railroad bridge, crossed it cat-like, and proceeded boldly toward the wooded hills opposite the school—the hills that I had so often looked at longingly, and had wondered whether I should ever be able to cross without being captured. The underbrush and the fallen twigs and branches hurt my bare feet, but the scratches and bruises were hardly noticed in the excitement of getting away. Although the night had grown fairly cool, and I had nothing but shirt and trousers to cover me, I was literally in a violent perspiration when I reached the top of the first hill, and looked back on the school and the flaming light.

"Good-by, brush factory and strap," I murmured; "may we never meet again."

Early morning found me lying exhausted, with torn feet and hands, near a roadway leading, as I saw, to open fields where there were houses and barns. It seemed as if, during the night, I must have traveled at least twenty miles, but, as a matter of fact, I had covered but four. The sun was not yet up, and I lay quiet for some time, considering how the day would best be spent, and nursing my sore feet. Gradually an unconquerable appetite and thirst came over me, which were accentuated by the smoke issuing from the farmhouse chimneys. This was a sure token that the breakfast fires had been started, and I recalled with relish the scant meal that the boys at the school would soon be eating. However, I was free! No guard was there to boss me about, and I could linger or proceed as I wished. But that appetite! Finally, in desperation, I determined to risk my liberty and ask for something to eat at the nearest farmhouse. It was impossible to proceed without food, and I very much needed a new outfit of clothing, both for safety and for appearance.

My reception at the farmhouse was puzzling at first. The good farmer and his wife gave me a bountiful meal, but the farmer looked suspiciously at me, and remarked that he had heard the school whistle the night before. His good wife, however, was very compassionate and sympathetic. There was a grown-up son, who also seemed to be on my side. Would the mother and son win, I wondered. When the meal was over, the farmer frankly told me that he knew from my clothes that I was a reform school boy, and that he did not believe the story I had given him by way of explanation. It was a case of run for dear life, or ask for mercy. I determined to trust to my powers of persuasion, and for one solid hour I pleaded with that farmer not to take me back. He knew, and I knew, that he would receive fifteen dollars reward for my return, and as it was Sunday, and he was bound for church, the side trip to the school would take him very little out of his way.

"But it is against the law for me to help you to get away," the farmer contended. "I can be fined for doing it."

"Just give me some old clothes and shoes," I replied, "and no one will ever know you saw me. Besides, I'll only go to the devil in that school. It did me no good."

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## JOSIAH FLYNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

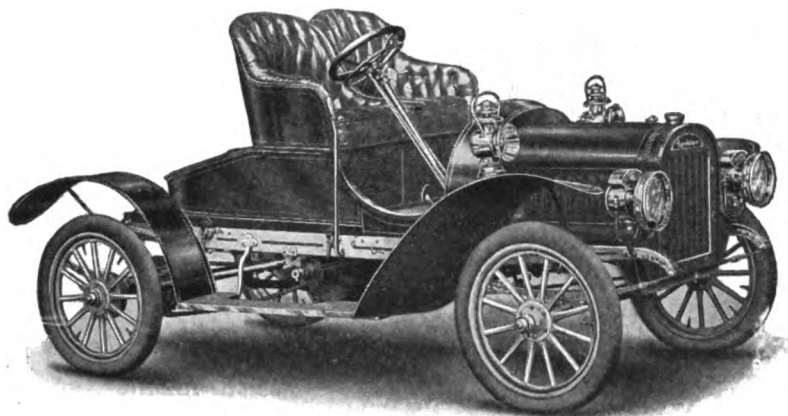
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The farmer seemed to waver, and I turned to the son, asking him to intercede for me, telling him a little, very little, about myself. He smiled. "Pop ain't goin' to take you back, don't worry," he consoled me, and it seemed as if a great stone had been lifted off my back. Very few times in my life have I experienced the same peace and thankfulness that were mine after the son had spoken. Soon he brought me some old boots, a coat, and a different cap, for which I gladly changed that of the school. When my pockets had been filled with sandwiches and doughnuts, and the farmer had at length finished cautioning me about being careful, I bade these good people good-by. If they should ever see these lines I want them once again to receive my heartfelt thanks for their hospitality, and to know their kindness was not altogether misplaced.

All during that Sunday I remained hidden in some woods, resuming my journey toward the West Virginia State line at night. After five days' travel I crossed the imaginary boundary—it was a living thing to me—and was at least out of the jurisdiction of the superintendent and his officers. Then began that long eight months' tramp trip, during which I finally came to my senses, and said *adios* to *Die Ferne* forever—*adios* in the sense that never again was she able to entangle me in a mesh of difficulties nor to entice me away from the task set before me. She thought many and many a time afterwards, when the call of the Road was strong and tempting, that she again had me in her toils. But respectable vacation trips or *bona fide* investigations in the tramp world sufficed to satisfy my *Wanderlust*. Without doubt these excursions and investigations were a compromise with the Road in a certain sense; the wanderer's temperament lingered with me for years. But *Die Ferne* was beaten for all time.

To the reform-school life and the ensuing eight months' sojourn in Hoboland credit is also due for the disappearance of my pilfering inclination. When, how, why, or where it went, are questions I can answer but imperfectly to-day. It slipped out of my life as silently and secretly as it had squirmed into it, and all that I can definitely remember now in the shape of a "good-by" to it on my part, is a sudden awakening, one morning, on the Road, and then and there resolving to leave other people's property alone. There was no long consideration of the matter: I merely quit on the spot; and when I knew that I had quit, that I was determined to live on what was mine or on nothing, the rest of the Road experience was a comparatively easy task.

I have said that I told the farmer who abetted me in my escape from the school that I should only go to the devil if taken back to it. It is impossible to say now whether this would have happened or not. But it is unfair, as I think the matter over to-day, not to admit that, with all its failings and drawbacks, the school life helped to bring me to my senses. It set me to thinking, as never before, about the miserable perversity of my ways, and it showed me in no unmistakable manner where *Die Ferne* would eventually lead me, unless I broke with her. The long wearisome tramp trip that followed did what more was necessary to show me that kicking against the good, as I had been doing for so long, was unprofitable and unmanly.

At one time in my life I seriously contemplated taking an officer's position in a reform school, in the hope that I might be of use in that way. Politics—it is plastered over everything in our country it seems—and doubt about my fitness for such work eventually decided me against attempting it. But I desire to say here that for young men interested in institutional work, and willing to make a number of sacrifices, I know of no better field for doing good than in a reform school. The more the candidate for such a position has studied, traveled, and observed, the better. In Germany, there is a school or seminary where applicants for positions in corrective, and I think penal institutions as well, go through a set course of training and study before they are accepted. Something similar, minus the rigid German notions of the infallibility of their "systems" and "cure-alls," might be tried to advantage in this country. The work to be done is deserving of the most sympathetic interest on the part of college and university-trained men, who feel drawn to such activities.

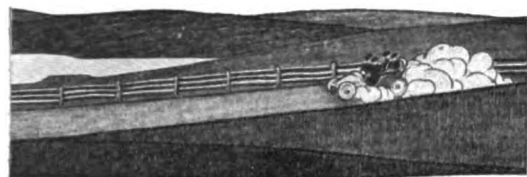
[To be Continued in February]

## The Dreyfus Affair

By VANCE THOMPSON

Owing to the delay in catching the French mails at Havre, Mr. Vance Thompson's second installment of his interesting recital of the Dreyfus drama, arrived too late for publication in this issue. Every effort was made in our mechanical and art departments to make up for the delay, but in printing so large an edition as this one, time is precious and delays are dangerous. The second installment will appear in February.

It is the noblest man or woman who puts the highest and noblest estimate upon others.



## Sports and Recreation

By HARRY PALMER

### Motor Car Topics

THE NEW YORK Motor Club seems to have taken a new lease on life during the past few months, and if the plans of its more energetic and influential members are carried out, it must eventually become a national, if not an international factor in automobile affairs. With such men as Samuel B. Stevens, president; Robert Lee Morrell, vice president; and Messrs. E. S. Partridge, T. Francis Moore, A. W. Church, J. E. De Mar, A. R. Pardington, and others of like influence and ability as likely timber for committee work, the club should quickly assume a strong position in the automobile world. There is great need in the field for just such an organization, and the new blood recently injected is apparently very much alive to this fact. The growth and development of the New York Motor Club along the lines of a national factor will be watched with interest by motorists throughout the country.

The foolish habits of spectators at race meetings, and the frightful consequences that may result, were demonstrated at the recent fall race meet on the Point Breeze track. A great crowd of spectators was grouped around the outer rail at the turn into the home stretch, when an Apperson car, driven by Mr. Philip Kirk, approached at high speed. As it came into the turn, the operator suddenly lost control, and the big racer dashed through the fence and into the crowd, fatally injuring three, and seriously wounding five others. It does seem that, with the number of accidents of this kind on record, the public would understand that a motor car race is not a horse race, and keep well back beyond the danger line. At every track race, however, the "rail birds" may be seen massed about the fence at the turns—the most dangerous points on the track at a motor car race. Is it not about time for race meet managers to take this evil in hand, and protect the public against itself?

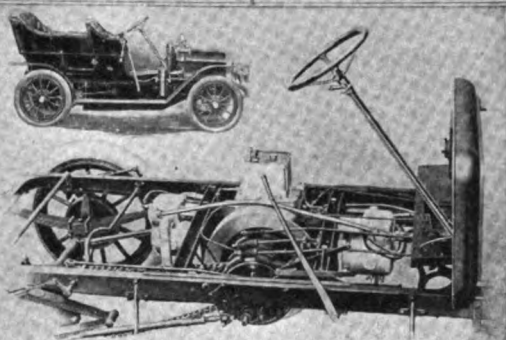
The great annual show of the Licensed Association of Automobile Manufacturers will open at Madison Square Garden, January 12, and continue until January 19. In addition to the splendid array of 1907 models of American built cars, the importers' contingent in the Association has brought over, especially for this exhibit, cars of French, English, Italian, and German make, valued at more than half a million dollars. The show will be the most richly mounted and elaborately decorated yet attempted in America, the aggregate cost of the decorations and electric light effects being estimated in excess of \$50,000. The show of the Automobile Club of America held at Grand Central Palace, New York, during the first week in December, recorded an attendance that left no room for doubt as to the great public interest in all that pertains to the automobile and automobiling.

### The Football Season

THE football season of 1906 passes into history as one of the most memorable upon record.

There are several important reasons: First, the demonstrated success of the new rules in insuring a game in every way more attractive and satisfactory to the public, with the dangerous "rough house" tendencies of the old game greatly modified, if not entirely eliminated; second, the retirement of Columbia from the football arena; and, third, the increased tension of feeling between three or more of the leading colleges, which, prior to the close of the championship season, brought forth an avowal of severed relations between Pennsylvania and Harvard, and which leaves the question of another meeting between the football teams of Yale and Harvard in some doubt. As to the efficacy of the new rules, there would seem to be no room for question that the game has been much benefited, and greatly strengthened in public favor as a result of their adoption. The new rules were designed to eliminate the more objectionable features of the old game—features that had become objectionable because of their dangerous tendencies and the distinct advantages they gave to "beef and bone" over brains, skill, and physical activity. Except to the comparatively few versed in the technique of the game, the massive tandem plays and line-bucking tactics, with resultant squirming and shifting pyramids of players, had grown tiresome, while the number of college boys afflicted with curved spines, misshapen ribs, and trepanned skulls had become alarming to all interested in the physical development of the nation. The most effective means of ridding the game of these evils seemed to be in the adoption of rules that would insure a more open style of play, and provide for the infliction of severe penalties

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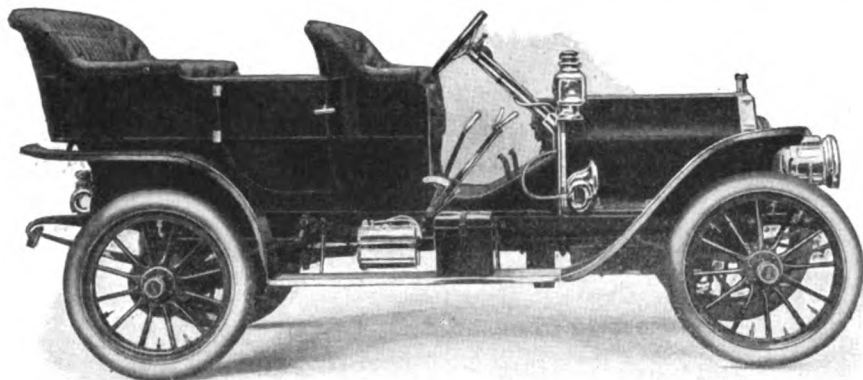
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upon both the offending player and his team for un-sportsmanlike conduct of any kind.

That the committee which drafted the new rules was not only competent, but also thoroughly painstaking and honest in its work, is best evidenced in the success of the rules themselves. Like the horse, however, who may be led to water, but can not be made to drink, is the football player who has determined to rebel against any changes in the old playing rules. And there are not a few such players on our college teams to-day—young men, some of them very young, who seem possessed of the mistaken idea that brutality upon the football field is permissible, and, when attended by distinct achievement, is praiseworthy and glorifying. To such men, any changes calculated to eliminate the rough element from the game would naturally be looked upon with resentment. "If an opposing team has the grit and the line-weight," say they, "to pound its way to within kicking distance of the other fellows' goal, that is the misfortune of the other fellows." They are of the class who never hesitate to use their knees, their elbows, their heads, and even their fists in scrimmages upon the gridiron; for them, rules were made to be broken just as often as they can be broken with advantage to their team, no matter at what personal sacrifice to the player; to them, the spirit of true sportsmanship is unknown. It seems incredible that such a spirit should exist at all, among the presumably well-bred young men representing American college life, but that it does exist, is well-known to all American football coaches.

There is excellent ground for anticipation, however, that another year will see the new rules demanding their fullest title of respect and recognition. It is understood that after a season's test, they are thoroughly to the liking of the Rules Committee, which believes, that, with a few minor changes and amendments, they will offer excellent foundation for the future football structure. With the Rules Committee convinced, and the rebellious player either won over, or eliminated from the ranks, we may see uniformly brilliant football during the fall of 1907.

The elimination of Columbia as a factor in football, proved a bitter pill for the student-body of that university, and a cause for keen disappointment among thousands of lovers of the game in New York City. It mattered not that Columbia had been a continual loser in her gridiron struggles; as the representative college team of the metropolis, she enjoyed the support of a large and enthusiastic local following, whose faith in the ultimate improvement of the eleven had never wavered; moreover, so long as the college was in the field, there was the assurance that New York would be included in the college football schedule from season to season, and the opportunity thus offered New Yorkers to see the big teams in action on the Polo Grounds. It is to be hoped the remarkable demonstration that took place at Columbia University during the closing days of November, when two thousand students, smarting under their deprivation and disappointment, assembled upon the campus, and even invaded the sacred quiet of the library building, with an earnest and clamorous demand for the restoration of the game, will be heeded by the faculty, and that another year the students will be permitted to put a team in the field.

It is indeed unfortunate for the game that differences between the leading college football teams should arise, from time to time, of such character as to affect the playing schedule. Years ago, Princeton and Pennsylvania came together in a savage clash, and to the keen regret of football lovers everywhere, these two colleges have never since met. This year it is Harvard and Pennsylvania, and the latter announces that another game with the crimson can under no circumstances be considered. This, while bad, is by no means the worst of the season's outcome, for there is good reason to believe that the action of Harvard, in arbitrarily selecting her preferred officials for the Yale-Harvard game of November 24, and in announcing her determination not to play unless her selections should be immediately and unqualifiedly accepted by her opponents, may result in influencing the Blue to some action that will cause a hopeless breach between these two great colleges. True, Yale accepted the situation in a most sportsmanlike spirit and promptly accepted the list presented by Harvard.

It was an open secret at New Haven, however, the day before the game, that but for the great sale of tickets and the disappointment that would have been suffered by thousands of people as the result of her withdrawal, Yale would have refused to accept Harvard's eleventh hour ultimatum, and the greatest game of the year would thus have been canceled.

The spirit of true sportsmanship, and not that of trickery and questionable strategy, should govern football. Since it seems apparent, however, that the game may at any time be jeopardized by the employment of the latter, would it not be well for the Intercollegiate Association to create an arbitration committee, to whom all questions at issue between competing teams might be promptly referred, and from whose judgment and decision there should be no appeal? Conditions which permit one team to say to another, on the eve of a great game, "Do as we demand, or we won't play," should be remedied at once. Further than this, the assumption of such position, by any college football team, seems "babyish" in the extreme.

# Freedom at Any Cost

ORISON S. MARDEN

[Concluded from page 19]

or foolish indorsements. Instead of making speed, and gaining on life's road, they are always trying to make up lost time. They are always in the rear,—*never in the vanguard of their possibilities.*

An ambitious young man, anxious to do what is right and eager to make a place for himself in the world, entangles himself in complications that thwart his life-purpose and cripple all his efforts; so that, no matter how hard he struggles, he is never able to get beyond mediocrity. Hopelessly in debt, with a family to support, there is no possibility of his taking advantage of the grand opportunities all about him if he were only free, if he had not risked his little savings and tied up his future earnings for many years. His great ambition only mocks him, for he can not satisfy it. He is tied hand and foot; like a caged eagle, no matter how high he might soar into the ether, he must stop when he strikes the bars.

The man who trusts everybody is constantly crippling himself by entangling alliances. He indorses notes, loans money, helps everybody out, and usually gets left, he ties up his productive ability and hampers his work by having to pay for his poor judgment or lack of business sense. A most estimable man of my acquaintance was ruined financially by indorsements and loans, which would have been absolutely foolish even for a boy fifteen years old. For many years it took every dollar he could spare from the absolute necessities of his family to pay up.

Our judgment was intended to preside over all our mental faculties, to keep us from doing foolish things and enable us to do the wise thing. That man wins, who keeps a level head, and uses sound judgment in every transaction.

Do not get involved, whatever you do. Make this a life rule: to keep yourself clean and clear, with everything snugged up. Before you go into anything of importance think it through to the end; make sure that you know where you are coming out. Do not risk a competence, or risk your home and your little savings, in the hope of getting something for nothing. Do not be carried away by the reports of those who happen to make a great deal for a little in some venture. Where one makes, a hundred lose.

Tens of thousands of our business men are crippled for years paying up old notes or debts, which often represent nothing but foolish investment, or something which they went into without thought, expecting to make a little money on the side. There is no greater

## The Delusion of Taking a "Flyer"

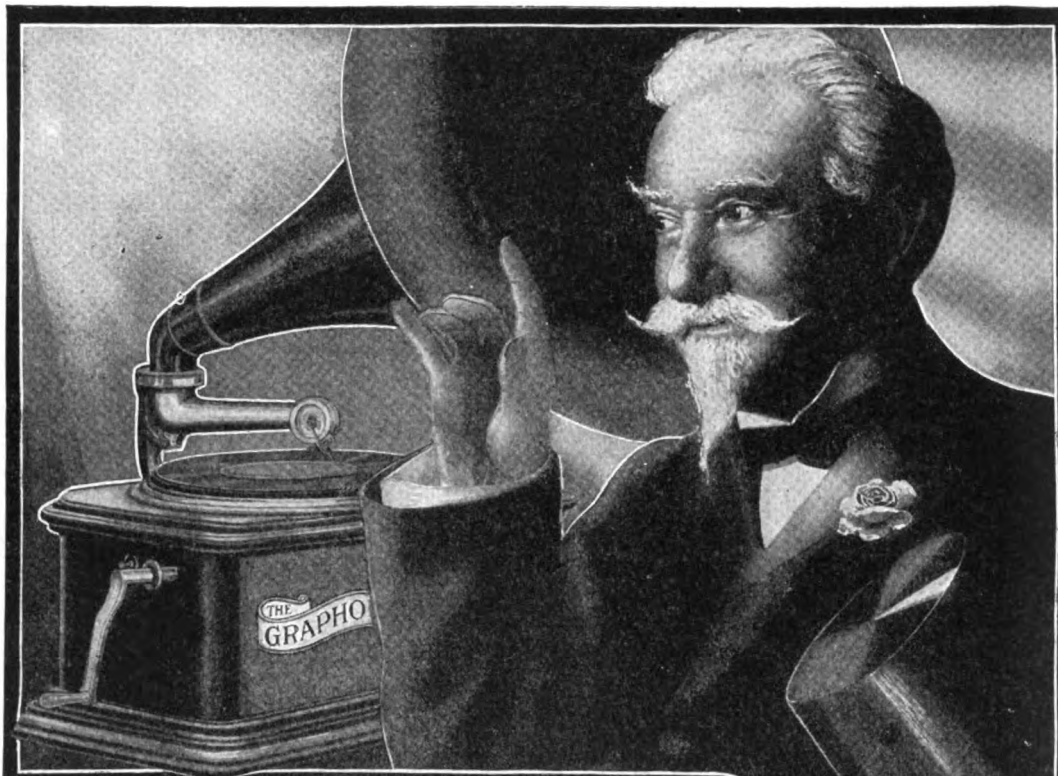
delusion in the world than that of putting out a little "flyer," here and there, thinking that you will make a few hundreds or a few thousands outside of your specialty.

If you can not make money in the thing which you have chosen for a life-work, and in which you have become an expert; if you can not get rich in the thing which you are watching every day of your life and while looking after every detail, how can you expect that somebody else is going to take your money and give you a tremendous return for it, where it will not get your personal supervision?

I know a lawyer in New York, now a millionaire,—who worked most of his way through college, and who came here an utter stranger, taking a little desk room in a broker's office near Wall street,—who, at the outset, made it a cast-iron rule that he would always keep himself free from debt and entangling alliances. By this inflexible rule, he often lost splendid opportunities which would have brought him excellent returns, but he has never tied himself up in any transaction. The result is that he has not worried himself to death; but has kept his strength, and nearly every enterprise he has gone into has been very successful, because he has not touched anything unless he could see through to the end and knew how he would come out—taking into consideration possible shrinkage, accident, and loss. Nor has he touched anything, until he could see capital or credit enough to insure its success, before he started. In this way, although he has never made any very brilliant strides or "lucky hits," and has not gone up by leaps and bounds, he has never had to undo what he has done, and has always kept in a sure position. He has gained the confidence not only of men in his profession, but also of capitalists, men of wealth, who have entrusted large sums to him because he has always kept a level head, and kept free from entanglements. People know that their business and their capital will be safe in his hands. Through steady growth and persistent pushing of practical certainties, he has not only become a millionaire, but a broad, progressive, comprehensive man of affairs.

Develop your judgment early; fully exercise your caution until it becomes reliable. Your judgment is your best friend; common sense your great life partner, given you to guide you and to protect your interests.

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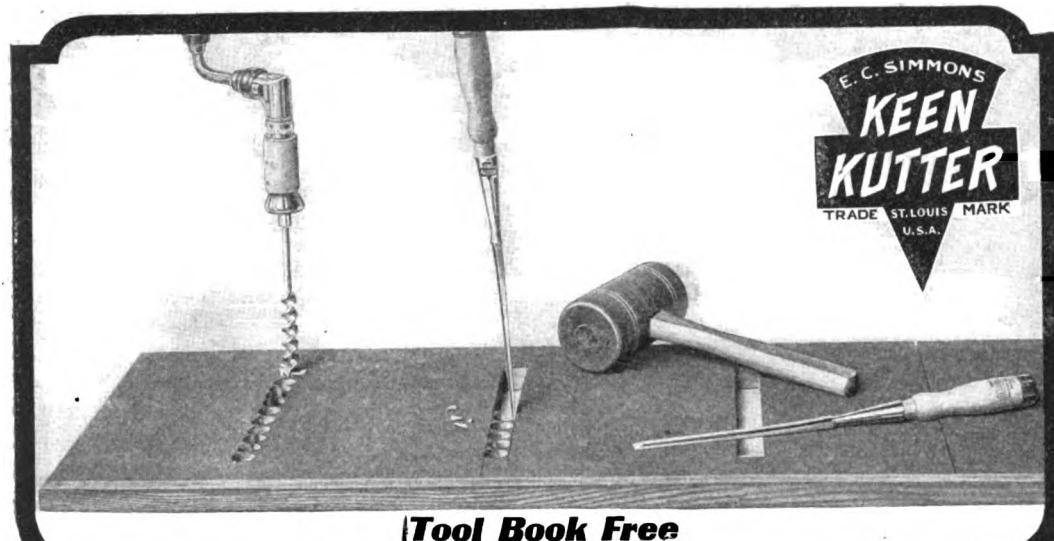
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### The Price of the Diamond's Freedom

Ask the majority of men and women, who have done great things in the world, to what they owe their strength, their breadth of mind, their expansion of experience which have enriched their lives. They will tell you that these are the fruits of struggle; that they got their finest discipline, their best character drill, in the effort to escape from an uncongenial environment; to break the bonds which enslaved them, to get an education, to get away from poverty, to carry out some cherished plan, to reach their ideal, whatever it was.

The efforts we are obliged to make, to free ourselves from the bonds of poverty, of heredity, of passion or prejudice,—whatever it is that holds us back from our heart's desire,—calls to our aid spiritual and physical resources which would have remained forever unused, perhaps undiscovered, but for the necessity thrust upon us.

Unsatisfied longings and stifled ambitions eat away the very heart of desire. They sap the strength of character, destroy hope, and blot out ideals. They play havoc with the lives of men and women, they make them mere shells, empty promises of what they might have been.

I do not believe that anybody in any circumstances can be happy until he expresses that which God has made to dominate in his life, until he has given vent to that grand passion which speaks loudest in his nature; until he has made the best use of that gift which was intended to take precedence of all his other powers.

"No man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is a half life," said Phillips Brooks. After we have gained a glimpse of a life higher and better than we have been living, we shall either break the bonds that bind us and struggle towards the attainment of that which we see, or development will cease and deterioration set in. Even the longing to reach an ideal will soon die out if no effort is made to satisfy it.

No one should follow a vocation, unless by inevitable compulsion, which does not tend to unlock his prison-

house and let out the man. No one should voluntarily remain in an environment which prevents his development. Civilization owes its greatest triumphs to the struggles of men and women to free themselves from the bonds of circumstances.

No man can live a full life while he is bound in any part of his nature. He must have freedom of thought as well as freedom of action to grow to his full height. There must be no shackles on his conscience, no stifling of his best powers.

Whatever you do, keep free and clear of all complications, which will embarrass you, which will tie your tongue, modify your opinion, or limit your action. Do not sell your freedom of action, or barter your independence; do not allow anybody to use you as a tool. Be yourself. Do not lean or apologize.

Few people belong to themselves. They are slaves to their creditors or to some other entangling alliance. They do not do what they want to. They have to do what they can, what they are compelled to do, giving their best energy for making a living, so that there is practically nothing left for making a life.

There are plenty of men to-day working for others who really have more ability than their employers, but who have been so enslaved, so entangled and faculty-bound by debt or unfortunate alliances, that they have not been able to get the freedom to express their ability.

Can anything compensate a promising young man for his freedom of action, for his liberty of speech and conviction? Can any money pay him for cringing and crawling, sneaking and apologizing the rest of his life, instead of being able to hold up his head and without wincing look the world squarely in the face?

Never put yourself in a position, no matter what the inducement—whether it is a big salary or other great financial rewards, or the promise of position or influence,—where you can not *act the part of a man*. Let no consideration tie your tongue or purchase your opinion. Regard your independence as your inalienable right, with which you will never part for any consideration.

One talent with freedom is infinitely better than genius tied up and entangled so that it must do everything to a disadvantage. Of what use is a giant intellect so tied up and entangled that it must do a pygmy's work?

The love of excellence is the voice of God bidding us up and up, lest we forget our Divine origin and revert to barbarism.

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